AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCE.

A year ago, after a stormy passage, we found ourselves located in the vast metropolis of the world—London.

Our object being purely of a bibliographical character, we placed ourselves as central as possible to the book-sellers. We took up our lodgings at a very respectable Coffee House near the Strand and Holywell Street. A large proportion of the auctioneers of books are in Fleet street—Hodgson and Lewis' are the chief. In the season, sales commence at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and generally finish about 2 or 3 P. M.

At these sales can be seen a very curious gathering of antique-looking men; they seem as if they had been bound up in old folios, and had just thrown off their dress for the purpose of attending these sales; all of them look cunning and shrewd, but their envy can easily be seen, in the attempt to evade sometimes the attention of particular men. Let us take a glance at those bibliomaniacs. Do you see that small-faced man? He stands about five feet four inches in height, an aquiline nose,—very expressive—a sharp blue eye, with a penetrating look, a classical mouth, at once expressive of good humor and a cultivated mind. His dress consists (in winter) of a large blue overcoat, that gives to his small body a much larger appearance than it really has; a pair of fashionable pantaloons, a neat vest, and take him all in all, he seems a very fresh, nice little shrewd business man. Watch him. The gentlemanly auctioneer offers a lot of books, chiefly of what the trade calls "rubbish."—"How much for the lot?" A shilling—going—"One and six," cries Mr. Lumley; "Thank you sir—one and six—going—gone." This lot of books will be carefully selected, and if, as there often are, some curiosities, they are retained and the balance kept for this country, which are well known semi-annual contributions to its literature, and which the American public will thank Mr. Lumley to keep at home for the future. The American public is vain enough to think that it knows what is good and what is bad in literature; there was a time when the services of Mr. Lumley were in request; but now, thank you sir, we can dispense with your labor, unless you will cater for us in a superior manner. But to proceed with our literary coterie; do you see an old man, whose silvery hair has seen at least seventy winters? Look at him, you cannot mistake him; he has round his neck a white cravat; his face is truly English, full, round and jocund; he seems respected by all; watch him at

the table; here comes an old folio, how eagerly he turns it over; it is one of the old fathers of the church; a first edition may be, of Augustine, or Bellarmine; few dare to look at it after him, knowing full well that if Mr. Brown examines it, he wants it, and who dare bid against him? If any does, of what use? "Gentlemen," cries the auctioneer, "what shall I have bid for this fine, old, sound copy, the first edition, Marshall's Portrait, a fine impression, how much?" And at once the auctioneer casts his eye on Mr. B. "One pound." "Thank you, sir." Another person cries "one pound ten." Again he casts his eye on Mr. B. "Two pounds." "Two pounds ten," cries another, and finally it is knocked down at "three pounds," for Mr. Brown. This Mr. B. is an old bookseller, and obtains the largest prices for old theology; it is useless for any one to bid on the book, if he wants it.

Do you see standing near Mr. Lumley, a tall gentleman, with small features, rather pock-marked, a sharp, penetrating eye; He seems quite figetty; he is looking very anxious, evidently expecting something; he pays little attention to "rubbish"—but here comes something choice, a very fine copy of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." The agent of Willis & Southeran is examining its condition. "How much shall I have for this?" repeats the auctioneer. "Twelve," cries a "Knocker out;" (for it must be understood that the "Knockers out" are leagued in a band, and in nearly all cases, run the price on W. & S.) "Fifteen," says another; "Twenty," the agent emphatically pronounces; "Twenty-two," cries a "country bookseller;" "Twenty-eight," roars the sonorous voice of the agent of W. & S., and it is "going, gone." At one corner of the table can be seen three or four ragged, dirty-looking old men, with sacks bespattered with oil and London smoke, that are not so pleasant to the olfactory nerve as Eau de Cologne; there they sit, a distinct class; an inseparable barrier—poverty—is between them and the gentlemen we have described. This class of men are trying hard to fight their way up to an elevated position, and in many instances the men that are now ranked as the first class booksellers of London, have emerged from this position. These "Knockers out" generally have the first bid on books that are not ranked as first class books, and in this manner they toil on, day after day, never tiring. At the shops of this class of booksellers, bargains can be picked up much cheaper than buying at auction. If you have tact to become acquainted with these men, and want any certain lot of books that is for sale at auction, any of them will buy for you, at the rate of a penny a lot, each lot containing several books. But if you wish to buy for yourself, and think that you can buy as cheap as any of them, we say try it, and take our word for it, as soon as the auctioneer knocks down a lot for you, and calls out your name, the whole fraternity of "Knockers out" look out for their victim; they seem astonished that any man should dare to bid on a book, who does not belong to the clique in London. The nod, the secret sign is passed like a current of electricity; every one in the trade has his eye centered on the foreign audacious book buyer, and he may watch as he chooses, but every book he buys is run up to the full price. The writer of this article has seen persons victimized in a most shameful manner, and though he has not suffered from the operations of the clique, yet he can only thank friendship for such a narrow escape.

Wide and extensive as London is, and numerous as the booksellers are, yet if any foreigner comes to buy books, his presence is almost as soon known as a fire is made known here by the alarm telegraph. Every one has his eye on the stranger; notes are sent to him, and verbal solicitations of

every character. The country bookseller is as well marked a man as the foreign bookseller, and Englishman though he may be, he is as mercilessly dealt with as any foreigner, if he dares to buy a book at auction without general consent.

The London booksellers, take them as a body, are a class of the worst business men we are acquainted with. Envy to one another is a prevailing vice, and cohesion among them is only forced by fears springing from without their circle. They adopt the same means, and work in the same way as booksellers did a hundred years ago; out of this path you cannot drive them; argument and occular demonstration are useless against custom. James Lackington was a business man—he was far in advance of all the booksellers of his day, and, indeed, he had more real business talent than all the booksellers at the present time in London. The tact he displayed was wonderful, and no man in this country can form any idea of the obstacles Lackington had to surmount; in order to make such a change as he did, to go in the face of an organized clique like the London booksellers—why he must be a Napoleon.

Shade of Lackington! we implore thee to visit the dusky old city of London again! Infuse into the lethargic souls of the booksellers more energy, more fire, and destroy that personal envy and malice which are eating out the vitals of the once good, efficient old bookseller. We invoke thee, O shade of Lackington! for the sake of Old England, to scatter to the winds this soul-destroying nightmare that is now pressing on the minds of English booksellers. Show to them once more that the world is progressing. Commercial men must keep pace with the times; old worn out ideas, ridiculous customs, absurdities of every class, must give way before the light of knowledge; tell them that their great-grandfathers were slow even in their day, and how much slower must their actions appear to men of this generation. We are cognizant of a fact that recently occurred to one of the most extensive book publishers in the United States, or in the world. Mr. Lippincott, of the firm of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., made a visit to England; among his numerous introductions, he had one to the Longmans; he presented this to the firm in Paternoster Row; after waiting for some time he was introduced to the nabob of the establishment. Mr. Longman received the introduction in a very cool and hauteur-like manner, and evidently thought it beneath his dignity to receive any publisher from the United States into his counting-room. Mr. Lippincott felt exceedingly chagrined at such a cool reception, and could not account for it, but had the sagacity to see that if England's aristocracy continued to slight the princes of labor, a sure and speedy downfall will be the result. If Mr. Lippincott had not been equal in point of wealth to Longmans, such coolness might, to some extent, be apologized for; but we are desirous of informing the Longmans that this firm is as respectable as any firm in London; if it does not possess the antiquity of the London house, it can flatter itself that it has raised itself from an obscure position by its *own worth;* that it is one of the largest publishers and wholesale dealers in the world, and that *it sells as many books in one year as all the publishers in Paternoster Row* COMBINED! And Murray and Millar—where is there a Millar now? Gone! Like the spirit of a dream, Old England's worthy booksellers are dying out. Rivington—yea, the once active firm of fifty years ago have become sick, sluggish, nay, dead; there is but one spark left —Henry Bohn. Awake! England awake! or thy well earned literary laurels will be placed on thy children's heads; the Americas and Australias will only look on thee as their nursing mother, always with affec-

tion and with pride. The position of rank has to give way to worth; names are but the representatives of things. Action—action, is now the watchword. Cursed is the nation from henceforth that depends on ancient houses or old worn-out customs for its existence; the people have begun to think for themselves; plodding industry in the once colonies of the old world, is now showing itself to be the real arbiter of nations; once wealth attained, all the accessories follow. Education, with all its polish, is beginning to assume its true position, and the United States and the Canadas, notwithstanding the absurd plea of plebeianism, rank even in the decaying old world as the first votaries of fashion, patronizers of the arts, and the most liberal supporters of literature. Has not the Millennium arrived when we find the once pioneer of the Western forests educating his children in every branch of a useful and polite education; these children, visiting different parts of the world, mixing with the highest ranks, received with the most distinguished courtesies, and returning again to their own countries with feelings of pride, conscious that here lies the true and only method of making all happy? We have somewhat digressed from our original subject, but reflections sometimes obviate any apology. After we had spent near two months among the old booksellers, we mixed some little in outside coteries. Among these is one that we frequented, which is an institution peculiar to London—a model lodging-house.

These "houses" are more or less frequented by the penny-a-liners—they hold at present the same position in London as Grubb Street did seventy years ago. Some months since, in a periodical which was issued in this city, but which is now defunct, we gave a description of one of these "houses," which we saw when on a former visit to London. In the very house we there described, and among the very personages portrayed in that article, was Mr. Sale, now the main staff of the "Household Words." This writer has since that time sprung into public notice, and deservedly so; he now ranks among the best descriptive writers in England, and so highly are his services valued that the proprietors of the "Household Words" have sent him on a mission to Russia, to give to its readers his graphic and powerful descriptions of that country. Gerald Massey, the poet, who is now ranked among the most promising poets of England, lived in the same "House" with Sale; thus, we see, we come in contact with strange characters in strange places. The "House" we are now about to describe is located not more than a square from Old Compton-street; it is in Dean-street, Soho. It is a large three-story, dingy, old brick house, of colossal proportions; over the door is hung a large lamp with the words painted on it—"Albion Chambers." Into this place we will now conduct our readers. On our first entrance we inquired if a Mr. * * * lived there; a porter of the establishment answered, "yes." We stated we were desirous of seeing him; but we learnt, although it was near 11 o'clock, A. M., he had not risen out of bed. The porter desired us to go up an immense flight of stairs, and when we came to No. 19, to knock at the door. We ascended, and we entered the floor on which No. 19 was located; we heard strange sounds, and stopped for a moment to ascertain what they were; we thought the loud sonorous snores arose from a den of hogs, and we looked out of a window that lighted up the large stairway; but we could not perceive anything from which such discordant noises could arise. At last, after calculating for some time, we gave it up, and walked up to No. 19; we knocked at the door; no answer was given; we knocked again—"Who's there?" was the answer; we gave in our name, and in a few moments

the door of the dormitory was opened, and our friend seemed as if he had been disturbed from his sleep; and it was near 12 o'clock, A. M. However, after some strenuous exertion, our friend threw the god Morpheus from his presence, and proceeded to dress and wash. In the mean time, we inquired what all these noises were; from whence did they proceed? Our friend smiled, and said that these noises proceeded from the persons sleeping; we felt somewhat aghast at such an answer, and began to look around the large room, and, behold! the one room had been made into sleeping rooms; the space which this room occupied would have made two comfortable sleeping rooms; but in it were twenty rooms. Twenty human beings were laid snoring in their beds, at near 12 o'clock, A. M.! Such is London life in the sleeping departments of the model "Lodging Houses." We now felt ourselves somewhat relieved by these explanations, and by this time our friend was ready to *descend*. We did descend—into subterranean regions, which are so dark that the light of day never enters, and gas-light is made the substitute. After passing through dark corridors that smelt of London smoke and cellar dampness, we found ourselves in a place known as the kitchen. In it was a Casper Hauser looking character, who seemed indigenous to the place. He was about forty-five, of middle stature, grey hair, cockney twang, dressed in greasy clothes, and was engaged in preparing potatoes for the "model lodgers." "John," said our companion, "give me two pennyworth of bread, and a pennyworth of coffee." John waited on our companion, and, during his repast, we took a sally round the kitchen, listened to the garrulous remarks of the greasy cook, and came to the conclusion, after we had surveyed the walls, the cooking utensils, and the slobbery cook, that it was not only a model Lodging House, but a model kitchen.

Our cicerone having finished his breakfast, he wished to retire to the smoking-room. Oh, fates! what a room! It is located on the same subterranean floor, and by immediately turning to the right, you enter this pandemonium. Imagine it to be two o'clock in the afternoon; at this time most of the model lodgers have breakfasted in the model kitchen; here they enter to smoke their pipes—and mercy, what clouds of smoke! Verily, it is a model "smoking room." It is about three yards square; it has one window, where light attempts to penetrate through iron gratings, and a thick crust of all kinds of dirt and smoke lay embedded on the glass; you can see a small glimmering of daylight, as though it was afraid to enter such a questionable locality. Gas light is here substituted for day light, and it is often encircled in such a dense cloud of villainous tobacco smoke, that makes it difficult to be seen. The only medium for ventilation is the large old fashioned fire-place; the chimney conveys away the smoke of the coal as well as the tobacco smoke—a providential arrangement. During the smoking hours, these model lodgers throw off their superfluous humor and wit.

In this specialty the "model lodgers" are not contemptible; most of them are well educated, have a small allowance to live on, and thus they spend a life comparatively useless, which might have been productive of much good.

But, to our smoking room. Here is one table, and there another; here one party is playing chess, there another is playing at cards; the games are finished; the greasy cook is desired to fetch two pots of half-and-half; he returns; now they become exhilarated in proportion to the amount of ale drank, and, as Cockneys are extremely fond of chaffing and playing upon words, you are bored to death for a while. Do you see that tall, dark-complexioned young man? He has got long, lanky, black

hair; devoid of whiskers, his countenance is full of vivacity and youthful exuberance. What is he doing? Look at him; he is drawing a pencil-sketch of cock-eyed John, whom you see seated in the corner chair. Capital likeness; bravo, John! He has got you, and no mistake. This young man is the son of an East India merchant; his parents are rich, but he, by his wild extravagance, was sent from India to England to sow his wild oats; and his fond parents hoped that in a few years he would see the folly of his ways. But not so; his vices grow with his years, and we are afraid dissipation, with all its horrors, will soon usher him to the grave. A very large number of educated men, and men of ability, thus pass away the most valuable part of their lives. We have mentioned some that rise to distinction; but the greater portion pass away unnoticed. This mode of life seems strange to an American, but the Londoner seems happy and contented. We might extend this article to a much greater length, but will leave it at present, and may, at some future time, resume our account of Bibliographical Adventures.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

In our last number, we published a very interesting article from the pen of a gentleman of this city, whose exquisite taste and knowledge of art is very highly esteemed by connoisseurs in this country. It is our intention, in this article, to go more at length into Illustrated Books in general, and we flatter ourselves, we have material at our command that will make this subject an interesting one. The skill of engravers has of late years been called into requisition to assist the author in conveying a more accurate idea of his subject, and also to assist in making the book profitable. Engravers have been heretofore, and yet are, too lightly appreciated. The public have in this matter, like a great many others, only looked on the surface; they think that all the engraver has to do is simply to copy—a mere mechanical piece of business. This is a mistake. The good engraver, like the good painter, has to possess genius to succeed. Unless genius is born within them all the acquirements of a thousand lifetimes would not enable them to be either good painters or good engravers. In considering this matter, we think that engravers have suffered from their art not being properly appreciated. We do not think that the public has designedly done this, but because it is so intimately connected with the vocation of the painter; that the painter being the first to give the idea, the engraver has in most cases come off second-hand. Raphael has become a household word; it is in the mouth of every tyro who has begun to spout at Village Debating Societies, though he has never seen a picture by him, nor even an engraving from his pictures; so it is the same with Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Claude, Poussin, Vernet, Delaroche, Turner, Stanfield, &c., &c. But how seldom do we hear of the eminent engravers who have made the works of these men popular! Few but connoisseurs know of the existence of Marc Antonio, Hollar, Visscher, Wille, Desnoyer, Drevet, Masson, Houbraken, Raphael Morghen, Strange, Sharpe, and Doo. Nature seems to have been disposed to have given the world a galaxy of eminent painters, but she has not been so liberal with engravers of the same calibre. Marc Antonio will live with Raphael, it is true, but the best of judges do not allow Antonio's genius to be equal to Raphael's, nor do they think that Antonio's talent would have been developed if Raphael had not existed. We contend that there is as much divinity in mechanical genius as in the genius of a Raphael. It would have been impossible for Raphael to have engraved what Antonio did, as it was impossible for Antonio to paint what Raphael painted. The genius of Antonio did not

merely give a copy of what he engraved, but he gave the life, the idea of the painter; all the characters and ideality of the painter were portrayed on copper; the fine delicate touches, the bold relief, the flowing drapery, the voluptuousness of the flesh, all were clearly given. An engraver may have ability to give a general outline of his copy, but if he lacks the power of giving the effect to the picture which the painter has given, then he is merely a man of talent; but he will improve on its general character, a hard outline he cannot give; stiff, ungraceful drapery, unmeaning flesh, bad perspective, a proper distribution of light and shade, may be partly embodied, but he will improve on all these points, and still the credit of such a picture is oftener given to the painter than the engraver. But brighter days have come, and brighter still are in the bosom of the future for engravers. The great portion of good engravers have painted more or less, and many of them have painted well. Doo, of England, and Durand, of New York, are known well, both for paintings and engravings, but we are inclined to the opinion, that nature fitted them more for the graver than the easel. The most wonderful effects of an engraving—of what a real genius can do—is nowhere so well portrayed as in Strange's Diana, and Venus after Titian. Say what you like of the genius of Titian, and it is deserved, yet we claim for Strange all that mortal can bestow on human art. It is great—superlatively great—nay, superhumanly great; it is past description,—words cannot describe the extraordinary power displayed in these two engravings. Look at them as you will, nude though they be, yet sacrilegious must that soul be that could perceive anything about them but genius triumphant. Flesh! we implore the goddess of inspiration to enable us to give the description of such flesh as is portrayed on paper. Look at them! do not suspect for a moment that any trick is played on you; these two figures are really on paper; do they not seem too round? Touch them, they seem as if they could be punctured; how soft, how sensuous, yet not sensual; how voluptuous, yet how pure; do not fear, they will not fall off; yet they seem so; so perfect is their position, so well has the engraver caught the life, that they seem as if they really lived! As long as Strange lives, and he will live as long as art lives, engraving will be ranked second to none. Good engravers are as scarce as good painters; but Book Illustrations are beginning to develope the means whereby engravers may place themselves much higher in art, and better in a pecuniary point of view. But we will now proceed with our remarks on Book Illustrations. We may state here that for the greater part of the European matter we are indebted to an article in the Quarterly Review for September, 1844. The matter in relation to this country we have collected from various sources, for which we hold ourselves responsible.

The first specimens of Book Illustration was begun in the time of Charles the First. Nicholas Ferrar, who was a pious and ascetic man, travelled much during his lifetime. He was Secretary to the Virginia Company, which at that time had begun to flourish. During his travels on the Continent of Europe, says Dr. Peckard, he picked up "a very great number of prints engraved by the best masters of that time, all relative to historical passages of the Old and New Testaments; indeed he let nothing of this sort that was valuable escape him."

These prints Ferrar employed in ornamenting the various compilations of the Scriptures; amongst others, "He composed a full harmony in concordance of the four Evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into one hundred and twenty heads, or chapters." This is a very respectable beginning, and speaks well for the zeal and industry which

Ferrar exercised in such an immense collection. We fear that though the means of collecting prints for illustration are now ten thousand fold what they were in the days of Charles the First, yet where have we a Ferrar now? Consider this, ye who pride yourselves on your collections, and ask yourselves if you can equal a collector of more than two centuries ago? We fear, notwithstanding all our boasted collections, when engravings are to be had everywhere, the industry of Ferrar over two hundred years ago, cannot be equalled at this day. The history of this Illustrated Book is so very interesting that we make no apology for giving it in full.

"In May, 1633, his Majesty set out upon his journey to Scotland, and in his progress he stepped a little out of his road to view Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, which by the common people was called 'The Protestant Nunnery.' The family having notice, met his Majesty at the extremity of the parish, at a place called from this event the King's Close, and in the form of their solemn processions, conducted him to their church, which he viewed with great pleasure. He inquired into, and was informed of the particulars of their public and domestic economy; but it does not appear that at this time he made any considerable stay. The following summer his Majesty and the Queen passed two nights at Apthorpe in Northamptonshire, the seat of Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. From thence he sent one of his gentlemen to *intreat* (his Majesty's own word) a sight of 'The Concordance,' which, he had heard was some time since done at Gidding, with assurance that in a few days, when he had perused it, he would send it back again. Mr. N. Ferrar was then in London, and the family made some little demur, not thinking it worthy to be put into his Majesty's hands, but at length they delivered it to the messenger. But it was not returned in a few days, or weeks; some months were elapsed when the gentleman brought it back from the King, who was then at London. He said he had many things to deliver to the family from his master:—first, to yield the King's hearty thanks to them all for the sight of the book, which passed the report he had heard of it; then to signify his approbation of it in all respects; next, to excuse him in two points, the first for not returning it so soon as he had promised; the other, for that he had in many places of the margin written notes in it with his own hand; and '(which I know will please you,) said the gentleman, you will find an instance of my master's humility in one of the margins. The place I mean is where he had written something with his own hand, and then put it out again, acknowledging that he was mistaken in that particular.' Certainly this was an act of great humility in the King, and worthy to be noted; and the book itself is much graced by it. The gentleman further told them that the King took such delight in it, that he passed some part of every day in perusing it. And lastly, he said, 'to show you how true this is, and that what I have declared is no court compliment, I am expressly commanded by my master earnestly to request of you, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, and of the young ladies, that you would make him one of these books for his own use; and if you will please to undertake it, his Majesty says you will do him a most acceptable service.'

"Mr. Ferrar and the young ladies returned their most humble duty, and immediately set about what the King desired. In about a year's time it was finished, and it was sent to London to be presented to his Majesty by Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Cosins, one of the King's chaplains. This book was bound entirely by Mary Collet, (one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces;) all wrought in gold, in a new and most elegant fashion. The King, after long and serious looking it over, said, 'This is indeed a most valuable work, and in many respects worthy to be presented to the greatest prince upon earth, for the matter it contains is the richest of all treasures. The laborious composure of it into this excellent form of an harmony, the judicious contrivance of the method, the curious workmanship in so neatly cutting out and disposing the text, the nice laying of these costly pictures, and the exquisite art expressed in the binding, are, I really think, not to be equalled. I must acknowledge myself to be greatly indebted to the family for this jewel, and whatever is in my power I shall at any time be ready to do for any of them."'

Book Illustrations seem to have been

the rage after this commeneement, for whatever is patronized by royalty in Europe begins at onee to be fashionable. No sooner did Charles the First desire Ferrar to make him a book similar to the one he had borrowed from him, than Book Illustrators beeame as plentiful as Book Collectors. The demand for prints beeame immense; but it was not in the full vigor of its glory until the publication of Granger's "Biographieal History of England." Then eame the rage for portraits. Historieal seenes, and every thing that could be imagined to have some allusion to events, were crammed in without eeremony or judgment. Prints that were never designed for the book were made to answer some purpose. Sometimes twenty, thirty, and even fifty guineas were paid for old tattered worn-out portraits, that really were more suitable for the paper mill than a history of England. But thus we go; let the fashion be large hoops, or no hoops at all, still it is the same—impetuous, rash and foolish. But there is a method in the madness of book collectors that few lunatics in other things can claim; their labors are in all eases produetive of benefit; for what is more interesting to the learned observer than reading of the aetions of the past, and have beside him the very personator of the aet? Does not a portrait of a great man enable one more fully to divine his motives than a mere verbal deseription? None can doubt sueh a thing for a moment.

The liberal act of George the 2d, who presented to the British Museum when it was founded the whole of the Royal Library, was the commencement of a good poliey. It is to be regretted that at the death of Charles the First, the fanatieal regieides could not see any virtue in the statues, pietures, jewels and euriosities which belonged to that unfortunate King. Happily, however, the Royal Collection of MSS. and books was preserved, and in it was the celebrated Concordanee of Ferrar, whieh he had presented to King Charles the First. So that the English ean flatter themselves that they have in their possession the first known Illustrated Book in England. The next great Illustrated Book that eomes in our list is Pennant's "History of London," which was bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Crowbe. This splendid book eost that gentleman £7,000, or $35,000. What number of engravings there are in it we are not able to learn; but presume that everything which had been engraved up to that period was inserted. This was eertainly a rich bequest, and every year adds to its value. But we now eome to a pictorial history, whieh eertainly has no equal in the world for variety of embellishment—Clarendon and Burnett. These two books, by illustration, are made to fill sixty-seven large volumes!! They contain nearly 19,000 prints and drawings; there are seven hundred and thirty-one portraits of Charles the First, five hundred and eighteen of Charles the Seeond, three hundred and fifty-two of Cromwell, two hundred and seventy-three of James the Second, and four hundred and twenty of William the Third. Forty years were spent in making this eolleetion, by Mr. Sutherland, and whieh afterwards was bequeathed to the Bodlian Colleetion, a handsome bequest which cost upwards of $60,000. The Catalogue of the "Illustrations" fills two large quarto volumes, of which a few only were printed, and distributed to Mrs. Sutherland's friends. In mere numbers, however, Mr. Sutherland was surpassed by a foreign eeclesiastic, who is said to have amassed 12,000 portraits of the Virgin Mary. Being in London last winter, we learnt that an eecentric book binder, of the name of Gibbs, had illustrated the Bible in a most superb manner. It has oecupied years in its completion, and $5,000 has been refused by him for it. When the Longmans were in the old book business, they had a copy of Strut's Dictionary for

sale, which they valued at $10,000. There is not a book in the world that gives so many facilities for illustration as this; to fully illustrate it, would require a copy of every picture painted by every artist, and a print from every engraver. It would cost alone for Hollar's engravings over $50,000, if it were possible to collect them. Then we have Wille's engravings, the cost of which it is impossible at present to calculate; one of these engravings, the Satin Gown, which is in a very rare state, and owned by Dr. Kœcker of this city, is valued in London at sixty guineas, or more than $300! Dr. Kœcker has in his possession the finest collection of Wille's engravings in this country. He has them almost in every state. The engraving of the Satin Gown, which is referred to above, we are assured by Mr. Evans, of London, would bring sixty guineas. What the collection of Dr. Kœcker is worth, we cannot precisely say; but should think not less than $5,000. His collection is not so extensive as that of John Phillips, Esq., but more choice. The exquisite engraving of Dante and Beatrice the Doctor has in every state. The artist's proof of this print, for which he paid thirty dollars to the publisher, from whom he obtained it, has since offered him sixty dollars. The Doctor has, in all cases, exercised the most critical and refined taste in his selection, and if his stock were for sale at public auction in London, it would realise a handsome profit on the original cost. In connection with such a fine collection of engravings, the Doctor confessedly stands at the head of Book Illustrators in this country. There may be men who have more Illustrated Books; but there are none that can equal him in *inlaying* a portrait, or in repairing, or in mounting, neither in this country nor in England. This is saying a great deal, and when we make this sweeping remark, we have in our view Baldwin of London, and the workmanship of others who are considered as good; but we repeat, none can equal the Doctor for finish, nicety of execution, and adaptability of means to the end. Take, for instance, his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers; there you see the original 12mo. edition carefully placed into a quarto paper, and inserted in such a neat and admirable manner as to exhibit fine mechanical genius. When it is taken into consideration that every page of the book has to be repaged, and the edges of each page have to be pared down very carefully in order to make them fit to the quarto paper in which they are inserted, and when this is done in such a manner as to elude common observation, we may truly remark that it is an effort of extraordinary mechanical ability. In this book are one hundred and forty-five portraits, besides views, and a large number of autograph letters. Each portrait is inserted, and mounted in the same way as the letter press, making altogether certainly one of the finest editions of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" to be found in this country; and for neatness of execution surpassed in none.

In our last number, mention was made of Messrs. John and Charles Moreau, pupils of Mr. Allan, the first American Book Illustrator. One of the Brothers Moreau has collected for his Life of Washington over one hundred and fifty different portraits of Washington. This is industry, and we hope that many of our New York friends will be stimulated by such praiseworthy exertions, and try to excel the Brothers Moreau. As for our Boston friends, we can say but little. We know of one gentleman, Mr. Leffingwell, who has a very large collection of autographs and engravings. He is at this time engaged in illustrating an excellent Illustrated Book, Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution." He is mounting this book on folio paper, and illustrating the margin with portraits, scenes

of battles, indeed everything that can be brought to aid his object is plentifully supplied from a very large collection. Dr. Gray, of Boston, has, we understand, the most valuable collection in the United States.

Materials are very meagre as yet to supply our readers with anything like a correct account of the Illustrated Books in this country. We are very glad to find such men as Messrs. Phillips, Fales, Hammersly, S. Austin Allibone, Cushman, J. C. Davis, S. Shipley, F. G. Dreer, T. Westcott, John Sefton, and a great many others, all ardently devoted to the collection of engravings both for Book Illustrations and Port Folios. This country, in a short time, will outrival many of the European nations; proper spirit is at work; it must go on. Our love and admiration of the arts will soon be as proverbial as Yankee cuteness in commercial transactions. We have, we believe, at this time, a better collection of Sharp's engravings now in the possession of John Phillips, Esq., of this city, than can be found in England. The never-tiring industry of this gentleman is commendable in the highest degree, and we believe he has collected the largest stock of engravings of any man in this country. Our Book Illustrators have in general turned their attention to illustrating American books. The late Mr. E. D. Ingraham's collection did much to increase such a taste. We can speak from our own experience, being now the oldest print-seller in this city, and the only one who imports old prints, that within the last six years we have increased our business a hundred fold; it will still go on. The American, when he once sees the value and correct bearing of any object, especially if it be a patriotic one, is bound to drive on; he is like his own Niagara, impetuous, dashing, nothing can stop him in his progress.

We intend in a future article to give an account of the principal autograph collectors, and a description of their collections. In the mean time we shall be much obliged to Book Illustrators, and collectors of engravings, if in any case we have erred or omitted, (which we are sure we have), to send us an account of their collections, for it is our intention to give as much knowledge on this subject as possible, so as to show to the world that Americans know other things, and can appreciate the fine arts as well as buy and sell any commodity in the market.

REMINISCENCES OF NICARAGUA.

BY PETER F. STOUT,

Ex Vice-Consul.

Extent—Geographical Position—Volcanoes—Lakes—Managua and Nicaragua—Rivers—The Rio San Juan—Alligators—Monkies—Trailing Vines—Rapids—The Castillo and Machuca—Climate—Temperature—An Incident—Notes.

PREFACE.

My intention is to write a current History of Nicaragua, to present to the Tourist a Guide Book, to briefly and succinctly furnish such information, Geographical, Topographical, and Statistical as may satisfy the reader, and finally to give such *current* information as may avail those who may visit the country. I have consulted the best authorities on the subjects presented, and having resided in the country, I feel that I have not been led astray by the garbled statements of those whose interests may have suffered from causes which have had no influence upon me; but I have penned everything as I found them, having neither tarnished nor varnished them.

The ancient History of Mexico has of course much to do with that of Nicaragua, and consequently, I have traced the early tribes from their Northern clime through their long pilgrimage to Mexico; also through their subsequent expulsion from it

(and prior dispersion to Guatamala, Yucatan and other provinces), and can satisfy *myself* at least, that the Nicaraguans are of the remnant of the Tolteeans.

From their soft luxurious home in the vale of Anahuac, they fled to a land naturally rich, healthy, and prodigal with luscious fruits; and here after many years did the relentless Spaniards, thirsting for gold, hunt and find them—renewed the fierce wars of the first Crusade, and stained the vales of El Paraiso de Mahoma with the blood of captive and defenceless Indians. Henceforth the sword of the Spaniard won him reverence. The poor Indian, whose wants were few, whose little hut sheltered him from the tropical sun, was denied his primal independence, and swelled his captor's train. He became his pearl-diver, or his miner, and thus oppressed and enslaved, the sequestration of the United Provinces was aided by the masses, who had not forgotten in this modern slavery their long years of prior freedom. But while I have entered freely into the discussion of the title to the Musquito Coast, it will be remembered that I have furnished all the evidences produced by all parties therein concerned, yet I have not drawn my own deductions. Spain *never* was *expelled* from Nicaragua. She left it voluntarily, and temporarily, and there can be no doubt of her title to the entire country by conquest, (if conquest can give a title), and *should she return to-morrow, her* title not only to Nicaragua, but to the Musquito Kingdom, would, in the opinion of many, be perfectly valid.

The late wars have attracted universal attention to this Province, and I quit my pen, confident that I have not wronged the subject I have treated, nor distorted a single feature. PETER F. STOUT.

Jan. 7, 1857.

The Republic of Nicaragua is embraced entirely between 83 deg. 20 min., and 87 deg. 30 min. (from Greenwich 6 deg. 20 min.) west longitude, and between 9 deg. 45 min., and 15 deg. of north latitude, with an area of between 50 and 60,000 square miles, about seven times the extent of Massachusetts, bounded by the Carribean Sea on the East, on the West by the Pacific Ocean, North by the River Vauks, or Segovia, and partly by the River Romao, and South by Costa Rica; or as this is a mooted point, we may add, its southern boundary separating it from Costa Rica runs in a right line from the mouth of the River Salto de Nicoya to the lower mouth of the Rio San Juan. Its geographical position, having a fine harbor, the town of Greytown or San Juan, on the Atlantic, and other fine harbors on the Pacific, fully entitles this small State to the consideration of statesmen and the mercantile world, and has won for it its motto, the *"vast gate of the twin sea."* All its streams upon the southern side of the great chain of Cordilleras, which diverges in two ranges, fall into the lakes Managua and Nicaragua, or into the Rio San Juan. The Pacific range follows the general direction of the coast into volcanic cones, and again settling to low hills and plains. The principal cones are Momotombo, Momobacho, Ometepec, Madeira, with those of Viejo, Santa Clara, Axuseo, Orosi, Abogado, together with others less remarkable, yet known not alone as landmarks, and as beautiful natural structures, but as being the traditional depots of hidden wealth.

There are two remarkable and beautiful inland Lakes, that of Managua, erroneously called Leon, and Nicaragua. The former being about fifty-five miles long, by thirty-five in width, ranging from two to thirty-five fathoms deep. The mountains of Matagalpa, rich with silver, gold, lead and other minerals on the northern and eastern shores, margin with wondrous beauty this quiet basin, while Momotombo, from whose lofty peak I watched thin clouds of smoke

wreathing upward, relieved by the dark grey morning sky, rises in its bosom grandly—Momotombita, a fit companion, stands in bold relief, so beautifully artistic in design and character, that it draws an involuntary exclamation from us as we stand on the sandy beach gazing far up its shaggy ascent.

The Lake Nicaragua is about one hundred and ten miles long by thirty-five to sixty miles in breadth, and every variety of depth may here be fathomed. This sheet of water is the most beautiful of any I ever saw, and yet within its depths the rapacious shark fins his way along, and the timid mariner witnesses waterspouts, and meets the most sudden, dangerous squalls met with on any water on the globe. Its sole outlet is the Rio San Juan. During the months of October, November, December and January, the prevailing winds are from the N. E., and the waves of the Lake send angrily upon the beach, dashing the spray in refreshing showers broadcast. At such seasons travellers desirous of journeying from the South, experience difficulty in getting off in the small schooners heretofore exclusively used between Granada and the ports South of it, viz.: San Jorge, the port of Rivas, and Virgin Bay. Indeed, I have known parties who have been delayed two weeks, yet endeavoring, perhaps frequently during the day to launch their boats, but ere their sails would fill, the breakers rushing shoreward would drive the boats high and dry upon the beach. The streams known as the San Carlos and Serapaqui flow also into the Rio San Juan, and numerous other streams bordering it. This river, is from one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile wide, from one to twenty-five feet deep, and about one hundred and five miles long, margined by heavy underbrush, fine timber, and the banks on either side are so heavily *screened* with trailing vines, that at various places it is impenetrable to the eye. Upon the shores and on the many sand islets, is seen reposing in fancied and blest security, like a fat millionaire, the swarthy alligator, and leaping from tree to tree, and shriekingly from vine to vine, are countless monkeys, some short tailed, others long, ring-tailed, others no-tailed, cropped off short, regular bob-tails.

I have seen, referring to these vines, a single one, climbing up a gigantic trumpet tree, wreathe round its top, cover it, then falling gracefully in myriads of clusters, resembling the various jets of a fountain, reach terra firma, then clasp another tree and so until you would almost imagine the Banyan before you. For calm, quiet beauty, the Rio San Juan is pre-eminent, and will retain numberless charms for the tourist's eye, even should the axe of the settler ring through the wilderness on its banks.

There are various rapids in the ascent, viz.: the Machucha, the Castillo, the Tauro, the Bull, the Cow, and the Calf.

The Machucha is by no means entitled to the name of rapids, but may better be designated as an eddy, for here the river bends, and the current is swift, indeed very swift, yet navigable for stern-wheel boats without much difficulty. The Castillo, where the old castle frowns from its height of one hundred feet or more, above, is truly a rapid, yet far from equalling those on the St. Lawrence River, and others elsewhere. They appear to have been formed by Art, not Nature. Large loose stones obstruct the river, and the swift current roars through the interstices, seeming at a short distance to be indeed very formidable; yet I, with others, in 1850, endeavored to haul a stern-wheel iron steamer up them, and should have succeeded had the banks been firm, or had we had a stump whereon to belay our hawsers. Our feet slipped, the current swept the boat down—down over the rapids. The boat being iron, bounded from rock to

rock, and after sweeping perhaps one hundred yards down the current, ran ashore on the opposite bank safely.

It requires but little valor to brave these rapids, and the heart of a sailor throbs lightly and easily under his jacket, as he steers his little craft into the stream, and mounts the noisy little bubbles.

There is a variety of climate, the heat being less on the Pacific than the Atlantic coast. On the former coast, the rainy season sets in in the early part of May, and, with the exception or intervention of fifteen or twenty days in July and the beginning of August, continues till October, and in some sections till November. During the remainder of the year, an occasional shower refreshes the heated air, sufficient only to glaze the parched leaves, yet in this dry season fine fruits are in abundance, and although the crisp grass and wilted leaves evidence drought, or in fact correspond to our winter, yet with the difference in mid-day there is no great change in the temperature. On the Atlantic coast rains fall generally throughout the year with uncertainty; the driest season from June to October; the wettest from that to May. There is a difference of 14° Fahr. between the interior and the coast, being cooler in the former.

However, from daybreak to 10 A. M. is always pleasant, the streets are thronged, and a ride on horseback is enjoyed; from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. the heat is intense, so much so, that the population are generally swinging in their casas in their hammocks, save the marineros and wash women, who are sprinkled over the lake beach at Managua and Granada. From 4. P.M. the temperature is modified by the coming on of night. There seems scarcely a pause between the bright glare of the sun, and the mellow rays of the moon, twilight being a dream, or mayhap a memory of a far distant land.

The evenings are delightfully agreeable, and the air pure, so much so, that a party conversing in the usual key may be interpreted at the distance of a square, and I have frequently been able to follow the air of some serenader, I being distant at least three-fourths of a mile.

The rainy season is the most pleasant, the thermometer ranging from 78° to 88°, rarely below 72° in the night, and rising to 90° in the afternoon. At Granada, in June, 82°; in Leon, in July, August and September, 83°; and a strong breeze sweeps from the lake, rendering the nights just such as guarantee refreshing sleep. In the dry season, in January, the temperature is less occasionally cool, every thing is filled with dust; clouds of grasshoppers sweep over the forests, devour the leaves of the trees and vines, leaving a ghostly picture of desolation and aridity behind. I remember during a ride from the little Indian village of Nindin to Managua in company with several friends, meeting a host of these *rapacious* banditti. We were in the midst of a forest; a cloud seemed to hang over our heads; a rattling among the dried leaves of the trees attracted our attention, resembling sand *thrown* on blotting paper, though louder. Wherever we turned, there this living cloud extended. We found upon reaching the outskirt of the woods, that an immense body of grasshoppers were winging past us, leaving leafless bushes, trees, and a trail of barren, poverty-stricken herbage.

We pushed forward, in a fast walk, and judging by the time occupied, we estimated this moving mass to have been *at least* four miles long by three miles in breadth. This is not an uncommon visit, nor do I over estimate the extent of this described party of insects.

Years gone, their devastation was so great, that prayers were offered up in all the Churches of the State. The towns were filled with these grasshoppers; they

filled the yards, rooms, barracks and churches, wherever there was a void, there they went.

Prayers were unavailing—useless—till one morn, at daybreak, a mighty rushing was heard overhead. A terrible crash, a battling, as it were, of wings, mingled with cries and shrieks.

On came the heavy cloud, and far above, clad in angelic armor, San Miguel was seen driving the enemy back, at every blow massacreing myriads. As the sun rose fully up, the scene grew fainter on Nature's canvass, the cries less distinct, yet the sword of the Patron Saint was seen battling. The enemy was routed. The country safe. So runs the story.

These same insects, or their progeny, returned there during my stay in the country, and seemed to have all the fun to themselves. However, they did not settle there, but only paid a flying visit, leaving ample room for other adventurers, whose patron saints were strong arms, whose advent was sure, and whose dispersion was at least uncertain.

NOTES TO CHAPTER ONE.

It was supposed that there was an ebb and flow in the Lake Nicaragua, though this arose from the immense body of water blown by the force of the wind at certain seasons "shoreward," and judging at such times, a stranger would be convinced that the ebb and flow was no dream, but a reality. I remember at the time Wm. F. Boone, Esq., the Consul-General of the United States, appointed for this State by President Fillmore, arrived at San Jorge on his way to Granada. I was one of the party who met and escorted him. We were delayed for nearly two weeks and a half at San Jorge, unable to launch a boat. And here let me add that which I should regret omitting—Mr. Boone was received by foreigners of all classes handsomely upon his arrival at Granada, and subsequently by his address with the Government, and by his dignified mien, obtained redress in every instance where outrages had been committed upon the rights or properties of Americans. Upon his leaving San Juan del Sur for San Juan del Norte, a supper was tendered him, and on the following morning he was escorted by a corps of citizens to Virgin Bay. As a representative he was able and approachable, and as a gentleman courteous, affable, and beloved.

The Machuca Rapids take their name from Captain Diego Machuca, who, in 1529, explored the Rio San Juan. We shall enumerate hereafter the many islands and rivers, and shall only here refer to the Fort St. Juan, called also the castle of Neustra Senora, which surmounts the hill at the Castillo Rapids on the left as you ascend the river. It is now in a state of decay, but in its earlier days it had a small battery, mounted with thirty-six guns, whose platform was level with the water, the whole enclosed on the land side by a ditch and rampart. The garrison consisted of one hundred infantry, sixteen artillery-men, and sixty militia, and was also provided with boats, which were rowed up and down the river every night—guard boats. The fort was provisioned from Granada, and six months stores were always stowed away in the capacious underground garners.

THE FRANKLIN NEWSPAPER.

Benjamin Franklin, when about seventeen years of age, was serving as an apprentice in the printing office of his oldest brother, James, in Boston—at which the New England Courant was published. James, by the freedom of his remarks upon the conduct of persons high in church and state, incurred the censure of the authorities, and an order was served upon him forbidding him to publish any more numbers of his newspaper unless he previously submitted the contents to the Secretary of the Colony. To evade the force of this blow, the next number of the paper appeared with the name of Benjamin Franklin as the publisher, and the issue went on in this way for some time.

At the recent inauguration of Franklin's statue in Boston, a printing press was

borne in the procession, at which he was said to have once worked, and from this press were distributed, during the march, several thousand copies of a *fac simile* of the New England Courant, for February 11, 1723, the first paper in which his name appeared as that of the publisher. One of these copies is now before us, and it is impossible to avoid expressing our admiration for the manner in which this imitation has been executed. The paper looks old, having the exact tinge of the newspapers of that day, and the type is either old type brought again into use, or an excellent imitation. The paper is printed on half a sheet, and measures eight and a half inches in breadth by twelve and a half inches in length.

The change of publisher is thus announced at the head of the first column: "The late publisher of this paper, finding so many inconveniences would arise by his carrying the transcript and public news to be supervised by the Secretay, as to render his carrying it on unprofitable, has entirely dropped the undertaking. The present publisher having received the following piece, desires the reader to accept of it as a preface to what they may hereafter meet with in this paper." A humorous essay follows, prefixed to which is a Latin motto, and the following is the P. S.: "Gentle reader, we design never to let a paper pass without a Latin motto if we can possibly pick one up, which carries a charm in it to the vulgar, and the learned admire the pleasure of construing. We should have obliged the world with a Greek scrap or two, but the printer has no types, and therefore we entreat the candid reader not to impute the defect to our ignorance, for our Doctor can say all the *Greek* letters by heart."

The King's speech to the Parliament, delivered October 11, (*four months* previously,) is then given at length, occupying nearly half the paper. The conspiracy carried on "in favor of a Popish Pretender," forms the staple of it.

After one or two pieces of British news connected with the movements of the Pretender's friends, the Domestic Intelligence follows, the first item of which we give in full as a curious illustration of the union of Church and State then prevailing in Massachusetts:—

Boston, February 11.—Last week the Reverend Mr. Orum, minister of the Episcopal Church at Bristol, came from thence with a petition from twelve of his hearers (who are imprisoned for refusing to pay rates to the Presbyterian minister of Bristol,) to the Lieutenant Governor, who, with the advice of the Council, promises Mr. Orum to use his interest for their relief at the next meeting of the General Assembly, the men being imprisoned by virtue of the laws of the Province.

The other news of a home description, are the account of proceedings against the Indians, in what is now the State of Maine, and a notice of a fire in Cornhill. Two advertisements then follow, one of "the best new Philadelphia town-bolted Flour," and the other of the time of a servant boy to be disposed of.

An appeal for advertising custom concludes the paper, (except the imprint,) in which it is alleged that the paper has "met with so general an acceptance in town and country, as to require a far greater number of them to be printed than there is of the other publick papers, and its being besides more generally read by a vast number of borrowers, who do not take it in, the publisher thinks proper to give this publick notice for the encouragement of those who would have advertisements inserted in the publick prints, which they may have printed in this paper at a moderate price."

The following is its imprint:—"Boston: Printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin, in Queen Street, where advertisements are taken in.

ORIGIN OF THE SONG

"RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

Songs have with all nations been considered a choice portion of their Literature —nay, they are household words—"Give me the songs of a nation to make, and I care not who governs." There is no surer landmark of a nation's progress than its Ballad Literature. The greatest of historians—and the unrivalled essayist, Macaulay—has told us, in his "History of England," that he is indebted to a great extent for his materials to the old Ballads of England. Wherever we turn our attention in order to find out the influence of Ballads, we shall find, from the days of Homer to the present time, that they have made up a vast aggregate of national character. All nations have become sensitive as to their just claims to their own productions. France has her Marsellaise, England her Britannia, the United States the Star Spangled Banner; and each of these nations would become highly indignant if any other nation wished to claim their respective productions. It is to this special point that we are desirous of calling the attention of our readers; to the production of a song that has been popular for years, first in this country, and now in England.

Our attention has been more immediately drawn to the importance of doing this now, because *Punch* has been making mirth out of it. We are not aware that it is generally known that the Song of "Red, White and Blue" was composed and arranged in this city, in 1845, by Mr. A'Beckett, of the Walnut Street Theatre, a man of talent, and who is highly respected here for his gentlemanly deportment. We are authorized to say that the writing of this song by Mr. A'Beckett was first suggested by Mr. Richard Shaw, a concert singer, and well known in this city. Shaw wished A'Beckett to compose him a song. "What shall I write?" said A'Beckett. "Anything," replied Shaw. A'Beckett took out his *pencil*, and wrote the *first two* verses under the impulse of the moment, beginning with, "*O Columbia!*" Shaw was highly pleased with the two verses, and "now," said he, "let us have the music." A'Beckett sat down to the piano. forte, and wrote down at the time a rough draught, with which Shaw was highly pleased. A'Beckett took the song and the music home; he there added the other verse, and completed the music as it now stands. During the time that Shaw gave his concerts in this city, he found this song drew more money into his treasury than anything else he could sing; in fact, the song was all the rage; it became a household word. Willig, the music-seller, wished to publish it, and Shaw sold it to him for $20. During this time Mr. A'Beckett went to New Orleans to fulfil an engagement. He little thought that Shaw, who had made so much money by his song, would be so base as to sell it without consulting him. The music had been published; it was bought up rapidly; every lady in the country must have the song of the day. "Red, White and Blue" was fashionable in all drawing-rooms. Young Misses became highly patriotic under its influence, and it has done its share in establishing a love of country, and a sound national character. After Mr. A'Beckett came from New Orleans to this city, he was surprised to find that his song was still the rage, but became highly indignant when he found that his property had been sold without his consent. He went to Willig, and asked him where he got the song and the music. Willig told him he bought it of Shaw for $20. Mr. A'Beckett at once put an injunction on Willig to prevent him from selling his property. After this, Mr. A'Beckett made arrangements with Mr. Osborne, music-seller, in Third Street, to publish it, and share the profits; they had it copyrighted, and it realized a handsome profit for both of them. After this, Osborne failed, and as Mr.

A'Beckett was going to England, Osborne desired to know what he should do with the song of "Red, White and Blue." At last it was settled, and sold to Benteen, of Baltimore. The popularity of this song became so great, that when Mr. Davenport went to England with Mrs. Mowatt, he there sang it with great success. From that time to the present, its success has been undiminished. A few words have been altered to make it more English than American, but its birthplace is claimed by Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON HALF DOLLAR OF 1792.

We are not aware whether the history of this coin is generally known or not, but we presume, if known, the republication of it will not do any harm. We have gleaned the following statement from a friend of ours, who owns one of these rare coins, and we have no doubt is correct in the aggregate. In 1791 or 1792 the United States Government advertised for designs for a coin to be issued. Among the applicants was an Englishman, who was a die-sinker, and lived in Cherry Street below Sixth Street. We are not instructed as to his name; perhaps some of our correspondents can inform us. He cut a *die* inscribed "George Washington, the First President of the United States," and on the reverse an eagle and thirteen stars. It not being possible to obtain rolled silver at this time in this country, he purchased some five franc pieces, and ground them *smooth*, which answered the same purpose. He then struck off the die some five or six specimens; one of these he sent to the President, George Washington, who then lived in this city, we believe at Fifth and Chestnut Streets. The messenger of the President took the coin to the President, and returned with an answer that his excellency was then engaged, but would attend to it shortly. It appears from facts gleaned hereafter, but not then given to the designer of this die, that Washington was opposed to having his name inscribed on the coin,—for two reasons—it would be following too much in the footsteps of the old dynasties of Europe, and also would prove a source of great expense to the country in having to cut fresh dies for every new President. The English die sinker waited a long time for an answer, and having reason to believe thas his design would not be adopted, he destroyed it. It is believed that not more than six impressions were ever taken. So scarce have they become that our friend has refused several times fifty dollars for his; and this offer was once made for the Government Cabinet at Washington.

If any of our readers can throw any more light on this subject, we shall be highly pleased to publish it.

REVOLUTIONARY ORDER.

A gentleman of this city has the original order in his possession, of which the following is a perfect copy. It is very singular that men of such high reputation as these that are annexed, should sign such an ungrammatical and badly composed order.

By order of the Continental Congress:

The Committee of the City of Philadelphia are earnestly recommended Immediately to convey Major Philip Skune & Mr. Lundy and deliver them to the Committee of New York who are requested to Convey him to Hartford in Connecticut There to deliver them & the order of Congress to the Committee of that Town and that this be done in the most Effectual manner and the utmost care taken that he does not Escape The Expenses will be paid by Congress.

Philada., July 3, 1775.

B. Franklin,
Geo. Ross,
John Dickinson,
James Wilson.

(*From the Collection of R. C. Davis, Esq.*)

[ORIGINAL.]

Camp Middle Brook, Dec. 20, 1778.

DEAR SIR,—We have once more taken up our quarters in this ravaged State. Land transportation has become such a heavy affair and *accompanyed* with such an enormous expense, that we fiud it necessary to take a position favorable for receiving our provisions, a great part of which now comes from the Western States, particularly bread. The scarcity of Provisions and forage is not a little alarming; whether the scarcity is real, or artificial in part, I cannot pretend to say; but I believe the People's dislike to the curreucy is one great obstacle to our purchasers.

The army is now a *huting*. I believe we are the first army that ever built themselves winter quarters at the close of a campaign. The mode has an appearance of hardship, and it is attended with many inconveniences to the officers, but the soldiers are very comfortable. We can barrack the troops in a short time, and with little expence. The inhabitants are free from the distress that always atteuds quartering troops upon them. The morals of the people are preserved from the corruptions of the soldiery by keeping them in a collected state and under proper *decipline*, which could not be preserved if they were to be quartered in the *Villiages*. The *Tryal* of General Lee, General Schuyler and St. Clair are all confirmed.—the two last are honorably *acquited*, the former is condemn'd.

Mr. Dean and the Family of the Lees have opened a paper war. I think from the nature of the subject, the disposition of the parties and quantity of matter, it will be a long while before the dispute closes.

His Excellency General Washington is going to Philadelphia, in order to settle some points relative to a certain expedition in contemplation to the N———; he sets out to-morrow.

By a vessel just arrived from St. Estatia, we are informed the British Fleet has taken a large number of the Dutch vessels coming to the West Indies. Their High Mightinesses have demanded them in peremptory terms, and threaten upon refusal some disagreeable consequences.

There is nothing very interesting from New York. The enemy appear to be waiting for instructions from Home; he has taken up a large number of Transports, and appears to be in readiness to go or stay as his orders may direct.

The Estatia vessel also brought an account that Count de Estaing's Fleet was seen off the Island.

Please to make my most respectable compliments to Mrs. Hancock.

I am, Sir, with regard,
Your most humble servant,
NATHANIEL GREENE.

To His Excellency, John Hancock, Esq.

(*From the Collection of R. C. Davis, Esq.*)

[ORIGINAL.]

NEW ORLEANS, *Jan.* 21, 1807.

SIR.—Understanding that Aaron Burr has taken post within the Territory over which you preside, we cannot but express our solicitude lest his pretensions to Iunocence, and the arts which he may employ to delude and seduce our fellow citizens from their duty to their country, may be partially successful; we rely, however, with confidence on your exertions to seize the *Arch Traitor*, and having done so, permit us to suggest for your consideration the expediency of placing him without delay on board of one of our armed vessels in the river, with an order to the officer to descend with him to this City; or otherwise, if his followers be as numerous as is represented, it is probable it may not be in your power to bring him to trial.

We take this occasion to advise you confidentially to keep a strict eye upon the Spaniards! Governor Folch is proceeding to Baton Rouge with four hundred men. His co-operation in repelling Burr and his associates is desirable, but in the uncertain and menacing state of affairs between the United States and Spain, it is our duty to be vigilant, and to watch the movements of a foreign force which may be in our vicinity.

We are, Sir, with great respect,
Your humble servants,

Wm. C. C. Claiborne,
Ja. Wilkinson.

To Cowles Mead, Esq., Acting Governor of the Mississippi Territory.

(*From the Collection of F. J. Dreer, Esq.*)

[original.]

It is believed this Letter of Washington's has not been published.

May 30th, 1768.

Rev. Sir,—Mr. MaGowan, who has lived several years in my family, a tutor to master Custis (my Son-in-law and Ward), having taken his departure for England, leaves the young gentleman without any master at this time. I should be glad therefore to know if it would be convenient for you to add him to the number of your pupils. He is a boy of good genius, above fourteen years of age, untarnished in his morals, and of innocent manners. Two years and upwards he has been reading of Virgil, and was (at the time Mr. MaGowan left him) entered upon the Greek Testament, though I presume he has grown not a little rusty in both, having had no benefit of his tutor since Christmas, notwithstanding he left the country in March only. If he comes, he will have a boy (well acquainted with house business, which may be made as useful as possible in your family, to keep him out of Idleness), and two Horses; be furnished with the means of getting to Church and elsewhere as you may permit; for he will be put entirely and absolutely under your tuition and direction, to manage as you think proper in all respects. Now Sir, if you incline to take Master Custis, I should be glad to know what conveniences it may be necessary for him to bring, and how soon he may come, for as to his board and schooling (provender for his horse he may lay in for himself) I do not think it necessary to enquire into, and will cheerfully pay ten or twelve pounds a year, extraordinary, to engage your peculiar care of and a watchful eye to him, as he is a promising boy—the last of his family—and will possess a very large fortune; add to this my anxiety to make him fit for more useful purposes than a horse racer, &c. This letter will be sent to you by my Broker at Fredericksburg, and I should be obliged to you for an answer by the first post to Alexandria, near which place I live.

I am, Sir,
Yr most obed hble servt.
G. Washington.

P. S.—If it is necessary for him to provide a bed, could one be purchased in your neighborhood? It would save a long carriage.

The Rev. Mr. Boucher.

By Favor of Mr. Chas. Washington.
May 30th, 1768.
In Caroline.

(*From F. J. Dreer, Esq.*)

The following letter of Dr. Duché, Chaplain to the first Congress, was addressed to Mrs. Fergusson, of Graham Park, who carried his former letter to General Washington.

Tuesday Morning, Dec. 3d, 1776.

My Dear and Valuable Friend,—

The present alarming situation of Affairs has thrown us all into the utmost Confusion. Families are moving with the utmost Precipitation. In the meanwhile

your Friend has no Retreat for his dear Partner and her Babes. Germantown is considered as almost equally nnsafe with the City. I take the liberty, therefore, to request you to let me know whether it be possible to obtain a Room or two in any Farm-House in your Neighborhood, that wonld accommodate my Family and some of the most valuable of our little affairs. Mr. Yonng will, I doubt not, be kind enongh to enquire about the Neighborhood. If you shonld be so happy as to snceeed, pray let me know by an Express as soon as possible. I will cheerfully defray the Charges. I am yours,

Most affectionately,

JACOB DUCHÉ.

N. B.—No Waggons are to be had in Town. If you should get a place for us, I hope you will likewise be able to procnre a Waggon to move our Effects. I shall wait impatiently for an Answer.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

REPLY TO CLERICUS.

See Vol. 1, No. 1, page 33, American Notes and Queries.

Admiral Drake leaving Nova Albion, now Calfornia, on the 23d of Jnly, 1574. fell in with the Moluccas, and intending to sail to Tydore, coasted along the Island of Mntyr, subject to the King of *Ternate*, bnt was prevented by the Viceroy from seeking Tydore, who ventnring on board the Admiral's ship, advised him by signs not to prosecute his voyage thither, bnt to sail direct for Ternate, alleging that his master was a great enemy of the Portuguese, and consequently wonld have nought to do with him, in the event of his visiting the Island, or should he communicate with the Portugnese who had settled there. The Admiral therefore anchored at Ternate, when, after having sent the King a present of a *velvet cloak*, the messenger returned, representing that the King would welcome the English cordially, and would aid the Admiral in completing his supply of provisions, as also any exchanges of merchandize.

The King snbsequently visited the ship, sending fonr large vessels filled with the elite of his Conrt. They were dressed in white lawn; "They had a large canopy of very fine perfumed mats, supported by a frame made with reeds, which spread over their heads from one end of the vessel to the other. They were surrounded by servants who were also clothed in white, and these were encompassed by ranks of soldiers, on both sides of whom were placed the rowers in three galleries raised above each other."

"The King came, attended by six grave ancient persons; he seemed much pleased with the English music, and still more with the Admiral's generosity, who made him and his nobles highly acceptable presents, which the King returned with quantities of fowls, rice, cloves, sngar and sago, and an invitation for the Admiral to visit him in his Castle."

"On their landing, they were received by one of the King's brothers, accompanied by several nobles, who conducted them with great solemnity thither, where they found at least 1,000 persons, the principal of whom were the Council, which consisted of sixty very grave men. Soon after the King entered, guarded by twelve men with lances, the points inverted. A loose robe of gold tissue hnng over his shonlders, several gold rings were fastened about his hair by way of ornament, and he had a chain of the same metal abont his neck. He had several rings set with fine jewels on his fingers. His legs were bare, and his shoes were made of red leather, and over him was borne an nmbrella richly embroidered with gold. On the right hand of the chair on which he seated himself, stood a page, with a fan two feet in length and one broad, adorned with sapphires, and fastened to a staff three feet long; the page with his fan strove to allay the heat,

occasioned by the warmth of the sun, and the throng of the people. His Majesty received the English gentlemen very kindly, and having understood their message, sent one of his Conneil to eonduet them baek to the ship.

"The King of Ternate is a very powerful prince, having seventy islands under his jurisdiction. His religion, as was that of his subjeets, is Mahommedanism."

There is no province by the name of Ternate in Chili, and therefore the definition given by the dictionary referred to by Clericus is at fault. For the above see "The World Displayed," &c. A Collection of Voyages and Travels, &e., Vol V. Published in London, 1769, pages 155-6-7-8.

Ternate or Ternati, Mutyr or Motir, Tydore or Tidore, lie in the Molucca Passage, between the islands of Celebes and Gilolo, lat. 2. lon. E., from Greenwich, 12·8, lon. W. 15·5 from Washington, and are bounded by the sea of Celebes on the north, the Pacifie Ocean on the north-east, Banda Sea on the south, and Java Sea on the south-west.

But as to the wines of Chili, Abbe Molina states, "The vine produees wonderfully, and very good wine is made." The grapes in the highest estimation are those upon the shores of the Itata. The wine produeed from them is the best in Chili; it is called Coneeption Wine, and is usually red, of a good body, an exeellent flavor, and not inferior to the wines of Europe. A great quantity of this wine is annually exported to Peru, but it loses much of its pleasant flaver from being put into casks daubed over on the inside with a kind of mineral piteh.—*History of Chili Abbe Molina*, Vol. I. p. 156.

The country is full of hills, with fine vineyards on their tops, which produees very exeellent wines.—*See Feuille*, Vol. II.

The wines of St. Jago are inferior to those of Coneeption, &e.—*American Gazetteer, Art. Chili.*

That wine whieh is exported from Chili to Paraguay is red, thiek and sweet, &c.—*Dobrizhoffer*, T. 2, p. 229.

Chili produees a wine more highly valued in Peru than any other; it is mostly red, and a museadel is made also, whieh in its smell, and the delieiousness of its tasto, surpasses any kind known in Spain.—*See Ulloa's Voyage.*

The provinee of Italia lies upon the seaeoast, between Maule and Puchaeay, and is bounded on the east by Chillau. It is 29 leagues in length from E. to W., and 11 from N. to S., and is interseeted by the river Itata, from whenee it derives its name. Its eapital, Jesus of Coulema, is situate near the mouth of the Itata in 36.2 lat., and was founded in 1743.

There ean be no doubt of the Admiral's having liberally provided himself with everything palatable, and the old mariner never would allow his locker to grow light with the sparkling "element," for in those good old days it was a virtue to be *moderate*, and temperance was but a sprig of *that* stem. But the dietionary again errs, for this voyage was made by *Admiral* Drake from 1573 to 1580, and not till April 4, 1531, was he knighted by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on board his ship at Deptford.

P. F. S.

Jan. 1857.

Note.—The Admiral having visited Chili laid in abundant stores of this excellent wine no doubt, and hence the wine being esteemed highly, was a fit present or a proper ornament for his table upon the reception of the king and suite. Hence Chili, a kingdom famous for wine wherewith Sir Francis Drake and his Captaines entertained the King of Terrenate, instead of Clericus' version.

The wine referred to by Clericus, no doubt was produced on this occasion by the Admiral for the King's benefit.

Query. Montgomery.—Is not the name of White Marsh peculiar? From what was this name derived? I have seen it occasionally lately as a family surname in the list of arrivals at the hotels of this eity, but have

no knowledge of any individual bearing this name in the early history of Pennsylvania. B.

Query. Memory.—Has any Biographical Dictionary of eminent [deceased] persons of Pennsylvania been published? If not, would not such a work be a desideratum? B.

Query. River.—In what work may be seen the life of Lord De la Warr? (Sir Thomas West.) Was he Colonial Governor of Virginia? Has there been any account of his voyage to Virginia published? What year did he die? Did his death occur in Delaware Bay? B.

Remark.—Of Lord Delaware there has been so much contradictory matter published that it is impossible for me to tell what is true. B.

Query. Money.—At what time was the £. Pennsylvania currency ($2 66) introduced for the Sterling currency of Great Britian. B.

Query. Deputy.—Where and in what year did Lieutenant Governor Capt. Wm. Markham die? He is said to have been a cousin of Wm. Penn. B.

Query. Who is the author of "Speculum Belle Sacci, or Looking-Glass of the Holy Warre," and where published? Printed Anno 1624.

ANTIQUARIAN.

BOSTON, Jan. 28, 1857.

Query. Place.—A list of taxables in Philadelphia county in 1741 is published in Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania, Vol. III. page 40. Mention is there made of the township of *Allemingle* as containing thirty-seven taxables. I ask whereabouts was or is Allemingle, and by what name may it now be known? I have supposed that as Berks county was not then formed from Philadelphia, that it possibly may have been there. J.

Query. Early Paper Mills in America.—Can any of the readers of "The Notes and Queries" inform the undersigned where, by whom, and what locality the first paper mill in Delaware county, Pa., was erected?

SENOJ.

PHILA. Jan. 27, 1857.

Query. The Wissahiccon Creek, called on Holmes' map Whitpain Creek, was early used as sites for mill seats. Can any one state where, when, and by whom the first mill was erected on the Wissahiccon? What was the mill used for?

PHILA. Jan. 25, 1857. ORAZIO.

Query. Manor.—In the Historical Review of Pennsylvania, (published London, 1759, page 431) mention is made of Thomas Penn's Manor of Springtown as containing 10,000 acres, (about 1783) and that it was situated thirty-seven miles from the city of Philadelphia. I would ask where was this manor of Springtown, and by what name is it now known? J.

Query. Townships in Philadelphia County.—The inquiry has often been made as to the time of the organization of the various townships composing Philadelphia county. Can any one tell when Roxborough township was organized, and why it was so named? On Holmes' map it has no name assigned to it. ORAZIO.

PHILA. Jan. 20, 1857.

Query. Can any of your readers inform me of the person or Society that published the following books? "A new Practical system of Human Reason, Divested of all superficial and metaphysical relations, and founded on its own only true basis; Conceivability, as efficient to the discovery of Truth. Happiness, or Universal Good; Mind makes the man, and want of it the fellow; Mind is all worth, the rest is all prunella. Printed in the fifth year of intellectual life, or the publication of the Apocalypse of Nature, in the 7,000th year of the Astronomical History, ascertained in the Oriental Tables, beyond which the incalculable epoch of human existence is lost in absurd conjecture and legendary fable."—"The

Revelation of Nature, with the Prophesy of Reason. All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body matter is, and God the soul. New York: Printed by Mott & Lyons, for the Author, in the fifth year of intellectual existence, or the publication of her Apocalyse of Nature, 3000 years from the Grecian Olympiads, and 4,800 from recorded knowledge in the Chinese Tables of Eclipses, beyond which chronology is lost in fable." SAXON.

Query. Can any of your readers inform me whether there is a genuine Cent of 1815 or not? If so, will they please to give a detailed statement? NUMISMATIC.

Query. Can any of your ingenious correspondents inform me how to obtain the cube root of MDCCLXXXIX (1789,) using the Roman letters instead of the Arabic numerals—it must be evident the Romans used their letters for multiplication before the introduction of our more easy and expeditious mode of calculation derived from the Arabs. P

Query. In what year was Carpenter's Hall Philadelphia, erected? Were the bricks imported? If so, where from? Does the original Carpenter's Association still exist as an organization? Will that same building ever be cleansed from the defilement of money getting? L.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. Jan. 1857.

On Dit.—Thompson Westcott, Esq., of this city, has nearly finished an extensive biography of John Fitch, the originator of the steamboat. We are very glad to learn that this genius has at last a fair chance of being fairly known for the discoveries he made in Mechanics. We are sure that when this book appears it will meet with a rapid sale.

Herr Braumuller, a Viennese publisher, is now issuing in numbers photographic copies of the celebrated Ambrasian collection of pictures. Each number is to cost seven and half florins.

JONSONIANA—(SELECTED.)

Learning needs rest; Sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counsel; Learning affords it.

In being able to counsel others, a man must be furnished in himself with an universal store; honesty and judgment are the principal things that give a man reputation in counsel. Wisdom without honesty is merely held to be craft.

Natures that are hardened to evil, you shall sooner break than make straight; they are like poles that are crooked and dry; it is useless to attempt them.

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune never deceived. I therefore have counselled my friends never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them; but to place all things she gave them so that she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them; to keep always a distance between her and themselves. He knows not himself who has not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses. No ill can happen to a good man. INDEX.

SHAKSPEAREANA—(ORIGINAL.)

In Hamlet's soliloquy of "To be, or not to be," in most of the editions, from the first folio, to the last issued, there is a note of interrogation at "opposing end them," whereas the sense of the language requires the closing effect of an ascriptive cadence; and the sign of interrogation to be used at the questionary phrase of "No more?" In the accurate editions of Capell, and Johnson, Steevens and Reed, this grammatical resolution of the text is adopted, and gives a much greater clearness and simplicity to the train of thought embodied, than the text of other editions affords.

The explanatory comment of Dr. Johnson, on this celebrated philosophical revery,

is a masterpiece of analysis, and ought to have prevented future editors from disturbing the clear stream of ideas, by restoring the old, vague, and indefinite mode of punctuation in this particular.

One of the speeches of Hamlet to Ophelia, either from some omission of the printer or transcriber, seems defective. The text runs thus: "Hamlet" (to Ophelia,) "That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty."

Ought not the text to read thus: "You should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty," for the corruption of honesty, by the force of beauty, is certainly intended for the predicate of the proposition. The reply of Ophelia seems to justify such an inference, for she says, enquiringly, "Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?"

The text, as it is, cannot be called absolute nonsense, but I do not believe it was what Shakspeare set down. I give it as a mere surmise, however, and leave the point to be settled by others more critically qualified for the task of clearing the apparent obscurity.

Some Shakspearian critics contend, that Hamlet was really mad, in the face of his declared intention of feigning it—his advice to the players—his eloquent disclaimings in the great scene with his mother—and that matchless scene with the grave-diggers.

INDEX.

ANECDOTES OF TURNER.

Turner was always quaint in giving his reasons for what he did. When Mr. J. Pye engraved the plate of Wycliffe for Whittaker's "Yorkshire," Turner, in touching the proof, introduced a burst of light which was not in the drawing. Mr. Pye asked him his reason for so doing. He replied, "That is the place where Wycliffe was born, and there is the light of the glorious Reformation. "Well," said Mr. Pye, satisfied; "but what do you mean by these large geese?" "Oh, they are the old superstitions, which the genius of the Reformation is driving away."

At another time he was "very near" giving a dinner, but fate ordained it otherwise, as the sequel will show. Turner had received many civilities from Mr. Thompson of Duddingstone, and when in Edinburgh had made that gentleman's house his home. On his departure, Turner pressed the reverend artist to return the compliment should he ever come to London; which he unexpectedly did, and as it appeared much to Turner's surprise, who, however, invited his Edinburgh visitor to dine with him, and was, doubtless, not in the least sorry to find that the gentleman had an engagement; but he promised to come on the day following; he, however, had to call upon a nobleman, who also asked him to dine. He pleaded the excuse of an engagement for the only two days he had to remain in town; and when the nobleman learnt that it was to Turner he was engaged for the second day, he said "You bring him with you—he will not be sorry for the change; or I will call myself and invite him; I want to see his pictures." He did so, and Turner accepted the invitation in the best air of affected disappointment he could assume, and was beginning with a "Well, if I must, I 'spose I must; but——." He had not time to proceed further, before his father, who, while preparing a canvas for the son, had been listening to all that transpired, and who was, perhaps, fearful that the "but" might lead to the dinner coming off, thrust open the door, and, having no motive to disguise the true state of his feelings, exclaimed, loud enough to break the drum of a deaf man's ears: "Go, Billy! go! the mutton needn't be cooked, Billy!" A dinner cooked in Queen Anne Street would have caused an alarm in the neighborhood; for

to have seen anything beyond the feeblest curl of smoke attempting to struggle and escape from Turner's chimney would have raised an alarm of "fire!"

A friend of Sir Thomas Lawrence's, who resided at Clapham Common, commissioned the amiable President to order of Turner a picture, at a most liberal price. When the picture was finished, Lawrence and Turner were invited to dinner to see it hung; but the former was summoned to Windsor on the morning of the appointed day. Turner, however, arrived with the picture, which was greatly admired; and when the ladies retired after dinner, the gentleman, seeing Turner fidgetty, said, "We will now to business. Excuse me for a moment while I write you out a cheque." The cheque was written and handed to Turner, who, instead of putting it into his pocket, kept turning it over, first eying the gentleman, then the cheque. Seeing something was wrong, the gentleman said, "I have made it guineas! It was to be guineas, was it not?" "Yes; the guineas are right enough," said Turner, in his gruff manner, "but I paid six shillings for the coach; that's not down." The six shillings were paid.

It has often been asked where, when, and how Turner acquired such knowledge of the sea and of ships; and the question may be answered by stating that in his travels he always mingled with humble and practical men; for, whether journeying by sea or land, he never parted with a penny without looking at it twice, and was in the habit of travelling by the most economical conveyance, as well as putting up at the cheapest houses; and a good deal of his knowledge of seamanship was picked up during his trips to the North, to which he always went by a collier. Once he spent a whole summer in drifting about the Thames, for he was fond of the water; and at the time of his death, Mr. "Booth's" boat was moored off Battersea Bridge. Lord Egremont used to assert that Turner had a yacht, but we cannot ascertain this to be the case. In consequence of the prominent part the Temeraire took in the battle of Trafalgar, she was called among the sailors "the Fighting Temeraire," although she had never before or after the battle of Trafalgar a claim to the popular epithet; but Turner had so often heard her called "the Fighting Temeraire," that the name became to him a household word, and as such he entitled his poetical and beautiful picture when it was exhibited. But when the plate was engraved for the Royal Gallery of British Art, and it became necessary to give a brief but authentic history of the ship, and the truth was stated to Turner, he seemed almost in tears when he gave up his pet title, and said, "Call her the Old Temeraire."

He was not very particular about taking an idea from a brother-artist, and putting him afterwards under an extinguisher if he had a chance, as was shown when, in 1826, Stanfield had a picture of "A Calm," which he named "Throw us the Painter!" and which he was unable to get finished in time for the Exhibition. Calcott heard of it, and painted "Dutch Fishing-boats missing the Painter;" and the next year out came Turner with his picture, entitled "Now for the Painter!" as if to show that he was the only one competent to handle the *Painter*.

Turner was at first a stern opponent to engraving on steel, and had no notion of supplying plates for "the million." He called upon Sir Thomas Lawrence one day, at a time when he had just received a proof, with which he was very much pleased. He showed it to Turner, and said, "By the way, Turner, I wonder you don't have some of your drawings engraved on steel!" "Humph! I hate steel." "But why?" "I don't like it; besides, I don't choose to be a basket-engraver!" "A basket-engraver! a basket-engraver, Turner! what

is that?" said the President. Turner looked at Lawrence with that malicious leer, which in his little penetrating eyes, when he meant mischief, conveyed more killing sarcasm than his words, and said, "When I got off the coach t'other day at Hastings, a woman came up with a basketful of your Mrs. Peel, and wanted to sell me one for sixpence." He disliked his works being sold cheap; and no doubt thousands of his engravings were mouldering at the time of his death in his house in Queen Anne Street. Some of the impressions from his plates have realized four times the amount paid for engraving; and though he made thousands through the aid of the engravers, there is not an instance on record of his ever having rendered assistance to any one of the profession, or, in the whole course of his long life, of having done a generous act. It is, however, stated that he once refused a sum which he lent; but that was after sharing a sumptuous dinner to which he had been invited, and while enjoying the desert, the host, all at once remembering the transaction, said, "Let me see, Mr. Turner, I owe you a little money." "What for?" said Turner, setting down the wine which he was just raising to his lips. "You paid sixpence for the gate when I drove you down," answered the host. "Oh!" said Turner, with a look of disappointment, as he again had recourse to the glass, "Never mind that *now*."

Although Turner was a close observer of nature, he often committed such errors as placing the new moon with her horns the wrong way—the sun shining from the north—an object throwing two or three shadows from one light, &c; and when this was detected by his brother-artists it invariably put him into an ill-humor. On one occasion he sent a canvas to Somerset House, with a subject so undefined, that it caused considerable speculation among the Royal Academicians when they assembled on the morning of the first varnishing day, as to what he intended to represent. It was a "Moonlight" with one, and with another a "Storm," and at last Howard suggested it might be an "Allegory." "Yes," said Fuseli, "the allegory of blases at a *dejeuner a la fourchette* wid molten lead!" Turner, who had entered in time to hear the Keeper's remarks, said, "No, that's limbo, where they are going to send your 'Sin and Death,'" (a celebrated picture). Fuseli threw himself into an attitude of mock terror, saying, "Gentlemen, we are ondone; we all know *Tourner* to be an imp of de old one transformed into an angel of light by his dooble shadow." "Yes," put in Beechy, "but Turner's shadows are only double when he sees double." "Ah!" added Fuseli, with an affected sigh; "gentleman, it is what Tourner sees dat concerns us; now he is in his fader's confidence, and he tells him all about de beesiness in his great Fire-office below." The picture was altered, but Turner never again ventured on a joke with Fuseli.

ANECDOTE OF STOTHARD.

Thomas Stothard, R. A., was apprenticed to a pattern-maker in Spitalfields, at that time a very lucrative business for men in the position of mechanics, as its professors were supposed to be; and it will be understood that there was great demand for such artisans, when it is known that it was from the blocks upon which their designs were drawn that our calico-printers used to work, and that this was then done entirely by hand, one color remaining until the other was dry. Now, seven different colors may be worked upon a piece of cloth thirty yards long in as many minutes. Dod, an artist of that day, had made a drawing for the "Novelist's Magazine," which was so inaccurate that application was made to Stothard to correct it. Instead of doing this, Stot-

hard made another drawing, for which he charged four shillings. This design was so satisfactory to Harrison, that he was employed to make other drawings at half-a-guinea each. One of these, we believe the first, a scene from "Joseph Andrews," engraved by James Heath, was seen by Flaxman; and he was so captivated with it, that he sought out and made Stothard's acquaintance, and from that time they became friends. The new employment being more congenial to Stothard, soon induced him to abandon pattern-drawing. He was, however, not altogether an unknown artist; for the year before, viz., in 1778, he had exhibited a "Holy Family" at the Royal Academy.

[The following sketch of an Antiquarian is taken from an old work, entitled "Naps upon Parnassus," 1658. The analysis of such a curious character as the Antiquarian we venture to state cannot be excelled by any other writer in the language. We extract this from Vol. VII., page 341, of the "Censura Literaria."]

THE CHARACTER OF AN ANTIQUARIAN.

"He is a Cornish pedling historian; for as that country's dwarf merchants grow great monumental* tradesmen by degrees, with picking their scattered livings from quarries; so our theme blisters to a considerable historian, by rifling the stones for history. Nay, such is his fletch't impiety, that the pure ashes of the dead do not scape his inquisition: hence 'tis he vexes the tombs for almost mortified inscriptions, and sacrilegiously steals that away from them, which did both cover and comprehend them. That unletter'd† vermine which daily diets and waxes fat on letters, devours more learning in his progress through a book, than he by all his jumbling productions begets of his own in his whole lifetime. That ceremonious soul which idolatrously worshipt the gentlewoman's thred-bare gârment, might have quietly kist her rear, which questionless was the senior of the two, wip'd his mouth with her peticoated antiquity, and so had escap'd without a dry'd jeer, and like a good husband have sav'd his prodigal breath to cool his pottage. I wonder, as there is an order for the extirpation of papists out of this land, that antiquarians are not inserted amongst that zealous Roman crew: for they are both sinners of the same stock; viz., worshippers of graven images, and, without equivocation, breakers of the second commandment. With what reverence do they put off their heads to any old broken-snooted similitude! But the sacred antiquated table to whom they ought devoutly to doff their feet caps,* they slightly pass by, without the least ethick nod of due respect; had not a reverent Madam prov'd a she-patron to some zealots in this doctrine, had not other more noble learning club'd to the preservation of his memorable name, certainly it long ere this had been buried with his beard-shavings in oblivion. Praiseworthy only this, that by art he confines a cluster of ages into the narrow compass of his own: like that artificer which button'd up a full dozen of silver spoons in a diminutive box; but more like the people which teach their beds contraction, whose drouzy pates may be truly said to lie in their pockets all the day.

"Now I think on't, how verily do my two theams agree. 'Tis no wonder: good wits always jump. Like Castor and Pollux, brethren in iniquity, how do they crisp embraces; they both keep a general meeting in this, that they are men of the times; a pair of petty haberdasher'd chron-

* Stone-cutters.

† A certain kind of vérmine that hath ne'er a letter in his name.

* The poorer sort of the author's [Sam. Austin] countrymen wear caps upon their shoes, to conceal the holes at their toes.

ologers, which keep a circumspect notary of novelties, that so he may the better see what way the winde sits. But characters should be short-handed. Therefore take this for a parting blow. May the beasts once cast off those thick-skinn'd vapours, which, smoaking upwards, do shadow their dull brains. Or were they by chymist hatmaker extracted, those reaking fumes by the artist condens'd and modified, would very handsomely beaver their blocks, and fit them as neatly as ere the ancient blackcapt cloud did the divine temple.

"My Muse's feet would surely have slipt if I had (as I was desired) attempted these rocks in verse, without a liberal expense of vinegar'd* ink; the defect of which (cry mercy!) I might have supply'd out of the fountain-head of their sower-looks.

Sic explicit Antiquarius."

THE DUTY ON BOOKS.

PROPOSED BY A COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS.

It is not our intention in this magazine to occupy any part of its columns with the ephemeral news of the day, but such a gross outrage is recommended by a Committee to revise the Tariff—and in so doing place twenty per cent. duty on books, instead of ten, which is the duty now paid—that we cannot pass by such an injustice and tax on knowledge, without giving our unqualified censure to such proceedings.

We would ask the gentlemen composing such a committee, what is their object in wishing to tax knowledge? What benefits can arise from such an act? Do they think that old books ought to be kept out of the market, and yellow "kiver" literature circulated in their place? Do they know that men lived in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries besides Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Milton? If they do not know such things, we would refer them to the Congressional Library—a place they seldom visit—and there they will find master minds bound up in musty folios and ponderous quartos. But we fear such committees are more conversan with the mode of political wire-pulling than the materials which compose the works of old writers. These men can not be cognizant of the fact that there are hundreds of books published in England and in Europe that are not published here—and these books of the very first class—or if they did know, why do they place twenty per cent duty on them, when no publisher in the country would risk publishing them? Ye wiseacres who come from states that breed hogs and make molasses, we fear that you never heard of Sidney's Arcadia, Barclay's Argensis, More's Utopia, Helps to Parnassus, Cassandra, Harrington's Oceana, Naps on Parnassus, Bayle's Dictionary—nay, had we space we could suggest to you a thousand others that have not been published here, and probably never will be, but of what use will it be to you? It will be like chaff thrown before the wind. This act of yours is taxing the knowledge whereby the people ought to be improved. Do this, and you will open still wider the gates of corruption whereby "Boston Life," "Venus Miscellany," and all the villainous trash are now pouring in to enfeeble the public mind. Stop all the healthful sources from whence our intellectual life draws its sustenance, and what shall we become. Worse than declining Rome. Shame on men that pretend to be legislators for their country, and yet lack discretion in one of the vital measures affecting the nation.

These men have been concocting a tariff to reduce the revenue of the country so as to benefit the people generally—and yet they wish to tax knowledge! This committee has not evidenced even a know-

* "The author doth not accustome himself to p—— in his standish."

ledge of precedents in forming their schedule for books. Look at England—how has she done in this matter? Why, she has shown forethought and knowledge in forming the tariff relative to books. She, like any other country, has a perfect right to frame her own laws. So have we; but mark the difference. England allows all books prior to 1800, duty free—but our committee recommend twenty per cent. duty on them.

Such a measure cannot be of any benefit to the publishers, and consequently of no benefit to the manufacturers. Then what does it all mean? Confess it, gentlemen of the committee, that it is a gross oversight—it will only retard the spread of knowledge, while it will not add any revenue to the country. English exporters of books cannot even at the present rate of ten per cent. make any profit, and what will they do if you exact twenty per cent. duty? Why, they will cease—they will do right; this country will suffer—thousands of books are thrown into this country at a loss to Englishmen and a benefit to America—but all this will be done away with by such suicidal policy. We would now address ourselves to the House, where, we hope, there are at least some men who will have the sagacity to see the force of our remarks.

Old books in England are becoming more scarce every day—the great demand in this country and in the British colonies for them is so great that a perceptible rise is taking place every year. Old books cannot multiply—but people do. Books can be reprinted, but there are thousands that will never pay for reprinting, so that as a nation it is our duty to make all the provisions we can for the advancement of learning. Shall we be doing so, if you act on the suggestions of the committee? Decidedly not. Old books that are imported do not in any way affect the publishers here; new books may to a certain extent; but even in this matter it is doubtful—but where there can be no doubt, why act so disinterestedly and so foolishly? Do not let Europeans say we have no respect for old literature—the material that makes a nation!

If it is the object of Congress to reduce the revenue so as to make it easier for the people, we beg for reputation's sake that the duty on old books, at least prior to 1830 will be entirely abolished. You may place twenty per cent on new books since 1830, if you choose, but you may depend upon it, the interest of the country for the next fifty years is to absorb as many of the English books as possible.

Ask any librarian, or any book collector in the country what editions of books are the best, there will be a unanimous reply, English. We are confessedly inferior to the English in getting up our books, the paper is infinitely inferior, the typography indifferent, the binding immeasurably deficient, and yet there are men that wish to prohibit us purchasing them—or at least book collectors will not buy so readily at the advanced prices which it is proposed to make. We hope that this measure will be reconsidered—we really cannot think that Mr. Campbell, the Chairman of the Committee, sanctioned this measure—it must have been thrust in by some outside member that sees nothing and knows nothing but the price of butter, timber, &c. We may here state that our remarks apply to Old Prints with the same force as to Books.

LEEDS PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

Paper by Mr. O'Callaghan on Autographs.

He observed that it was impossible to read history, much less study it, without taking an interest in its most promi-

nent characters, and he traced to that feeling the desire to possess some characteristic memento of their peculiarities. These mementoes, up to the time when writing was more generally introduced, consisted of medals, or rings, but these did not afford them so clear an insight into character as was afforded by the autographs and holographs of a later period. On arriving at the period when the art of writing came into use, it was a singular circumstance that documents of royal and illustrious personages, which were written by a scribe, were signed by "their marks," as John Smith or any other humble individual might do in the present day, and there was at present a most interesting letter of this kind in the Philosophical Museum at Rouen, signed by William Rufus, and other illustrious personages with their "marks." Next to "marks," the most ancient autographs were monograms, and, as an illustration of the capricious manner in which royal signatures were at that period attached to official documents, Mr. O'Callaghan read a wardrobe warrant signed by Henry VIII., observing that the sign manual was generally attached to such documents, though charters and similar documents were issued without them. Rare autographs were often found in old books, and he had in his possession an old book in which there was an undoubted autograph of Archbishop Wareham, Archbishop of Canterbury before the Reformation. Next came letters, of which the body was in the handwriting of a scribe or secretary, the signature being alone that of the person sending the epistle, and of these he had some interesting specimens, including a Papal bull, issued in 1055. These letters had always been called autograph letters, and in the present day when they heard of a royal autograph letter, they might be sure it was only a letter signed by royalty; but subsequently there were also letters written wholly by the persons sending them, and these were called holograph letters, and possessed, in most cases, considerable interest, and, in some, great historical importance. Autographs of great value were also often found in albums, which derived their name from being a white book, and which were generally given by parents to their sons, prior to their commencing their travels, with instructions that the autographs of their friends might be inserted. By this means they became acquainted with those whom their children esteemed as their friends. He had before him an album of Elizabeth's time, and also the leaf of one, of Charles I., written and emblazoned by the Queen of Bohemia, which was a very beautiful specimen. With reference to the manner in which these collections were made, they were, for the most part, obtained at public sales, for which there were only two places in London, two in Paris, one in Vienna, one in Berlin, one in Leipsic, and one in Madrid. Catalogues were sent to all known collectors, and the autographs to be offered were subjected to the strictest scrutiny for three days prior to the sale, by such men as Sir F. Madden, Sir Henry Ellis, and Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum; and if there were any doubt as to their authenticity, they were at once withdrawn. In addition to this, purchasers were allowed to return an autograph within ten days after the purchase, if they had any reason to suppose it was not authentic. Collections were also formed and enhanced by exchanges, and many of his most valuable letters had been obtained in that way. He first commenced collecting about twenty years ago, when there were not many collectors in the field; but since that time it had become more fashionable, and America had entered the market with almost unlimited resources; and a short time ago, seventy-one pounds was given for a letter of Charles I., for the National Museum at Washington, of which the market value was not more than twenty pounds.

and which was purchased against the bidding for the British Museum. As showing the interest taken in this subject, he might observe that Sir Frederiek Madden was empowered to spend two thousand pounds a year on behalf of the British Museum, for autographs, whilst Mr. Pianizzi had power to spend still more in the eollection of rare documents. The most valuable English eolleetions were in the possession of her Majesty, and the University of Cambridge. Amongst private collections in this neighborhood, he might mention those of Lord Londesborough and Mr. Monekton Milnes, the former of which included a valuable series of royal letters, and the latter, of doeuments and letters connected with the House of Wentworth, and also a letter of Lord Strafford. A popular notion prevailed, that some inferenee might be drawn as to the character of an individual from his writing; but his experience as a collector satisfied him that there was no ground for the idea, and in fact he had in his possession letters of Queen Elizabeth and General Fairfax, which, though written by those individuals, were in two distinet styles of writing. Sir Henry Ellis told them that the earliest English autograph which had been found was one of Riehard II., attached to a document found in the Tower; but he had himself seen, at Rouen, a letter of Edward the Blaek Prinee. Sir F. Madden had endeavored to show that it was a letter of Edward of Laneaster, son of Margaret of Anjou, but he had not seen it, and knew it only from his (Mr. O'Callaghan's) description. After carefully examining it, he (Mr. O'Callaghan) was satisfied that it was Edward the Black Prince's. The oldest Freneh autograph was that of Charles V., whieh was earefully preserved at the Tuilleries, and of which he had a very fine speeimen. He had also before him an autograph, older than any he had yet shown them—an autograph of John, King of Franee, when made a prisoner after the battle of Poietiers. It was a letter addressed to his son Charles, and was the first letter written on paper made in England, and which was supposed to be the oldest sheet of paper in Europe. The letter was of great interest to the ehronologist, historian, antiquarian, and numismatist, as settling many questions with referenee to which there had been some dispute. This letter was just five hundred years old last month. It had always been supposed that paper was first made of cotton, but the mieroscope showed that this was made of straw—a rather singular circumstance. He had also a letter of Arthur of Brittany, eelebrated in conneetion with the renowned Joan of Arc, whieh also eontained the autograph of Oliver Clisson, the eonstable. In the British museum there was a letter purporting to be signed by the great Sir John Talbot, but its authentieity was doubted; and he had a doeument signed by Humphrey Stafford, the great Duke of Buckingham, who was slain in the battle of Northampton, in 1640, which strengthened that doubt, for, on that doeument Sir John Talbot had signed his name by a mark. Mr. O'Callaghan also exhibited an autograph of Riehard, Duke of York, father of Edward IV., of Richard Widville, whose daughter married Henry IV., together with privy eouneil doeuments of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and some rare old papal bulls. He again referred to holograph letters, and exhibited one of Charles of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agineourt by the renowned Sir John Falstaff, (whose autograph he was fortunate to possess,) and whose prison songs, being issued at Christmas time, were called after him, "earols" (or Charles's,") and thus originated the present name, Christmas carol; one of Lorenzo de Medici; a very rare letter of credence of Miehael Angelo's, and an interesting letter of credence of Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey; a

love letter of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, which was exceedingly interesting, and which contained a postscript of great historic interest, referring to a little book which Henry returned to Anne Boleyn, and which, from a passage in D'Aubigne, there was no doubt was one of the heretical works issued on the Continent prior to the Reformation; one of Francis I., of Charles V. of Germany, of Leo X., of Alexander Farnese (Pope Paul III. being a letter excommunicating Henry VIII.), of Martin Luther, of Melancthon, Calvin and Cranmer, together with a curious holograph letter of Henry II. of France, with reference to the accession of Queen Mary to the throne of England, which possessed an historical interest in consequence of his accidental death by a stroke of a lance in a tournament, from the Scotch Count Montgomery, of whom he had also an autograph. In conclusion, Mr. O'Callaghan read an amusing love letter from Sir Christopher Hatton to Queen Elizabeth, and said he should be happy to explain any of the letters personally in the Museum, where they had been taken and placed.

ON SHAKSPEARE'S LEARNING.

FROM CENSURA LITERARIA:

SIR,—Notwithstanding Dr. Farmer's essay on the deficiency of Shakspeare in learning, I must acknowledge myself to be one who does not conceive that his proofs of that fact sufficiently warrant his conclusions from them: "that his *studies* were demonstrably confined to nature and his own language" is, as Dr. Farmer concludes, true enough; but when it is added "that he only picked up in conversation a familiar phrase or two of French, or remembered enough of his school-boy's learning to put *hig, hag, hog*, in the mouths of others," (p. 93); he seems to me to go beyond any evidence produced by him of so little knowledge of languages in Shakspeare. He proves indeed sufficiently, that Shakespeare chiefly read English books, by his copying sometimes minutely the very errors made in them, many of which he might have corrected if he had consulted the original Latin books made use of by those writers, but this does not prove that he was not able to read Latin well enough to examine those originals if he chose; it only proves his indolence and indifference about accuracy in minute articles of no importance to the chief object in view of supplying himself with subjects for dramatic compositions. Do we not every day meet with numberless instances of similar and much greater oversights by persons well skilled in Greek as well as Latin, and professed critics also of the writings and abilities of others? If Shakspeare made an ignorant man pronounce the French word *bras* like the English *brass*, and evidently on purpose as being a probable mistake by such an unlearned speaker; has not one learned modern, in writing Latin made *Paginibus* of *Paginis*, and another mentioned a person as being born in the reign of Charles the First, and yet as dying in 1600, full twenty-five years before the accession of that King? Such mistakes arise not from ignorance, but a heedless inattention, while their thoughts are better occupied with more important subjects, as those of Shakspeare were with forming his plots and his characters, instead of examining critically a great Greek volume to see whether he ought to write *on this side of Tiber* or *on that side of Tiber*; which, however, very possibly he might not be able to read. But Latin was more universally learnt in that age, and even by women, many of whom could both write and speak it; therefore it is not likely that he should be so very deficient in that language, as some would persuade us, by evidence, which does not amount to suffi-

cient proof of the fact. Nay, even although he had a sufficiency of Latin to understand any Latin book, if he chose to do it, yet how many in modern times, under the same circumstances, are led by mere indolence to prefer translations of them, in case they cannot read Latin with such perfect ease as never to be at a loss for the meaning of a word, so as to be forced to read some sentences twice over before they can understand them rightly. That Shakspeare was not an eminent Latin scholar may be very true, but that he was so totally ignorant as to know nothing more than *hic, hæc, hoc*, must have better proofs before I can be convinced; and the same in regard to French likewise—his errors concerning both, which seem to have arisen either from mere indifference about petty articles of accuracy, or else studiously, in order to suit with some of his ignorant characters, from whom one might as well expect good French and Latin as from Master Punch.

I have been confirmed in this opinion by a casual discovery of Shakespeare having imitated a whole French line and description in a long French epic poem, written by Garnier, called the *Henriade*, like Voltaire's, and on the same subject, first published in 1594, and which poem he not improbably read as well as Hollingshed, in order to search for subjects for the tragic drama. This imitation occurred to me many years ago, and as the original French lines in question were not quoted by Steevens, nor do I know that they have been noticed by any later editor, I will therefore repeat what occurred to me on this subject long ago.

In *As You Like It*, Shakspeare gives an affecting description of the different manners of men in the different ages of life, which closes with these lines:—

"That ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Now one cannot but wonder what could induce him to end his serious description of human life with a line which approaches to a low kind of the ludicrous by that gibberish of a repeated intermixture of French and English, as if he was ridiculing a foreigner who spoke bad English; it is like comic farce after a deep tragedy. One would have rather expected that he would have closed his account with a line, which had expressive strength at least, if not elegance, to recommend it; and why have recourse for an insipid preposition to a language of which he is said to have been totally ignorant? I always supposed, therefore, that there must have been some peculiar circumstance well known in those times, which must have induced him to give this motley garb to his language, and thus transfer buffoonery to a tragic subject; but what that circumstance was I could not discover, until I accidentally, in a foreign literary journal, met with a review of a republication of that poem of Garnier at Paris, in which were inserted as a specimen of the poem, a description of the appearance of the ghost of Admiral Coligny on the night after his murder at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and in the following lines:

"Sans pieds, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux,
Meurtri de toutes parts; la barbe et les cheveux
Poudreux, ensanglantez, chose presque incredible!
Tant cette vision etoit triste et horrible!

Here it immediately appeared to what author Shakspeare had gone for the archetype of his own description of the last stage of old age, which, by a parody on the above lines, he meant to represent like to that mutilated ghost; and this seems to indicate that he had read that poem in the original; for we even find the *meurtri de toutes parts* imitated by *sans any thing*. A friend of mine formerly mentioned this to Mr. Steevens, and he has briefly noticed this parody, if I recollect rightly, in his joint edition along with Johnson, but he did not copy the original lines of Garnier,

nor, so far as I know, any editor since, which, however, are too remarkable to be altogether consigned to oblivion; and it is not very likely that any Englishman will ever read through that long dull poem; neither should I myself have known of those lines if they had not been quoted as a specimen. Steevens's note is so very brief as to be quite obscure in regard to what consequence he thought deducible from the imitation; he seems to suggest as if there might have been some English translation of the poem published, though now unknown; this is the constant refuge for Shakspeare's knowledge of any thing writ originally in another language. But even if the fact were true, yet no translator would have preserved the repetition of the word *sans;* for this he must have gone to the French poem itself, therefore must, at least, have been able to read that line in French, if not also the whole description of the ghost: and if that, why not able also to read other French books? It may, indeed, be *supposed* that some friend may have shewn him the above description, and explained to him the meaning of the French lines; but this is only to make a second supposition in order to support a former one made without sufficient foundation, we may just as well make a single supposition at once, that he was himself able to read and understand it, since he has evidently derived from it his own description of the decrepitude of old age. But in truth I wish that he had never seen the ghost, nor had been frightened by its horrible appearance from a more pathetic lamentation over the last joyless state of man, than by such a minute enumeration of the lameness, aches, bruises, corns and cramps incident to the mortal machine in the fifth and last act of human life. Upon the whole, if his copy of a single word from Hollingshed, viz., "On *this* side Tiber," is a proof of his having read that historian, why also is not his copy of the repetition of *sans*, and his parody of Coligny's ghost, an equally good proof of his having read the poem of Garnier in the original French language. To reason otherwise is to say, that when he gives us bad French, this proves him not to understand it; and that when he gives us good French, applied with propriety and even with ingenuity, yet this again equally proves that he neither understood what he wrote, nor was so much as able to read the French lines, which he has thus so wittily imitated, instead of so pathetically as one would have rather wished. S.

NEW AMERICANISMS.

It is our intention to collect all *American Idioms, cant phrases, new vulgar expressions*, that are arising almost every day from the mixture of population and languages. As it is impossible for one man to do this, we are desirous of having as much aid as possible from persons in the different States. Will any of our readers favor us at any time with anything of this character? We shall be highly delighted if we can enlist any one with us in endeavoring to perpetuate the curiosities of our language. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Pickering, and others, have done much in this branch; but all of them acknowledge that it is impossible to give anything like a correct idea of our colloquial idioms unless persons in different States assist. We hope that all our readers will mark down any *new slang phrase, its origin, if possible*, and send it to us. We will make all reasonable acknowledgments through our columns, and by adopting this method we shall confer a benefit to our country, and add honor to our character—and show to Europeans that we can do other things besides eclipsing the world in buying and selling commercial commodities.

Not by a long splice—something short—deficient. This word is not to be found in any dictionary; it is used in Pennsylvania.

That's so — something accomplished — positive. A sentence recently adopted by the vulgar, and seems likely to be generally used.

No, indeede,—or *Yes, indeede,*—certain —definite—very much in use in Pennsylvania.

To Swartwout—abscond—vamose. A term used in New York, after a person of that name, who absconded with public money.

Beats all creation,—overpowering—incomparable. A general idiom used in all the States.

To mummick—to eat. Now, you've mummicked that pie pretty well. An old saying.

Black-Balling—stealing or pilfering aboard a ship. This word has originated from among the sailors in the Black Ball line of packets sailing from New York to Liverpool. The cruel and scandalous conduct of officers to sailors—and sailors to each other—has become so proverbial, that this line is known all over the world for the cruelty of its officers, and the thieving propensities of the sailors.

REVIEW.

Wieland, or the Transformation. By Charles Brockden Brown; with a Memoir of the Author. Philadelphia: M. Pollock, No. 6 Commerce street.

We have received from Mr. Pollock the first of a series of novels, by the first American novelist, Charles Brockden Brown. We understand that the other novels are in course of publication, and will shortly appear. It is scarcely necessary at this day to attempt to eulogize the merits of this author. He wrote an American book long before the question was asked—"Who reads an American book?" His merits are as well known on the other side of the Atlantic as here; and his novels have met with flattering recommendations. Our readers are not generally aware that Mr. Brown was a ripe scholar—a thorough classical one. He received his education from the Pennsylvania historian—Proud. We are sure that Mr. Pollock will meet with a return of the capital invested in this publication, though it cannot be so speedy as some other trashy, villainous gossip. We sincerely hope that all those persons interested in American writers will aid the publisher in disseminating the works, they are got up in a very creditable style, at seventy-five cents per volume.

The Student and School-mate—A monthly Review for Schools. Edited by A. Calkins and the Rev. A. R. Pope. New York: Calkins & Stiles.

This work, of which we have received three numbers of Vol. III., seems to be well arranged, and well adapted for schools. Its tone is healthy.

Mr. Mayall, the first, unquestionably, in ability and style, of our daguerreotypists here, in London—a native, I believe, of Philadelphia—has just perfected an invention by which he is enabled to produce photographs equal to the very finest miniatures by Sir Wm. Ross. They are produced on a composition of sulphate of barytes and albumen, rolled out. The specimens he exhibits are exquisite.

M. Boulanger, Judge of the Imperial Court of Paris, who lately died, has left not fewer than ninety-five wills! Not a few of his legatees are perfect strangers to him, he having selected them from amongst persons mentioned in the newspapers as having distinguished themselves by acts of virtue or devotedness.

MISCELLANY.

Dr. Livingston and his African Discoveries.

Dr. Livingston, who arrived in London recently, after many years of toil and hardship in Africa, is nearly forty years of age; his face is furrowed through hardships, and is almost black with exposure to a burning sun. He hesitates in speaking—not having used his mother tongue for a number of years—has a peculiar accent, is at a loss sometimes for a word, and the words of his sentences are occasionally inverted. His language is, however, good, and he has an immense fund of most valuable and interesting information, which he communicates most freely. He is in good health and spirits. His left arm, which was broken by a lion, is improperly set—a defect which he will endeavor to get corrected while he is in England. He has an affection of the uvula, which will prevent him from speaking much in public for the present. The affection has been brought on by preaching in the open air in Africa. If he now speaks much he loses his voice, notwithstanding that he submitted to an operation in Africa to enable him to speak in public. He has scarcely spoken the English language for the last sixteen years. He lived with a tribe of Bechuanas, far in the interior, for eight years, guiding them in the paths of virtue, knowledge, and religion. He, in conjunction with Mr. Oswald, discovered the magnificent Lake Ngami, in the interior of Africa. He traced, by himself, the course of the great river Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, and explored one of the extensive and arid deserts of the African continent. In the interior of that continent he reached the eighth degree of southern latitude, that is twenty-six degrees north of the Cape of Good Hope, far beyond the range of any former traveller. On Monday there was a special meeting of the Geographical Society, for the purpose of presenting a gold medal by the President, Sir R. Murchison, to Dr. Livingston, in honor of his discoveries in Central Asia. Mr. Labouchere, Earl Shaftesbury, Sir H. Rawlinson, Count Lavadrio, Professor Owen, Mr. Gordon Cumming, and other men of note, were present. In returning thanks, the missionary traveller expressed how much might be done by the suppression of slavery, and the promotion of Christianity, to make the true negro family a part of the community of nations. The Secretary of the Society then read extracts from letters of the traveller, describing a portion of his journey in the neighborhood of Lakes Diloto and Ngami. At this point, taking up the narrative, Dr. Livingston proceeded to state that south of the twentieth degree of south latitude, the country was arid, and contained very few rivers, but to the north of that line the country was well watered, and very unlike what the centre of Africa was popularly represented to be. The country which he had traversed, indeed, was covered with a network of waters, many of which were large and deep, and never dried up. The natives belonged to the true negro family, having a good deal of very woolly hair, and being darker than the Bechuanas. They held their women in high estimation, and many of them became chiefs. If a man was asked to go anywhere, or to agree to any arrangement, he said, "I must go home and ask my wife." If she said "No," there was no possibility of getting him to move. Women sat in their councils, and while a Bechuana swore by his father, these negroes swore by their mother. Dr. Livingston related several amusing instances to show the high estimation in which these tribes held their women. He believed they deserved it, and he and his men had always been kindly treated by the "fair" sex. The country in most parts abounded with elephants, buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, and

other game, and he had shot three new antelopes not yet known in England. He had found it unnecessary to burden himself with provisions in travelling, for the animals did not seem to know a gun, and would stand within bow-shot of his weapon. In the interior the people were very kind to him, but he could not say they improved as he approached the confines of civilization. The English name had penetrated a long way into the interior, and the English were known as "the tribe that likes the black man." Domestic slavery existed, but the exportation of slaves was very effectually suppressed. Ngami was not a deep lake, but was what was left of a large lake which existed before the fissure was made near the Lakai Falls, which allowed a free course to the Zambesi. The new articles of commerce he had found in the course of his travels were chiefly fibrous substances, some of them exceedingly strong, and one resembling flax, which were found in large quantities on the north bank of the Zambesi. The sugar cane also grew abundantly, though the natives had no idea of the use of sugar, and indigo grew wild all over the country. There were acres of it near the village of Tete; it was, in fact, quite a weed. Wax and honey, quinine and senna, were also among the natural products of the country. Then there were different metals, including very fine iron ore, and malachite, from which copper was extracted. There were also coal-fields, in working which gold was occasionally found. The people, indeed, had been washing for gold from time immemorial, and were doing so still. Near to Tete there were no fewer than eleven seams of coal, one of which was fifty-seven inches thick. The country was so fertile that in the gardens cultivated by the natives, a constant process of sowing and reaping went on all the year round. It likewise grew immense quantities of grain. On Tuesday the London Missionary Society gave a public reception at the Freemasons' Hall to Dr. Livingston. The chair was taken by the Earl of Shaftesbury; and upon the platform were Sir R. Murchison, Sir H. Rawlinson, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M. P., Mr. T. Chambers, M. P., Sir C. Eardley, Bart., &c. The persevering explorer was received with much enthusiasm, and again related in simple style his interesting narrative of exploits in Africa. In the evening there was a dinner, at which Alderman Challis presided.

CURIOUS OLD RECEIPTS.

A rare and strange device, how to make thy chamber appear full of snakes and adders:—To do this, kill a snake, putting the same into a pan with wax, and let it so long boil, until the same be thorow dried; and of that wax make a candle, lighting the same in the chamber; and within a while after shall appear as though there were a thousand creeping in thy chamber.

How to find a person drowned, that hath been sought for:—To do this, take a white loaf, and cast the same into the water, near the suspected place, and it will forthwith go directly over the dead body, and there still abide; by which you may well find the dead body.

To see as well by night as by day:—Anoint your eyes with the blood of a bat, and by this means you may effect your desire.

How to take away hairs:—Anoint the rough place with the blood of a bat, after that it is shaven; and hair shall never grow there.

A neat conclusion whether a man and woman shall marry or not:—Take the number of the man's name, and three; and likewise of the woman's, and divide them asunder by nine; if the man's name exceeds the woman's, they shall marry; otherwise not.

The following prices are extracted from the sale of the stock of the late Herman Weber, who was one of the most eminent dealers in Europe in his line. The prints were of the finest quality as regards impression and condition; and the sale may be considered as a record of the present value of Rembrandt's etchings, the following being all by that master, the prices are reduced to our currency:—

Portrait of Rembrandt holding a bird of prey	Bartsch	3	$22 40
do. do.	do.	6	6 40
do. Rembrandt and his wife	do.	19	24 00
do. do.	do.	20	12 80
do. do.	do.	21	28 00
do. do. drawing	do.	22	17 00
do. do. in oval	do.	23	35 00
Adam and Eve	do.	28	33 00
Agar dismissed by Abraham	do.	30	16 00
Four plates for a Spanish book	do.	36	32 00
Joseph telling his Dream	do.	37	25 00
Triumph of Mordecai	do.	40	48 00
Tobit's Father	do.	42	12 80
Annunciation to the Shepherds	do.	44	25 00
Presentation in the Temple	do.	50	30 00
Flight into Egypt	do.	53	25 60
do. do	do.	56	24 00
Return from Egypt	do.	60	26 40
Christ Preaching	do.	67	48 00
Christ Healing the Sick (100 guilder print.)	do.	74	256 00
Ecce Homo	do.	77	82 00
Christ Borne to the Tomb	do.	84	17 00
The Disciples at Emmaus	do.	87	25 00
St. Peter and St. John at the Gate of the Temple	do.	94	29 00
The Death of the Virgin	do.	99	57 00
St. Jerome	do.	104	19 00
St. Francis	do.	107	50 00
Media	do.	112	41 00
Spanish Gypsey	do.	120	49 00
Onion Woman	do.	134	22 40
The Hog	do.	157	24 00
The Little Dog	do.	158	28 00
The French Bed	do.	186	64 00
Man Sitting	do.	193	16 00
Woman Before the Stove	do.	197	45 00
Antiope and Jupiter	do.	203	17 00
Six's Bridge Landscape	do.	208	38 40
View of Amsterdam do.	do.	210	33 00
The Huntsman do.	do.	211	32 00
The three Trees do.	do.	212	157 00
The three Cottages do.	do.	217	162 00
The Canal do.	do.	221	43 00

Landscape with the Tower	do.	do.	223	49 00
The Hay Barn	do.	do.	224	32 00
The Cottage with the Hay Barn		do.	225	81 00
The Cottage with the Large tree		do.	226	32 00
The Cottage with Paling		do.	232	34 00
Rembrandt's Mill		do.	223	45 00
The Banker's Landscape		do.	234	48 00
The Landscape with the Drinking Cow		do.	237	81 00
Landscape with White Paling		do.	242	160 00
Portrait of John A. Vandu Linden		do.	264	40 00
do.	Renier Ausloo	do.	271	75 00
do.	Abraham France	do.	273	28 00
do.	Old Haring	do.	274	380 00
do.	Young Haring	do.	275	42 00
do'	Jean Asselin	do.	277	42 50
do.	Ephraim Bonus	do.	278	120 00
do.	Utenbogardus	do.	279	48 00
do.	Jean Sylvius	do.	280	144 00
do.	The great Coppenol	do.	283	93 00
do.	The Burgomaster Six	do.	285	160 00
Man with Bald Head		do.	293	17 00
The great Jewish Bride		do.	340	32 00

It should be remarked that the foregoing were the valuable prints of the collection, being extremely rare, as well from the early state of the plate, as beauty of impression and perfect preservation. The less rare prints, though all fine impressions, ranging from $1,00 upwards.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES—Edited and published by Wm. Brotherhead, Philadelphia. Vol. 1, No. 1, January, 1857. A repository of old relics, literary curiosities, and biographical information. Mr. Brotherhead is also a dealer in old books and prints.—*N. Y. Independent.*

AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES.— Mr. William Brotherhead, of 83 South 8th street, has issued the first number of a Monthly Magazine, with this title, whose meaning will be understood by all who are acquainted with the capital English periodical of the same name. There are many valuable and curious facts going out of existence for the want of something of this kind to perpetuate them. Mr. Brotherhead seems to have all the antiquarian enthusiasm necessary for the proper conduct of such an enterprise, and we have no doubt he will enlist the services of many others. His first number contains some excellent things.—*Evening Bulletin.*

ERRATA.—The first number contains many errors, which, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, could not be avoided, but for which, if our readers were aware of our difficulties, no apology would be necessary. But we will promise for the future that this evil shall at least be remedied as much as possible in our succeeding issues. In "Jonsonia," paragraph seventh, line second, for "Eno," read "Erro." In "Shakspearian Emendata," paragraph third, the citation points out to include "creeps in this petty pace." In paragraph fourth, at "Hamlet," a comma should be inserted, the conjunction omitted.

AMERICAN
NOTES AND QUERIES.

VOL. I.—No. 3. MARCH 1, 1857. MONTHLY.

CARICATURES AND OLD SONGS.

All nations are more or less humorous, witty and facetious. Sufficient care has not been taken by historians to give a succinct statement of the correct position, or proper influence of humorous writings or comic illustrations. Until the last century this species of corrector of human folly had but little scope to exercise its influence. This restriction has arisen from a multiplicity of causes, both political and religious. When despotism had all power concentrated in its hands, it gave very little opportunity for either humorous attacks in writing, or illustrated squibs. Books could not be printed unless they received the sanction of the imprimatur, and old songs and caricatures were often circulated in spite of all the vigilance of government officers.

The oldest records that we have of caricatures have been found in Egyptian tombs. The oldest caricatures that England produced originated in the 16th century. When the imbecility of Charles the First caused Cromwell and his party to take the government into their own hands, caricatures and songs were circulated very freely. The Hollanders, who flourished at that day as the very best artists, flooded England with comical illustrations of a peculiar class. Religious enthusiasm and puritanical cant were fine subjects for the broad humor of the Von Ostade school, and in this speciality the religious fanaticism of the Cromwellian period was well hit off in the prints of the day. Even the South Sea Bubble was, to them, a source of great merriment and profit; we suppose that international law at that period between nations was not so delicately construed as it is now, or England would have interfered with Holland for throwing such inflammable material amongst her people. So high was party faction carried, that however sacred the subject was, caricatures and songs were scattered profusely throughout the country. At no time in English history did such enthusiasm exist as during the Sacheverell Trial. When William, Prince of Orange, took possession of the English throne, which had been vacated by the pusillanimous conduct of James, then did factions rise high; Whig and Tory, High and Low Church parties were formed in deadly hostility to one another. Weak and corrupt as the Stuarts had shown themselves from Charles the First down to James, though they had by their conduct sacrificed every tie of honor, yet the tenacity of the English people to old institutions, and especially the crown,

had become so firmly cemented in their character, that it became a source of great trouble to eradicate those ideas. William the Third, though a man of stoical character, had many very excellent traits, which were entirely lost to the English people by his being a foreigner. Roman Catholicism still lingered around the baronial castles of the old aristocracy, and the least fault committed by the Cabinet of William the Third, brought into action all the virulence of the High Church party.

Songs were made and clandestinely circulated, full of the most venomous hatred; one of them was circulated in 1712, which we extract from Wright's "History of the House of Hanover."

"There's Atheists and Deists, and fawning Dissenter;
There's republican sly, and long-winded canter;
There's heresy, schism, and mild moderation,
That's still in the wrong, for the good of the nation;
There's Baptist Socinians, and Quakers with scruples,
Till kind toleration links 'em all in church couples.

Some were bred in the army, some dropt from the fleet;
Under bulks some were littered, and some in the street;
Some are good harmless curs, without teeth or claws;
Some were whelped in a shop, and some runners at laws;
Some were wretched poor curs, mongrel starvers and setters,
Till dividing the spoil, they put in with their betters."

Such songs were thrown off at random, and did at that day more harm or good, as the case was, than any other mode of exciting the attention of the public. The effects of songs on any people have been much greater than the public had any idea of, and in no period of English history were their effects so clearly demonstrated as during the reign of William the Third. The English mind at this time seemed aroused to a sense of its importance, and amid the chaos of conflicting parties many connected with the press took every advantage to circulate their ideas in the most effective manner. Once a good book circulated—once bold sermons delivered and printed —once songs made public, and caricatures displayed in the shop windows—a step was taken that could not be drawn back. The government might interfere as it chose, but such steps once taken were fatal, and no power has ever been found strong enough to counteract this influence.

The first caricature that appeared in the 18th century represented Dr. Sacheverell in the act of writing his sermon, prompted on one side by the Pope, and on the other by the Devil—these three being the "false brethren," from whom the Church was really in danger. The other party, in reverse, caricatured Bishop Hoadley, and thus party feeling ran so high that there was not anything too sacred that was not parodied in song, or illustrated in caricature.

The Tories had the chief sway at this time, and held power until Queen Anne died, when George the Third ascended the throne without opposition. The ascension of George to the throne was a relief to the Whigs; they had been kept down by a strong power, but now that they had attained all the power they desired, they became as violent to the Tories as the Tories had been to them.

On the 7th of August, 1714, the Flying Post, one of the most violent organs of the Whigs, published "A Hanover Garland," which we extract from the excellent book of Wright's, before mentioned:

"Keep out, keep out Han——s [Hanover's] line,
'Tis only J——s [James] has right divine,
As Roman parsons cant and whine,
And sure we must believe them;
But if their prince can't come in peace,
Their stock will every day decrease,
And they will ne'er see Perkin's face,
So their false hopes deceive them."

The same journal on the 10th of August gives a burlesque list of articles for public sale, among which are "The art of Billingsgate, or infallible rules to rail and talk nonsense. In 10 volumes. By Henry Sacheverell. They will be sold cheap, because they are lately damaged with mum;" and "Rules for making a bad peace when an enemy is under one's power; or the way

to part with all rather than ask anything. Wrote by a minister of state to Queen Dido, and dedicated to all fools and ninnyhammers."

This singular method of abuse in caricatures is certainly too strong for our day, but events like those in England aroused her people to a sense of their danger; they threw off the nightmare which had been silently oppressing them for centuries, and they begun to see their real position.

It is impossible in an article like this to mention in detail one-half of the caricatures and songs that tended to develop national character, and which are unquestionably at this day the surest marks of the condition of any people by which an historian may be guided. Consult these things, for they far surpass all the dry records of Parliament and the dying embers of European aristocracy in giving a true and correct idea of the people. After the people of England became thoroughly satiated with the quackery of Sacheverell, Ormond, who fled to France with Bolingbroke and joined the Pretender, became the next victim. From this moment Hogarth, who looked upon Sacheverell as a fit companion with Captain Mackheath, in his "Harlot's Progress," now fixed upon Ormond as the man of the times. The head of the Duke of Ormond figured as an ornament on articles of common use; the dissenters looked upon him as a traitor; there was not anything too vile that could be said against him. The High Church party praised him, as will be seen in the following song. Wright states that it was taken in 1641 from the mouth of an itinerant fishmonger, who knew no more about it than that, it had been sung by his father and grandfather before him. It was communicated to Mr. Wright by Mr. Roach Smith:

"'I am Ormond the brave, did you ever hear of me?
A man lately banished from his own country.
I fought for my life, and I pawned my estate,
For being so loyal to the Queen and the great.
You know I am Ormond, I am Ormond the brave!'

Between Ormond and Marlbro' there rose a great dispute;
Says Ormond to Marlbro', 'I was born a great duke,
And you but a foot page to wait upon a lady;
You may thank the kind fortune, since the wars they have made ye.'
And sing hey, etc.

'Oh!' says Marlbro', 'now do not say so;
For if you do, from the court you shall go.'
'Oh then,' says Ormond, 'do not be so cruel,
But draw forth your sword, and I'll end it with a duel.'
But Marlbro' went away, and he came no more there;
When the brave Duke of Ormond threw his sword in the air.
And sing hey," etc.

It is supposed that the object of the song is to praise Ormond and villify Marlborough. The people at this time were not aware that, whatever pretence Marlborough manifested in favor of William the Third, he really had at heart the restoration of James; see Macauley's last two volumes of his History of England.

So extraordinary had been the effects which the caricatures and songs had produced on the public mind, that meetings in favor of the Pretender, and against King George, were held in all the large towns. At Wolverhampton one of the leaders shouted from the house-top, D—— King George; others shouted for Ormond. The Mayor of Leeds, who was accused of connivance, was brought to London in the custody of a King's messenger. Such is a picture of 1715.

The next grand scheme that afforded matter for song and caricature, was Law's Mississippi Scheme. Strange as the origin of this bubble is, yet it is nevertheless true. Unless bubbles, though not quite so extensive in character, had existed in our own day, it would be really difficult to believe that an *outlaw*, as Law really was,

should so fascinate the Regent of France as to induce him to sanction such a measure, and by it, pay off the whole national debt of France. The shares rose in a very short time to over twelve hundred per cent. over the original cost. The people of Paris had so much money that they scarce knew what to do with it. Matters went on for a while in such a manner as to cause the envy of England, and a number of her capitalists organized the South Sea scheme, believing that Law's scheme had liberated the French Government from all its embarrassments. Sir Robert Walpole opposed it, but the people had become infatuated with it, and they rushed on headlong to ruin. All kinds of wild schemes were suggested—a clergyman proposed a company to discover the land of Ophir, and monopolize the gold and silver which that country was believed to produce. The Hollanders looked upon all this wild excitement good humoredly, and filled England with all kinds of grotesque and ridiculous caricatures. Penny-a-liners were busy in writing songs, which kept the people in feverish excitement. One of the most celebrated of these songs is called "A South Sea Bubble" it contains eight stanzas; we insert a part of them, as follows:

"In London stands a famous pile,
And near that pile an alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
And wisdom stoops to folly.
Here sad and joyful, high and low
Court fortune for her graces;
And as she smiles or frowns, they show
Their gestures and grimaces.

Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
Our stocks are worth in value;
But neither lie in goods or lands,
Or money, let me tell you;
Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapor;
When all the riches that we boast
Consists in scraps of paper."

After these gigantic schemes proved failures, caricature and song made a new opening in the Elections which took place in 1722. Sir Robert Walpole, by his characteristic tact, shook the whole fabric of the government. He worked on the principle that every man had his price. Gold was liberally circulated to aid his designs. One caricature appeared under the title of "The Prevailing Candidate, or the election carried by bribery and the Devil," and to which is added, "Britania stript by a villain;" and "The true phiz of a cute member."

Simultaneous with these things appeared a large number of medals, all intended for caricature; drawings of a number of these medals can be seen in the admirable work, "the History of the House of Hanover," by Thomas Wright. The very fine collection which the author had access to in London, enabled him to make a work so useful and instructing.

In 1725 Hogarth appeared as the great satirist of that age, or of any age; the prevailing vices of that day were witheringly lashed in his pictures. The introduction of the Italian Opera seemed for a while as though it was going to drive away the choice spirits of the Elizabeth age. This vice was prevented from going very far by the timely and scorching satires of Hogarth. The most striking of them all is one which has in front of the picture a barrow-woman wheeling away as waste paper for shops a load of books, which appear by inscription to be the dramatic works of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Congreve and Otway. Hogarth began to deal out his pictorial satires very freely. Gay suffered severely from them after he had produced his Beggar's Opera; but Pope seems to have excited not only the satire of Hogarth, but the great mass of writers, and in fact all kinds of public men, publishers, etc.; all were evidently determined to crush him if possible. Few great writers appear to have

had so many personal enemies as Pope. Songs, squibs, caricatures, and every species of satire that human power could invent were freely circulated against him. Curl, the publisher, was a deadly foe of Pope's. Colly Cibber came in for a place in a revised edition of the Dunciad. Theobald, the commentator of Shakspeare, who holds a place in the early editions of the Dunciad, was excluded in the later ones, and Colly Cibber was placed in the niche he occupied. There must have been something very irascible in Pope's nature to call down such wholesale calumny as we find in the songs, squibs and caricatures of the day.

We are looking forward with much interest to the forthcoming new edition of Pope's works by Peter Cunningham, and to be published by John Murray. We are very much in want of a carefully collected edition of Pope; there is no book of the last century that requires such an extensive acquaintance with the Literatteurs of that period as this.

The subjects that gave the most material to caricature and song during 1736, were connected with gin. It appears that the people during this period had become habitual drunkards; so alarming was the increase of crime, vice, destitution, and a thousand other evils connected with drunkenness, that Parliament had to step forward and enact severe penalties on those who sold gin. No one has depicted this state of things so truly as Hogarth. Human ingenuity is always at work to evade some point that restricts its interests and curtails its imagined or real pleasures. It was evidenced in this city, in order to destroy the Sunday Liquor Law, and is now shamefully violated in the granting of licenses. But the people of England completely eclipsed our liquor advocates in the means used to evade the law. *Read's Weekly Journal* of October 23, 1736, tells us "The following drams are sold at several brandy shops, in High Holborn, St. Giles', Thieving Lane, Tothill Street, Rosemary Lane, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Old Mint, Kent Street, &c., viz.: Sangree, Tom Row, Cuckold's Comfort, Parliament Gin, Make Shift, the Last Shift, the Ladies' Delight, the Baulk, King Theodore, or Corsica, Cholic and Gripe Waters, and several others, to evade the act of Parliament." Others colored the liquor and exposed it in bottles labelled "Take two or three spoonfuls of this four or five times a day, or as often as the fit takes you."

The agitation of this question gave rise to all kinds of ridiculous caricatures and songs. Among the most remarkable of these productions are "The Fall of Bob;" "On the Oracle of Gin;" "A Tragedy; and Desolation;" "On the Fall of Gin;" "A Poem."

We are afraid that but little good has resulted to the human race in the attempt to destroy the evils of drunkenness. At this and the preceding periods it is melancholy to reflect on the callousness which was exhibited on nearly all occasions, both to parties and persons. Toleration and generosity seem foreign to their nature. All kinds of vulgarities were placed as witticisms, and were applauded rather than censured. In one of the caricatures of this period we find one in which a woman is *enciente*; one low vulgar creature is in the act of telling her that he will stand godfather for her child. Such conduct merits the most severe censure. It is impossible in an article like this to give an idea of the great variety of caricatures and songs that were circulated during the close of Walpole's administration. We shall proceed to give a hasty glance of the most striking events.

During the exciting times of 1745, which all Scotchmen know to be the last and useless attempt of the Stuarts to regain power which they had lost by their

cupidity and imbecility, songs and caricatures were thrown in plentiful profusion over the land. Scotland produced at this time songs of patriotic exultation, which to a great extent enabled the Pretender to cross the Tweed and move into Cumberland and take possession of Lancashire. But the British got aroused; every species of aid were brought into requisition, and though the successes of the Pretender for awhile were in the ascendant, yet England, as is always the case in her wars, got stronger by duration of the war.

One caricature represents the "Invasion," in which the Pretender is represented triumphantly driving in the royal stage coach, drawn by six horses, which are named Superstition, Passive Obedience, Rebellion, Hereditary Right, Arbitrary Power and Non-resistance, and riding over Liberty and all the public funds. The Pope acts as postillion, and the King of France as coachman; two monkeys and the Devil perform the office of footmen, and various disastrous consequences of the success of the rebellion are represented in different parts of the picture. A group of Scottish soldiers follow a standard on which are figured a pair of wooden shoes and the motto "Slavery." St. James' palace occupies the background, with Westminster Abbey on one side, and on the other Smithfield, and a martyr at the stake. This print was from the pencil and graver of C. Moseley. The movement on the part of the Pretender caused a most virulent reaction of feeling in both Protestant and Catholic; the whole nation was thrown into the most feverish state, and the Pope was considered in all cases to be the adviser of the Pretender. We cannot refrain from publishing one song, which is of a semi-Jacobite character; it has so much pith and satire in it that any one acquainted with the history of this period will at once see its force:

"Horse, foot and dragoons, from lost Flanders they call,
With Hessians and Danes, and the Devil and all;
And hunters and rangers led by Oglethorpe;
And the Church, at the bum of the Bishop of York.
And, pray, who so fit to lead forth this parade,
As the babe of Tangier, my old grandmother Wade?
Whose cunning's so quick, but whose motion's so slow,
That the rebels march'd on, while he stuck in the snow."

In 1746 William Pitt obtained the position of Prime Minister. So important an office was probably never held before or since by so young a man. His powers of debate were of so extraordinary a character that he became the "observed of all observers;" he was feared and admired even by his foes, and it is very easy to surmise that so young a man would at least be a very good subject for caricaturists and penny-a-liners. The old Duchess of Marlborough had such a high estimation of his talents, especially for his severe attacks on the House of Hanover, that she willed him £10,000 for his patriotic exertions. Pitt being a man that understood politics to mean the applicability of means to the consummation of an object, no matter whether it was for or against what he had previously advocated, found it necessary to change his policy against the House of Hanover. This change produced one of the most popular caricatures of the day, and annexed to it some amusing verses. The Duchess is represented as reproaching him for his apostacy, and the "unembarrassed countenance" for awhile became all the rage.

"He bellow'd and roared at the troops of Hanover,
And swore they were rascals who ever went over;
That no man was honest that gave them a vote,
And all that were for them should hang by the throat.
Derry down, &c.

By flaming so loudly he got him a name,
Though many believed it would all end in shame;

But nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
An unfeeling heart and a front unembarrass'd.
Derry down, &c.

When from an old woman, by standing his ground,
He had got the possession of ten thousand pounds.
He said that he cared not what others might call him,
He would show himself now the true son of Sir Balaam."
Derry down, &c.

After the death of Bolingbroke and Bubb Dodington, Pitt was the man that had to bear all the brunt of the battle, until C. J. Fox and Burke became popular. The first caricature that we have been able to find that bears any relation to America, is one that appeared in 1755, entitled "British Rights maintained, or French ambition dismantled," representing the Gallic cock plucked of his feathers by the British lion, and compelled to utter a sorrowful "peccavi." The feathers under the lion's paw are severally inscribed with the names of the French forts in North America—"Beau Se'goun," "Fort St. John's," "Crown Point," "Ohio," "Quebec," and Britannia bearing the cap of Liberty on her spear, is encouraging her lion, while behind Mars and Neptune are carving out for her portions in the map of North America with their sword and trident. A negro boy laughs at the unfortunate cock, and exclaims, "Preety bird, how will you get home again." A Frenchman, with much chagrin, cries "Monseiur le Politicon, Gurni bleu, trompe' les f—— Anglais out of tout l'Amerique Septentrional." A Jack tar takes him by the shoulder and turns his attention to the map and says, "Look ye! Mounseer, was that your map of North America? What a vast tract of land you had! Pity the right owner should take it from you."

This caricature appeared just before the disastrous result of General Braddock's expedition. Now that we have arrived at the time when our own country begins to arrest the attention of the world, we shall embrace the opportunity of collecting all the caricatures and songs that come within our reach. We shall be much indebted to Wright's book, from which we have gathered many things from the early history of our country. We are extremely sorry that but few men in this country have as yet turned their attention to collecting caricatures. The historian who wishes to illustrate the history of this country by the aid of caricature and song, labors under very serious difficultics. We are unable to learn that there is even a good collection of them in the country; it has been mentioned to us that Peter Force, of Washington, has a very fine collection; we should be very much flattered in having accession to it, but we fear the duties of the American antiquarian are so arduous, and that he has so many calls on his time, that we despair of being successful. If this meets the eye of Peter Force, we hope it will have the effect of making some arrangement with him for the use of such materials. We also would call the attention of others who may have similar illustrations in their possession, and ask them if they would be kind enough to send us a description of what caricatures they may have from the commencement until the election of President Polk. We shall be very happy to make any acknowledgements of any kindness forwarded to us in this way.

To be continued.

GOLDSMITH.

Mr. Prior says, page 10, vol. i., London, 1837: "At Pallas, Oliver Goldsmith was born, November 10, 1728." The name of Goldsmith's birth-place should be written Pallis, not Pallas, as in Prior's Book, and in the inscription in Westminster Abbey; a mistake in spelling which has caused a miserable play on the word by the translator of Johnson's Latin epitaph, who observes that the poet was born where Pallas had set her name.

AN ENQUIRY

Into the origin of the Names of Places in Bucks County.

By William J. Buck,

Author of the "History of Bucks County."

The following attempt is respectfully submitted as the first effort of the kind. Time and circumstances may bring more to light, and have also a tendency to test more fully the accuracy of our statements. It is believed to contain considerable information, most of which is derived from original sources. The scraps of family history, as associated and given in connection with the names of places, no doubt will be interesting to their descendants of the present day. Our names may be classed as of three kinds: of aboriginal, of foreign, and of local origin. The former are omitted with the intention of making a subject for a future article. More than half of our names, it will be observed, are of foreign origin, and those chiefly derived from England. It is hoped hereafter that our future names of places may not only be more original, but that they may be at once significant and appropriate. Our aboriginal names especially possess this merit, and thereby are more likely to be retained. In our list it will be seen that several names have been changed in the lapse of time, and that the origin of others can be traced to several sources. Our greatest aim has been to state much in a few words, and to give those places the preference that possess historical interest.

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Andalusia.—This name is derived from one of the largest of the ancient divisions of the south of Spain, and was applied to this place by the late Nicholas Biddle, who had a country seat here, when the great financier died, the 27th of February, 1844, aged 58 years.

Attleborough.—A resident of this place has informed me that this name is of local origin. That a Wm. Richardson Atlee, (son of Col. Samuel Atlee of the Revolutionary army), a lawyer and a son-in-law of Gen. Wayne, resided here about 1790, or perhaps a little later. A fire engine was ordered to be made, for which £50 had been raised. When it was finished, word was sent from Philadelphia what name they wanted it called; some one suggested that as Mr. Atlee had been one of the principal contributors, it should be called after him. When the engine arrived, it had painted on its sides "Atleebury," which is still to be seen. Shortly afterwards a post office was established here, when it was called Attleborough, a slight change from the original. The "Attleborough Library" was chartered by this name in 1802. Previously, this place went by the name of "Four-Lane's-End," which I have seen so called in manuscripts as early as 1754, and must have then been a village. There is a market town and parish called Attleborough in Norfolk, England. The word *borough*, as well as *bury* and *berg* is derived from the German burg, which signifies a castle or fortified town.

Bedminster.—There is a parish of this name in Somerset, England. *Minster* is derived from the Latin word monastorium, a monastery, originally the church of a monastery. Wm. Armstrong in 1745, made a purchase of 104 acres in "Bedminster township." This is the earliest mention of this township I have found in the records.

Bensalem.—This is a Hebrew name, signifying *Son of Peace*. In the original it is a compound, and is pronounced *Ben Scholem*. Joseph Growdon was an early settler and extensive landholder here, and it is mentioned in the records of 1688 as "his manor called Bensalem;" no doubt as a member of the Society of

Friends and of his pacific principles gave it this peculiar name. He eame from Cornwall, England, about 1683, and eall-ed his seat by the Nishaminy, Trevose, after the place of his nativity. He took up 5000 acres, nearly half the township. He was appointed a justice in 1689, and in 1701 was Speaker of the Assembly, and also Provincial Judge from 1690 to 1716. He died in 1730.

Bridgewater.—This name is derived from a borough and river town, also a parish in Somersetshire. Has been ap-plied here to a post office.

Bristol.—A city and seaport on the river Avon, is of great antiquity, and was called by the ancient Britons *Caer Brito*, from whence the name is derived. It was from this place, in 1497, that John Cabot, a Venitian, with an English fleet, set out and discovered the coast of North America from Cape Florida to Labrador. Sir William Penn, admiral in the British navy, and father of William Penn, was born here. Many of the early settlers also embarked at this place on their voyage hither, as mentioned in Phineas Pemberton's Registry of Arrivals. In this county Peter Jegou had a "house of entertainment" as early as 1668, as we learn from the Upland records, and calls it "Leasy Point," and says that two years afterwards it was "plundered and totally ruined by the Indians." Samuel Clift resided here in the beginning of 1681, if not earlier. He first settled in West New Jersey in 1678, and is men-tioned as a member of Burlington meet-ing in 1680. Early in 1681 he took up a grant of 274 acres, under Sir Edmund Andros, Governor of New York, which is now supposed to be all within the present limits of the borough. In 1692 it was called Buckingham township, and in 1797 a road was laid out here from Joseph Growdon's. In 1702 we find the first mention of Bristol township. In 1703, we learn that Samuel Carpenter proposes to give a lot at *Bristol* for a meeting house, since which time the name appears to have been permanently fixed. It was made a borough in 1720, being the third incorporated town in Pennsylvania.

Bucks and Buckingham.—There is a parliamentary market-town which was made a borough in the reign of Henry VIII., situated in a county of the same name which formed a part of ancient Mer-cia, and was traversed by several Roman roads. The revolution that led to the execution of Charles I. was commenced here. There are besides four or five parishes of this name in England. The words *buck*, *book* and *beech*, are derived from the Saxon *boc*, or Gothic *boca*, sig-nifying a *beech-tree*, or more strictly the wood or bark of this tree; of which ma-terial books were first made. In the Welsh, booch is the name of deer. As a family surname it was doubtless derived from armorial bearings containing this representation, as appears in works of heraldry. Buck of the barony of Hamby Grange, in Lincolnshire, is an ancient family. England has produced several antiquarians of this name. Sir George Buck, privy counsellor of James I. and author of a "History of the Reigne of Richard III.," (pub. 1646) and the Rev. Charles Buck. Master Buck accom-panied Lord Delaware as Chaplain in 1610. Ham is a Saxon word for a place of dwelling, a village or town; from whence the German heim, and the Eng-lish home and hamlet. Bucks or Buck-ingham contains the most elevated land in England, and originally was covered with extensive forests of beech, which will account for the origin of the name. Dr. John Watson, in his account of Buckingham and Solebury townships, says that it was a favorite name with Wm. Penn, and as this was one of the three original counties of Pennsylvania, formed in 1682,

and as we know that he named Philadelphia and Chester, we may also conclude he gave this. Phineas Pemberton, from the time of his arrival in 1682, as clerk of the county has always called it Bucks, so do all early records of Friend's meetings. The only exceptions I believe are found in Penn's letter to the society of Free Traders in 1683, and of Oldmixon, in 1708, who both mention it as Buckingham county. Bucks underwent no change in its boundaries till 1752, when Northampton county reduced it to its present limits.

Bursonville.—Isaac Burson was an early settler at this place, and built the present tavern house. The post office was established here before 1804, and is believed to have been the first in the upper section of the county. From the records of Abington meeting we learn that the Bursons first settled in that vicinity. Ville, as used in our language, is derived from the French, though its original root is *vicus*, a Latin word for a city or town.

Center Bridge.—Previous to the opening of the York road to Philadelphia in 1711, we learn from the colonial records that John Reading had a "landing" here on the Jersey side. In 1688 he was a member of Council for West New Jersey, and in 1703 one of the Council of Proprietors. On Scull's map of 1770 I find it called "Howell's Ferry," which has since been changed to its present name, on account of the New Hope bridge having been first erected below and the Milford bridge above.

Centreville.—As this place is situated in the centre of the county, its name has a peculiar appropriateness. Owing to this, strenuous efforts were made to get the county seat located here before it was fixed at Doylestown in 1810. Buckingham post office was located here before 1808.

Danborough.—This place was first called Danville, and was so named after Daniel Thomas, who resided here in 1808, and was at that time Sheriff of the county. In consequence of other places of this name in Pennsylvania, it had to be changed when the post office was established here (before 1828) to its present name.

Dolington.—From the registry of arrivals at Philadelphia, mention is made of Philip Doling having arrived there in the Unicorn from Bristol, the 16th of 10th mo. 1685. This place no doubt was named after him or his descendants. *Ton* or *town* is derived from the Saxon word *tun*, meaning an enclosure, a village or town. The Friends built a meeting house here in 1752. Dolington is mentioned in Miner's paper of 1805.

Doylestown.—The earliest mention I have found anywhere of this place is in Gen. John Lacey's despatches from March to June, 1778; by which it appears that stores and arms were kept here for the use of the army, and a guard for its security, and the prevention of intercouse between the country people and the enemy in Philadelphia, with a view to distress the latter for the want of provisions. In the records of New Britain Baptist church, in 1754, mention is made of Clement Doyle as a member. William Doyle was coroner of the county from 1765 to 1768. It was from this family, who were formerly land-holders in the town and vicinity, that the name is derived. In 1778 it is said to have contained but two or three houses. Scott, in his Gazetteer of 1795, calls it a village. The late Thomas Lewis supposed it to have contained in 1800 about twenty houses. A post office was here in 1805. The township was formed in 1819 out of the townships of New Britain, Buckingham and Warwick. More than half of its area was taken from New Britain.

DUBLIN.—This name is derived from the Celtic, Dabh-linn, signifying a *black-pool*; it is the capital city of Ireland and a place of great antiquity. Dublin, in this county, was a village in 1808; and had a post office before 1828.

DURHAM.—A maratime county in the north of England, also an ancient city, with a castle founded by William the Conqueror. The earliest mention I have found here of this name was in 1727, when a company was formed for the manufacture of iron, and consisted of the following gentlemen: Jeremiah Langhorne, Anthony Morris, James Logan, Charles Read, Robert Ellis, George Fitzwater, Clement Plumstead, William Allen, Andrew Bradford, John Hopkins, Thomas Linley and Joseph Turner; who took up a tract of land known "by the name of Durham, containing by estimation 6000 acres." In 1732 they petitioned Court, and stated that they had erected a furnace and other iron works, and that they were in great want of a road leading from there to Bristol. The Durham road was not opened to this place till 1746, and was made to strike the river Delaware near the mouth of Durham creek, where was then "Pursley's ferry." In 1773 the company had 8511 acres, of which one-eighth part was in Northampton county, the whole of which was then divided among the proprietors.

FALLS.—This township originally derived its name from the falls, which here obstruct the navigation of the Delaware; and some time before the arrival of Penn, the Swedes and other early travellers applied this name not only to these rapids but the country adjacent. Robert Evelin, who was here about 1646, says, "We came to the Fals, made by a rock of limestone, I suppose it is, about 65 leagues from the sea, near to which is an isle fit for a city, [now Biles' island;] all materials there to build; and above, the river fair and navigable." Wm. Edmundson, who was here in 1675–6, mentions at that time none living here but a few Indians, also of a "small path" leading from Delaware Falls to New York by way of Raritan river, by which he had travelled. The whites began to settle here, it is supposed, about 1678–9, under grants from Governor Andros. Robert Proud says that "The first most considerable English settlement in Pennsylvania proper is said to have been near the lower falls of the river Delaware, in Bucks county, where the Quakers had a regular and established meeting for religious worship, before the country bore the name of Pennsylvania."

FALLSINGTON.—The first Falls meeting house was finished here in 1691, and was 20 by 25 feet, and cost £30. This was the second house of worship built in the county. Scott in his Gazetteer of 1795 calls Falsington a village. The literal signification of this name and why applied is best expressed as Falls-in-town.

HARTSVILLE.—John Hart is believed to have been the first of this name that settled in Pennsylvania, which was about 1682–3. He resided in Warminster, where he took up 1000 acres of land which extended from the Bristol to the Street roads. In 1683 he represented Bucks in the Assembly. Joseph Hart (grandson of the aforesaid) in 1750 was sheriff, and in 1777 represented the county in the Supreme Executive Council, and was a Colonel in the Revolutionary army. Col. Wm. Hart, near the close of the last century, kept the hotel here for a time, and had for his sign "The Hart." In 1807 he was Register, and in 1809 commissioner of the county. He died in 1831 at the advanced age of 84 years. This village derives its name from him, which for a long time previously had been known as the "Cross Roads," owing to the intersection of the Bristol and York

roads. The Nishaminy bridge on the York road (near by) has a *heart* with the date 1793 underneath. A post office was established here before 1826.

Haycock.—The name of this township is said to have been derived from its principal hill, which the early settlers fancied bore a resemblance to a hay-cock, which in consequence has been transferred to a stream flowing at its base, and forming the boundary between Haycock and Nockamixon. In a deed of 1737, Haycock run is mentioned. It was made a township before 1750.

Hilltown.—Richard Hill was mayor of Philadelphia in 1710, and from 1715 to 1717. He was also speaker of Assembly in 1715, and a judge of the Supreme Court in 1726. In early records it is called "Hill township." The post office was established before 1818. I have seen in deeds of 1696 that Abington township (Mont. Co.,) had been previously called Hilltown, and that a Philip Hill was a considerable landholder. In England there are five townships and three parishes called Hillton.

Hulmeville.—George Hulme was an early settler in this county. The Farmers' Bank of Bucks county was chartered in 1814, and was first located here. This I believe was the first bank in the county, and was some time afterwards removed to Bristol.

Makefield.—The township of "Makefield" was formed in 1692, and included all Lower Makefield with about half the lower portion of the present township of Upper Makefield. The remainder of which was known as the "Manor of Highlands" as late as 1743. Thomas Penn in 1738 had here 2500 acres which he valued at £30, ($80), per 100 acres. It was divided before 1750 into Upper and Lower Makefield. This name is probably of English origin.

Middletown.—This place in Monmouth county, New Jersey, was settled by the English as early as 1669. In 1682 the Court of Sessions was held, at which time it was supposed to contain about 100 families. As several persons moved from this place and settled early in this county, it may be supposed the name was thus applied. This township was settled and bore this name as early as 1682–3. The Friends established a monthly meeting the first of 11th mo. 1683, at Nicholas Waln's near Nishaminy, where in 1690 was built the first house of worship in the county. In 1692 the court was held here that divided the county into townships. There are six parishes and two townships in England, called Middleton.

Milford.—A borough and seaport town in Pembrokeshire, Wales; also a village, a parish, and tything in England. For several years before the division of this county in 1752, the townships of Upper and Lower Milford were separate districts, and continued to bear these names in contradistinction till the beginning of the present century. Previous to 1735 we know they formed but one township by the name of Milford, which name is now again applied to the portion retained in this county.

Morrisville.—This place received its name from Robert Morris, the distinguished patriot and financier. He was born in England and came quite young to Philadelphia, where he became a merchant. He was a member of the second Congress in 1775, and in 1776 signed the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Morris assisted in the convention to frame the Federal Constitution, and was a member of the first Congress under it. He resided at this place for some time in a splendid mansion house, which, afterwards, was purchased by Gen. Victor Moreau, who was killed at the battle of Dresden in 1813. Mr. Morris died at

Philadelphia in 1806, at the age of 73, insolvent. At the time Congress was about deciding on a site for the National Capitol, he was very anxious it should be fixed here on a part of his estate. A post office was established here before 1795. Morrisville was erected into a borough by an act of March 29th, 1804.

New Britain.—One account says that Britain was so called by the Romans because they found the inhabitants given to adorning themselves with *brit*, a kind of paint. Sir B. Whitelocke, in his history of England, (London, 1713) on the authority of Geoffrey of Monmouth, says that in the year of the world 2887, Brute and his company came from Greece and landed in this island of which he was the first king, and from his name called it Britain and its people Britons. New Britain was a township in 1730, and is sometimes called North Britain in the patent books of the Surveyor General. The land here was mostly taken up originally by the "Society of Free Traders."

New Hope.—An act was passed by the Assembly in 1722 for authorizing John Wells to keep a ferry at this place. On Scull's map of 1770 it is called "Wells' Ferry," which shortly afterwards was changed to Coryell's Ferry, by which name it went during the revolution and for a number of years afterwards. In Ralston's paper of 1800 it is called the "village of New Hope." A post office of this name was here in 1805.

Newport.—There is a municipal borough, market-town, and a parish in Southamptonshire, also a town and parish in Wales. There are also two other parishes of this name in England.

Newtown.—There is a parliamentary borough, market-town, and a parish of this name in Montgomeryshire in Wales. On the Isle of Wight is a decayed borough of this name, which was burnt by the French in the reign of Richard II. On Holme's Map of Original Surveys the present borough of Newtown is laid out exactly one mile square, with the stream running through the centre. On the outside of this square a road was reserved, which has ever since continued a highway. The Court in 1692 ordered Newtown and Wrightstown to be one township. In 1724 the county seat was removed from Bristol and continued here till 1812.

Northampton.—This name is derived from a central county in England, whose capital bears the same name. This township was not formed till after 1692.

Pennsbury.—It seems curious that Wm. Penn, to his only country residence in Pennsylvania should have given this name, for its literal meaning is "Penn's Castle." The Indian name of this place was Sepessing and is so called on Lindstrom's map of New Sweden, made in 1654. Pennsbury manor originally contained 6558 acres, and was situated in the southern part of Falls township. It was no doubt expected that this would become a great place, for the Court in 1692 erected Pennsbury into a separate township, which must afterwards have been abolished. The executors of Richard Penn, in 1792 sold Pennsbury place to Robert Crozier, sen., father of the present proprietor.

Plumstead.—There are four parishes of this name in England, from whence no doubt this name is derived. Clement Plumstead, a distinguished merchant of Philadelphia, was Mayor of the city in 1723 and 1737, also one of the original proprietors of Durham iron works. It was united with Buckingham in 1722, but in 1727 was formed into a separate township. Plumstead (now Plumsteadville) post office was the third in 1795 established in the county.

QUAKERTOWN.—This vicinity was settled as early as 1710 by a few Friends, who built a meeting house about 1742. It received this name shortly after the Revolution, by the residents of the neighborhood, from its early settlers. A post office was established here before 1805. It was made a borough in 1854 and 1856 contained 112 taxables.

RICHBOROUGH.—There is a decayed village of this name in Kent, England. It was nearly destroyed by the Danes in 1010.

RICHLAND.—This township in the patent books was called as early as 1715, the "Manor of Richland," though the name of "Great Swamp" was more generally applied to this section of the county. It was made a township before 1727. Thomas Penn, the proprietary, in 1738, had 10,000 acres in the "Manor of Richland," which he mentions as being worth £15 per 100 acres, and 35 miles distant from Philadelphia.

ROCKHILL.—This name and Richland are doubtless of local origin and possess significant meanings. It was made a township before 1750.

SOLEBURY.—The earliest mention I have found in the records of this township is in the year 1702. The origin of this name I am unable to tell, but suppose it to be of English origin, perhaps of some place now little known.

SOUTHAMPTON.—There is a municipal borough and seaport situated in a county of the same name (sometimes called Hants) in England. In the Abington records I find this name mentioned as early as 1685. The Court in 1692 ordered Southampton and Warminster to be one township.

SPRINGFIELD.—There is a parish in Essex, England, of this name, besides two villages in Scotland. The earliest information I have been enabled to obtain of this township is in 1745.

SPRINGTOWN.—This name no doubt was derived from the township in which it is situated. A post office was established here in 1819.

TAYLORSVILLE.—Christopher Taylor was an original landholder in Newtown, Northampton and Bristol townships. In 1683 he was a member of Council, and in 1684 Penn commissioned him Register General of Pennsylvania. He was a minister among Friends and died in 1686. He had two sons, Israel and Joseph. The former of which was Sheriff in 1693. This place was previously known as McKonkey's Ferry, from Captain John McKonkey who resided here, and in 1776 raised and equipped a company of soldiers at his own expense, which was in service under Washington to the beginning of 1777. It was here where Washington crossed the Delaware in his memorable attack on the Hessians at Trenton. There was a Samuel Taylor who arrived from Yorkshire in the Martha of Burlington in 1677 and settled in West New Jersey.

WARMINSTER.—There is a market-town and parish of this name in Wiltshire, England. *War* or *ward* is derived from the Saxon, and means a fortress, and *minster*, a monastery. I have found the name of this township as early as 1685. In 1692 Warminster and Southampton were formed into one township.

WARRINGTON.—There is a borough. town, parish, and township of this name in Lancastershire, England.

WARWICK.—A borough which is capital of a county of the same name, situated in the centre of England; also a parish in Cumberland. Warwick is celebrated for its great castle, the Earl of which is well known to students of English history as the "King-maker." The name signifies a fortress-town. Wick is derived from

the Latin word *vicus*, a village or town. The earliest I have found of this township is in 1744. The Presbyterian church on the Nishaminy was founded in 1710, and is believed to be the first erected by this denomination in the county.

Wrightstown.—Thomas Wright and Wm. Penn, in England, March 3rd, 1676, signed as proprietors with a number of others, the "Laws, Concessions, and Agreements" of West New Jersey. He came over in the Martha in 1677, and settled near Burlington. In 1682 he was a member of the Assembly of West New Jersey. The name of Wright, I believe, is not known early in this county. In 1722 John Wright, a non-resident, is taxed for 500 acres in Buckingham. There is a township called Wrightington, in Lancaster, England. As many settlers arrived here from that county it may be probable that this name is derived from Wrightington. This township, it is supposed, was first settled by John Chapman in 1683. At a Court held the 27th of 7th mo. 1692, Wrightstown and Newtown were made into one township.

Yardleyville.—William Yardley and family came from Rushtown Spensor, in Staffordshire, in the ship Friends' Adventure, and arrived here the 28th of 7th mo. 1682. Before his departure from England he received a grant of 500 acres from Penn, the 21st of March 1681, which was located at this place the 6th of 8th mo. 1682. He was an uncle of Phineas Pemberton, a member of the Assembly in 1683, and a justice of the county in 1689. After his death, his son Thomas Yardley, came in possession of his land on the Delaware and established a ferry here, which was subsequently confirmed and vested in his right by an act of Assembly 1722. He was for a long time justice of the peace. This in consequence was long known as Yardley's Ferry, which at a later day was changed to its present name. The road from Newtown to this place was laid out in 1734.

THE LITANY OF CHARLES I.

[original.]

The nature and object of the following Litany needs no introductory remarks from us, as the occasion and aim are rendered sufficiently manifest by the grievances from which the writer prays to be exempted. We are not aware that this Litany was ever put before the public in a printed form; we will, therefore, beg leave to say that it was transcribed from the journal of the Rev. Abraham De la Pryme, son of Matthias Pryme, of Holland, who, with his family, came to England in the time of Charles the First, and settled on the *Levels*, in the Southern part of Yorkshire.

The writer of the journal calls himself the eldest son of Matthias Pryme, and was born on the 15th Jan., 1671. He ultimately became the officiating minister in the Church of Hatfield, *com. Ebor.*, and, during his residence there, was an attentive observer and faithful chronicler of such events as transpired within the sphere of his observation. Several of his literary productions may be seen in the archives of the British Museum. (Lansdown MSS. No. 897.) But the journal from which the Litany was transcribed, is in the possession of his kinsman, George Pryme, Esq., M. P. for the city of Cambridgeshire, from whom we obtained the loan of it. It was written in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The extract was made Jan. 12th, 1696.

"*A Lenten Litany, collected by a confiding brother, out of diverse and sundry heavenlified authors, for the benefit of the enthusiastical sons of the tribe of God.*" Thus it begins:—

From

Villany drest up in a doublet of zeal,
Three Kingdoms curst into a Commonweal,
A lease of keepers of one poore seale;
Libera nos. dom.

From
A Chancery suite, a whip and a bell,
A justice of peace that never could spell,
Colonel Pride and the Vickar of hell,
Libera nos. dom.

From
Upstart Levites and two-penny pics,
Our brave newe lights, that would put out our eyes,
Goldsmith's Hall, the Dutch and excise,
Libera nos dom.

From
A newe found tenet, pick'd up by a brother,
Damnable members, and fits of the mother,
Ears like oysters, that grin at each other,
Libera nos. dom.

From
A preacher in buff, and a quarter-staffe steeple,
The unlimitted power of a sovereign people,
A kingdom that creeps on its knees like a criple,
Libera nos. dom.

From
A vinegar prieste and a crabtree stock,
A fothering of prayers for hours by the clock,
A holy sister with a pitiful . . . . .
Libera nos. dom.

From
A hunger starved sequestrator's mawe,
Revelations and visions, that folks never saw,
Religion without either Gospel or Law,
Libera nos. dom.

From
The kicking and frothing o'th penny-pot-house,
Seditious Parliaments and the great Scotch house,
With committees that chop up men like a mouse,
Libera nos. dom.

From
Broken shins, and the blood af martyrs,
Teethe of mad dogs, and Parliament quarters,
The titles of Lords and the Knight of the Garter,
Libera nos. dom.

From
The public faithe, and an egg and butter,
The Irish purchases of all their clutter,
Oliver's nose, when he 'gins to splutter,
Libera nos. dom.

From
The zeal of a statesman, locked up with a w—e,
Waiting with 'plaints at the Parliament door,
The death of Kings without why or wherefore,
Libera nos. dom.

From
The French p—x and the puritan fry,
Such as n'ere swear, but eternally lie,
And cutting of capers full three feet high,
Libera nos. dom.

From
Painted glass and idolatrous cringes,
A Presbyter's oath, that turns up 'oth hinges,
Westminster Jewes with Levitical fringes,
Libera nos. dom.

From
A Thanksgiving, and an Humiliation,
A blessing of God, for cursing the nation,
Religious lying, so much in fashion,
Libera nos. dom.

From
A holy sister that hath got the p—x,
A lying victory when we had the . . . . . .
And were beaten by a Dutch butter box,
Libera nos. dom.

From
All that's said, and a thousand times more,
A newe saint's charity towards the poore,
And the plagues that are kept for a rebel in store,
Libera nos. dom.

J. W.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

(*From the Pryme MSS.*)

The celebrated Dr. Thomas Fuller, the author of many good and quaintly written works, was a very jocose and funny man, and, as a clergyman, indulged himself too much in mirthful playfulness at the expense of clerical gravity. He, on a certain occasion, was accompanied by two or three gentlemen on an equestrian excursion, in the vicinity of Cambridge, and, seeing before them a gentleman named Woodcock, he remarked to his companions—"Let us ride on, and I will break a jest upon yonder Woodcock." So, being come to him, and having conversed with him for a brief period, asked him if he knew the difference between a woodcock and an owl. Woodcock, contrary to the Doctor's expectation, happening to know both him and his character, answered, "Sir, there is a great dif-

ference; an owl is *Fuller* 'ith wings, *Fuller* 'ith legs, *Fuller* 'ith thighs, *Fuller* 'ith head, and *Fuller* all over." At which unexpected answer, the Doctor clapped spurs to his horse and rode away at full speed, leaving the gentleman ready to burst with laughter.—*Pryme's MS. Journal*, penes. *Geo. Pryme, Esq. M. P. for Cambridge.*

The same industrious antiquary, on the authority of Cornet Lee, of Hatfield, relates a few anecdotes concerning Hugh Peters, one of the three supposed executioners of King Charles the First:

While walking in St. James' Park, for the benefit of exercise and air, Cromwell entered the same place for the same purpose, when they were overtaken by a heavy rain. Cromwell took shelter, and seeing Peters exposed to the "pelting of the pitiless storm," politely sent a gentleman with a cloak to aid in protecting him from the rain; but he refused it, and bid the bearer thereof to present his compliments to his Highness, and say that he "would not be in his cloak for a thousand pounds." This Peters, as I have hinted above, is thought by some to have been the real executioner of Charles. This supposition is in some measure authorized by the following fact. On being visited at his lodgings by a gentleman, Peters saw his friend's attention directed to the window, and found that he was reading the writing on a pane of glass, which ran thus:—

> The greatest head 'ith world, since Cæsar's,
> Was lately cropped by Doctor Peters,

for so he used to style himself; which inscription, when he saw the gentleman noticing it, he up with cane and broke the pane in pieces. This Peters was the greatest buffoon in the city, and the church in which he usually preached, was generally filled "to overflowing;" for he afforded his audience more sport than any theatre could do, and he would laugh as loud as though he was at some public game. He was hung with the regicides; but I do not believe he was headsman on the occasion of the martyrdom of the King.—*Pryme's MS. Journal.*

Lower Merion. J. W.

REMINISCENCES OF NICARAGUA.

BY PETER F. STOUT,
Ex Vice-Consul.

CHAPTER II.

Districts, Population— Towns, Population–Granada, its Architecture, Churches, Streets, Carts, Washing and Washerwomen—San Carlos, the Commandant's House, the Old Fort, the Custom House—Lake Nicaragua—Rio Frio—La Boqueta—Islands—Virgin Bay, Site, the Adjacent Country—San Miguel—Chontales—San Jorge, its Parochial—Road to Rivas.

There are six districts in this State;—1st—Rivas; 2d—Chontales, Granada, Massaya, and Mauaqua; 3d—Leon and Chiraudega; 4th—Matagalpa; 5th—Segovia; 6th—Guauacaste. And, from a census return of 1846, the combined population amounts to 264,000;—Rivas, 20,000; Chontales, &c., 95,000; Leon and Chiraudega, 90,000; Matagalpa, 40,000; Segovia, 12,000; Guauacaste, 7000. There are about twenty principal towns, the population being from 500 to 30,000 each. The principal are, Rivas, (or ancient Nicaragua,) population from 8000 to 15,000; Granada, 10,000 to 20,000; Massaya, 10,000 to 20,000; Mauaqua, 8000 to 14,000; Leon, 25,000 to 30,000; and Chiraudega, about 12,000. Granada occupies the site of the ancient Indian town, "Salteba," lying on the Lake (Nicaragua), its buildings of adobes roofed with tiles; its principal edifices, with domes and towers, of a strange medley of Moresque architecture. The windows are bird cages

on a large scale; the houses are one story, about sixteen or eighteen feet from the pavement to the eaves of the roofs, which project beyond the walls, and which serve as coverings from the rain, to the wanderers. The pavements are raised, and, consequently, the streets are about two feet or more, below; and as the town is built on terraces, during the rainy season floods of water rush down this channel with great velocity, rendering it anything but an easy task to cross from side to side.

The Churches are generally in a state of decay, and present nothing remarkable to the eye; the streets are narrow, unpaved, dusty, (in dry weather,) though better sheltered by the overhanging roofs from the tropical sun, than those of North America, and yet they are ample for convenience and beauty. But few carts being in use, riding on horseback is the principal mode in vogue, either for traffic or amusement. There are mule paths throughout the entire State, but no roads sufficiently good for a cart or wagon. It is a rich sight to mark the carters propping up their loaded carts coming down a hill; one wheel in a deep wash, while the other is on a rock, and, without the assiduous proppings up by the driver, the cargo would never reach market safely. Then, too, the screeching of the wheels; for grease is not used, only a bush, called the soap-bush, (also used for washing); this, for a time, eases the thirsty axle, but, anon, as the octagon wheels revolve, its plaintive cries for *more soap* grates harshly on the car.

It is said this custom of *non*-greasing is deemed *politically expedient*, for no enemy can approach a town without giving due notice. There seems to be something in this; but as I was green to this country, and full of the greatness, and impressed fully with the wisdom of my own, I thought then, *greasing*, whether for private or political purposes, at least a sure remedy, a certain specific for all varieties of squealing, and, I believe, I *still* entertain my old notions. Taken altogether, the city of Granada is situated beautifully, and is a truly delightful residence. This town was founded by Francisco Hernandez de Cordova, in 1522, who built a fort for its protection on the lake beach, which is now, (or was, prior to Gen. Walker's entering it,) much dilapidated, and far from being a Sebastopol. Its gray walls, and its sentry-box, which may once have resounded with martial music, are now deserted, save when the humming washerwoman hangs the banner of her profession—a shirt, or its accompaniments—on the bulwarks, to bleach in the sun. I do not envy the ladies their profession. What a vast deal of thumping they do. You send your clothes to be washed, by the dozen, say seventy-five cents per dozen; you must state, definitely, *starching* and *ironing*, or you will have extras on your bill. They take the clothes to the lake, place them between two large stones, (similar to the iron-stone,) rub them with the soap bush, and then beat them till in a foam; then a rinse in the lake; soap them again, then they beat the *clothes* upon the stone, in a vigorous manner, only to be appreciated by the poor fellow who stands gazing, inwardly questioning himself as to where he shall get buttons to replace those now flying off; and secondly, who is to do the sewing? A good white, clean shirt is a real luxury; but even a clean one, if buttonless, is only a vexation and a pest.

Yet, ere we enter the State, or prior to pushing into the interior, let us pause, (having ascended the Rio San Juan to the Lake Nicaragua,) at this spot, and survey, on either hand, the outspread panorama. To the right, on an eminence, stands the house of the Commandant of San Carlos, (where the Custom-House is located,) protected by a single gun, loaded to the muzzle probably ten years past

over whose touch-hole lies a piece of broken crockery. The old Fort lies back on a higher point, decayed, covered with gross herbage, entirely innocent now in the premises. Here are piled up a great quantity of balls; and fine cannon, of exquisite mould, lie half hidden in the grass, and the trailing, exuberant sensitive plant. Its position commands the Lake, and the mouth of the San Juan. The town consists of a few huts (caves); the Custom-House is a regular frame barn, supported on posts some sixteen feet high, under which goods are piled in beautiful confusion, around which pigs and cows litter and repose in security. The place seems dedicated to the State; and dogs, pigs, and cows here meet on equality, and reserve their rancor.

The Lake is before us—a wondrous beautiful sheet—its bosom studded with islands covered with fruits and valuable woods, while, from its bosom, rise Ometepec and Madeira, giant sentries o'er the wide, waving waste. To the left, flows the Rio Frio, from whence is derived cool, refreshing water, (the best in the State), the sources of which are in the mountains of Costa Rica; and although it has a depth of two fathoms, or more, for fifty miles above its mouth, and, consequently, navigable for small stern-wheel steamers, yet its history is sealed, naught being, as yet, known concerning it, save from the unfriendly Guatosos Indians, who inhabit its banks, and who deny all entrance; yet from some of whom, glowing accounts of gold, silver, and opals have been received, probably when "half seas over."

The islands of La Boquete swarm near the town, resembling the floating gardens of ancient Mexico. Solentinaure, Zapatero, Cubi, the Corales, and numberless small islands, all worthy of attention and of a visit, dot the lake, a full account of which we are compelled to forego in our general history. Across the lake, is situate Virgin Bay, the landing point for passengers who have left the U. States for California. It is situate on rising ground, say high table land. Its harbor is anything but safe, the bottom being hard and sandy. Prior to the introduction of steamers on the Lake, vessels anchored at certain seasons, one mile and a half from the shore, for they repeatedly, when the wind was high, dragged their anchors and were swept ashore. The site will never answer for a town of any importance, although, *now*, a pier has been constructed at great expense, for the landing of passengers.

The country around it is rich, though grown up with rank vegetation and underbrush; and, until the axe and plough are introduced, *generally*, here, and the hardy Anglo-Saxon *dares* the privations of this *new* and fertile country, malarias will abound, and the stories of Nicaragua's natural wealth and incomparable beauties will be received with suspicion, or listened to as the traditionary legend of the ancient Incas of Peru.

We have now crossed the Lake, without visiting San Miguel, which is situate on the little bay of the same name, twenty miles above San Carlos, the country around which is generally uninviting. Beyond, lie the volcanic mountains of Chontales. The shores are low and undulating, and the entire country is good grazing ground. Those desirous of visiting what is generally termed Nicaragua, push across, and leisurely survey this side of the lake from points, where, probably, the outlined hills present a more favorable prospect or aspect, than a nearer view would; at least I will venture to assert, standing in comfort, the mind *imagines* beyond the black, volcanic masses, green fields, and luxurious savannahs, and creates for itself such images as are refreshing and pleasant to dwell upon. We

shall speak of Chontales, however, soon, and give data and particulars.

A few miles above Virgin Bay, (North,) on the opposite shore from San Carlos, on rising ground, stands the little village of San Jorge, (the port of Rivas). It is a pretty spot; almost every house surrounded with the coyal palm, the banana, plantain, and the cocoa-nut tree. In its little plazza stands its parochial church, dedicated to San Jorge, built in the uniform moresque style. It is quite large, and contains twelve or thirteen altars, exclusive of the main one, covering the back part entire. It does not contain many relics, nor is it richly ornamented, but answers that for which it was intended—a house of God. The Padre I met acted as my cicerone, and, after showing me the church and the village, invited me to his house, where he regaled me with a good cigar, a glass of good wine, and his blessing. I sprang into the stirrup, and, after promising to deliver certain letters for him, and also to call again, returned to the main road and pushed forward to Rivas.

The road verges greatly—its length, probably, about one league, (three miles,) according to the humor of the questioned party. Should he be in good humor, a league is about three miles; if otherwise, you may, and most certainly *will*, find it five or six. Scattered along it, you find ranches hidden in orange and lemon groves, while, lining it, the mango trees, (truly, to me, the handsomest in the world,) woo the weary traveller to a siesta. You are tempted to rest; the cocoa-nut hangs from its eyrie, temptingly, while the rattle of the milk within *sounds* refreshing; and you leap from your mule to take a full one, and to forget absence from those in a distant clime.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Short was my stay in this vain world,
All but a seeming laughter;
Therefore work well thy words and ways,
For thou com'st posting after.

FROM A VILLAGE IN SUFFOLK.

Life is only a pain below;
When Christ appears, then—up we go.

ON A COBBLER.

Death at a Cobbler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the *mending* hand:
At last came death, and in foul weather,
Ript the *sole* from off the upper leather;
Death, by a trick of art, then laid in fast,
His *awl* he called for, but Death brought his *last*.

ON A LAWYER.

God works wonders now and then.
Here lies a Lawyer, dy'd an honest man.

ON THE KING OF SPAIN.

Here lies the last King Charles of Spain,
Who all his life ne'er made campaign,
He made no children—girl nor boy,
Nor gave two wives one nuptial joy;
What has this valiant Prince, then, done,
Who long possest so vast a throne?
E'en nothing, neither good nor ill;
Nay, not so much as made his will.

ON DEAN SWIFT.

Here lies one Swift, one Harley's master tool,
Spendthrift of wit, who died at length a fool;
Who for his jest, ne'er spared on friends or foes:
He's gone—but where—the Lord of Orford knows.

ON MRS. BEHN.

Here lies a proof that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality.

ON DR. JOHNSON.

Here lies poor Johnson—reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear;
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was—but self-sufficient, rude and vain;
Ill bred and overbearing in dispute;
A scholar and a Christian—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talked, and coughed, and spit.

BERKLEY CHURCH YARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make men laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce:

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickys enough are still behind,
To laugh at, by and by.

IN A VILLAGE, NEAR BRIDGEWATER.

Kate Jones, a wealthy spinster, aged four score,
Who'd many aches, and fancyed many more;
Knitting her friends to the grave with a churchyard cough,
Long hung she on death's nose, till one March morn
There came a wind, north east, and blew her off,
Leaving her Potticary quite forlorn.

DR. MESSENGER MOWREY, DIED DECEMBER 26, 1788, AGED 95.

Here lies my old limbs, my vexation now ends,
For I've liv'd much too long for myself and my friends;
As for church yards and grounds, which the parsons call *holy*,
'Tis a rank piece of priestcraft, and founded in folly.
In short, I despise them; and as for my soul,
Which may mount the last day, with my bones, from this hole;
I think that it really hath nothing to fear
From the God of mankind, whom I truly revere:
What the next world may be, little troubles my pate;
If no better than this, I beseech thee oh! Fate,
When the bodies of millions fly up in a riot,
To let the old carcase of Mowrey be quiet.

ON A WOMAN WHO HAD THREE HUSBANDS.

Here lies the body of Mary Sextone,
Who pleas'd three men and never vex'd one;
This she can't say beneath the next stone.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1720.

The following account is taken from the *Evening Bulletin*—we visited the rooms where the curiosity is exhibited, and took a minute account of the picture, with the intention of publishing it in the A. N. & Q. But seeing that a worthy coadjutor had given such a graphic account of it, we prefer to publish his, thinking that it is much better written than we could write it:

—

A CURIOUS OLD VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA.—We saw yesterday, at the picture store of Mr. James S. Earle, Chesnut street, below Ninth, a picture that would gladden the heart of every local antiquarian, and which cannot fail to interest every intelligent Philadelphian who sees it. It was sent home from London by the Hon. George M. Dallas, American minister to England, and it has become the property of the Philadelphia Library. The following extract from a letter of Mr. Dallas, dated London, 12th January, 1857, to I. Pemberton Hutchinson, Esq., will explain how the relic fell into his possession.

"I will send for the Philadelphia Library an antique daub, painted, as is believed here, in 1720, purporting to be 'The South East prospect of the City of Philadelphia,' by Peter Cooper, painter. It is on torn canvass, some 8 feet long by 1½ wide. One of the members of Parliament, in looking among the rubbish of a city curiosity shop, picked it up and brought it to me. The principal buildings of the town at that day are pointed out, and twenty-four good old Philadelphia householders are named in the margin. Although worthless on any score but that connected with 'Auld Lang Syne,' it presents at half a glance so striking a contrast to the 'Consolidated City' of 1857, that it has its interest for a corner of the Philadelphia Library."

The picture is eight feet long by about twenty inches wide. It is painted on a canvass which was greatly dilapidated and broken by rough handling and careless stowing; but Mr. Earle has backed it with new canvass and stretched it upon a frame, and by dint of a little cleaning and varnishing, he has restored the relic to a very excellent condition. There is some little uncertainty expressed by Mr. Dallas, in his letter, concerning the exact date at which the picture was painted; but there is no doubt in our mind of the correctness of the tradition that it was done in 1720. Christ Church was built in 1727, and the State House in 1729, and such famous structures would of course have appeared on the picture had

they been in existence when it was painted; while there are structures represented on the view which were not built much prior to 1720. From these facts we assume that the proper date has been named.

At the top of the picture is the following inscription:

THE SOUTH EAST PROSPECT
OF
THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.
By Peter Cooper, *Painter.*

At the bottom is a key to the most prominent features of the view, the buildings, &c., being marked with numbers corresponding to those on the key. The latter is as follows:

1. The Draw Bridge.
2. Buds Building.
3. Edward Shipens.
4. Ant Morris Brew House.
5. Capt Vinings.
6. Jonathan Dickinsons.
7. John Witpains.
8. Capt Anthonys.
9. George Painters.
10. Jos Shippens.
11. William Fishbourns Stores.
12. The Scales.
13. Jo Carpenters Store.
14. Sam Carpenters Store.
15. Sam Carpenters Dwelling Ho.
16. Saml Bunkleys.
17. Quaker Meeting House.
18. The Court House.
19. Abrm Bickleys.
20. Thomas Masters.
21. Sam Perrys.
22. Bank Meeting House.
23. Tho Chalkley.
24. Penny Pott House.

Until the discovery of this curious old painting, Heap's "East Prospect" of the city, engraved and published in London in 1754, and republished in 1854 in this city, was the oldest view known of Philadelphia. Heap's picture, also had a key to the principal features of the view; but as the city was then beginning to feel its importance, and could boast sundry churches, a State House, &c., the artist did not condescend to notice private buildings, so that the artist who cons his (Heap's) picture, is left to surmise which of the buildings is the famous Penny Pott Tavern, which is "Shippy's Great House," and which Jonathan Dickinson's palatial mansion.

Master Peter Cooper flourished more than thirty years earlier than Master George Heap, and in the picture sent home by Mr. Dallas, we find that Master Cooper has pictured off a very cozy little town. Philadelphia then kept within very modest bounds; there was considerable vacant ground between the Penny Pott Tavern at Vine street wharf and its next neighbors to the south, and the Draw-bridge at Dock street wharf forms the southern limit of the view. The Swedish settlement about the Swede's Church, in Southwark, was too remote to be taken into consideration by Mr. Cooper. At the period the newly discovered picture illustrates there were very few houses west of Second street, and, in fact, in that very year the bridge over Dock creek, at Second street, was first projected as a very great improvement, and the same Daniel Boonish sort of spirit prompted the enterprising Common Councilmen in 1720 to order the erection of forty-eight market stalls west of the Court House at Second and ye High street. These historical facts go to prove that at the period at which Mr. Cooper displayed his artistic skill on a prospect of Philadelphia, the city was in sooth (to use an elegant modern phrase) rather a one horse sort of an affair. The artist made most of his subject, and scatter queer-looking observatories or cupolas (he even put one on the Quaker Meeting House) very liberally through

the town, and he filled the river quite comfortably with all sorts of craft from small sailing skiffs and row boats, to high pooped ships, every vessel of them displaying the British flag, and looking intensely consequential.

We will attempt to indite a sort of guide to those of our readers who will inspect the painting, or rather we will strive to elaborate the key with which the artist has accompanied his picture. The numbers commence at the left hand, or southern end of the picture, and the prominent points are numbered in regular order up to Vine street, where the Penny Pott House forms the finale of the town and of the picture.

No 1. The Drawbridge. This structure formerly spanned Dock Creek at Front street. Every Philadelphian knows there was a drawbridge there in old times, and, in fact, Dock street wharf is still very generally called the Drawbridge wharf.

No. 2. Buds Building. This portion of the painting is indistinct. It is intended to represent a block of houses built on Front street, immediately above the drawbridge, by a Mr. Budd, and known as "Budd's Row." Much that is very interesting could be written concerning this row.

No. 3. Edward Shipens House. This is necessarily thrown somewhat into the background in the picture; it is represented as a large red building, and it appears to stand on Front street. Shippen's Mansion, or "Shippeys great house," as it was called in old times, in reality stood on the west side of Second street, between Dock and Spruce streets. The house was very large and elegant, surrounded with gardens and having a green lawn sloping gently down to Dock Creek. Mr. Shippen was the first Mayor of Philadelphia. Sir William Keith, Governor of the province, occupied this house in 1720, the period at which the picture was painted.

No. 4. Ant Morris Brew House. This building appears to be located on Water street. We do not recollect ever to have heard or read of such a brewery. Anthony Morris was mayor in 1704.

No. 5. Capt. Vinings. This house is near Morris's Brewery on the picture. Benjamin Vining was a member of the Common Council in 1720. Perhaps he was the Captain whose house is represented.

No. 6. Jonathan Dickinsons. This is the most imposing building on the picture. It is represented as a very large three storied red structure, facing the water, above the drawbridge. Jonathan Dickinson was a merchant and a Friend, who came to Philadelphia in 1697. He purchased, at the rate of 26s 8d per acre, 1230 acres of ground in the Northern Liberties, extending from Second street to Bush Hill! A snug little property.

No. 7. John Witpains. John Whitpain, John Witpain or John Witpane, as it used to be written promiscuously, was the owner of a large house, made of plaster and patch work, which stood in Front street below Walnut. It tumbled to pieces in after days, and was long known as "Whitpain's Great Ugly House."

No. 8. Capt. Anthonys. We know nothing of Captain Anthony, except that in the picture his house stands hard by Whitpain's.

No. 9. George Painters. We are unable to say who George Painter was, that his house should be immortalized in print and paint.

No. 10. Joseph Shippen. Joseph Shippen was a prominent citizen in his day, and the picture represents his dwelling as a fine building.

No. 11. Wm. Fishbourns Stores. These belonged to a wealthy Quaker merchant who was mayor of the city at the

time the painting we are describing was made. His stores are represented in two distinct blocks; they were located on the wharf near Walnut street.

No. 12. The Scales. We must confess ourselves entirely at fault here. A tall building thus marked stands near the wharf above Fishbourne's stores; but we do not know anything of its history or purpose. In 1705 Samuel Carpenter wrote that he had sold the Scales to Henry Babcock.

No. 13. Jo. Carpenters Stores. Joshua Carpenter lived in a splendid structure which occupied the site on Chesnut street upon which the Arcade now stands. We presume that No. 13 was his store. It is represented on the picture as a substantial brown-looking structure, near the wharf, with a gable in the centre of the front, and two rows of dormer windows in the roof.

No. 14. Sam Carpenters Store, and near by, on the picture, stands

No. 15. Sam Carpenters Dwelling Ho. Samuel Carpenter was a very rich merchant of old times; he lived at one time on the wharf above Walnut street. The dwelling is represented as being large and stylish. It was Samuel Carpenter who built the Slate Roof House which is still standing at the corner of Second street and Norris's alley. It was once the residence of Wm. Penn.

No. 16. Samuel Bunkley's. A large building which stands back from the river. We are unable to say who Samuel Bunkley was.

No. 17. Quaker Meeting House. This building stood on the South West corner of Second and Market streets. It was built in 1695, on ground given for the purpose by George Fox, who wanted the house in the middle of the town, and who gave two acres of ground for the Friends to put up their horses on when they attended meeting.

No. 18. The Court House. This old building, which stood in the middle of Market street at Second, was built in 1707. It was considered a magnificent affair in its time. Most of our Philadelphia readers will remember the quaint old structure. There are many curious and interesting historical incidents connected with its history, a recital of which would scarcely be in place here.

No. 19. Abraham Bicklys. Abraham Bickly was a Common Councilman in 1705. His house is represented as standing above Market street.

No. 20. Thomas Masters. Thomas Masters' house is represented as standing back a considerable distance from the river. Thomas Masters was an Alderman in 1704, and he was afterwards Mayor for several successive years.

No. 21. Sam Perry's. This is a large four-storied building upon the wharf. We cannot say who Sam Perry was.

No. 22. Bank Meeting House. The Bank Meeting House was built in 1685. It stood upon the bank in Front street, above Arch. It was torn down in 1789.

No. 23. Tho Chalkley. A large house, which appears to have been located about Front and Race streets. We know nothing of Mr. Chalkley.

No. 24. Penny Pott House. This tavern, the exact location of which was not, for a long time, definitely settled by our local antiquarians, forms the northern bound of the picture. It is represented as a two story brick, or rather, as two two story brick buildings; as though the second one had been erected to enlarge the accommodations of the original house. It stood on the upper side of Vine street, on or near the present line of Delaware avenue, and was a famous place in its time.

The house took its name from beer being sold there for a penny a pot, and as early as 1701 Penn decreed that Penny

Pot Landing should be left open and free to all. There were no favorable landings, until the wharves were built, between Vine street and Dock. Between those points the ground was a high bluff. John Key, the first person born in Philadelphia, first saw the light in a cave near the spot where the Penny Pot House was afterwards built.

We have scarcely referred to any of the interesting points represented in this painting; while in some instances our antiquarian lore failed to give us any clue to who certain parties were whose houses are represented. Those who are familiar with the men and things of Philadelphia a hundred and forty years ago, have a fine assortment of nuts to crack here. They can, if they think proper, send us the kernels when they reach them.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1777.

The following account, from the *London Magazine*, for December, 1777, is highly interesting, on account of its present position:

"Philadelphia is the capital city of the province of Pennsylvania, which, before the troubles in America began, was esteemed to be one of the most valuable of the British settlements in the western hemisphere. The city is situated between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, about four miles above their juncture, and about an hundred English miles from the sea; it stands on a healthy spot of clayey earth, and the air is generally esteemed salubrious, except in the time of fogs, which happen frequently. The plan for the building of this beautiful city, is esteemed one of the best that was ever laid out by human skill. The ground was marked out in the year 1682, in the form of an oblong, including 160 rectangular plots, of eight acres each, intended to form twenty streets, extending eastward to the banks of the Delaware, and westward to those of the Schuylkill; these rivers being considered as the natural boundaries of the plan at those two points. Eight streets were to intersect and run through the others from north to south, leaving, however, an area in the centre, of ten acres, for a spacious square. These eight streets running north and south, were to be, each, one mile long, and the twenty, from east to west, two miles each, being the distance between the rivers. But this *masterly design* is never *likely to be completed*, owing to the very *great expense*, and the want of a sufficient *number of inhabitants* to occupy such an *extent of buildings*. The city, in its present state, is not regularly built above one mile in length and a half a mile in breadth, on the west side of the Delaware. The two principal streets, one of which is called the Market, or High street, are one hundred feet wide; many are sixty feet, and none less than fifty. The houses are mostly built of brick, and consist of several stories; the greatest part have small gardens and orchards; and several canals are cut from the rivers, at proper distances, which are both convenient and ornamental. The warehouses are large, numerous, and commodious, and the docks for ship-building in every respect well adapted for the purpose. The town hall, the college, the library, and other public edifices, are erected on the great square, and have a noble effect. The number of private houses is computed to be about 2000, several of which are so handsome and large, that they are said to be worth four or five thousand pounds sterling, each. There are twelve places of public worship, two of which are churches for the Quakers, the religion of that sect prevailing here; though almost every Christian sect that can be named is known and followed here, and throughout all the province; the inhabitants being a mixture of Ger-

mans, Swedes, and Dutch, with the descendants of the British subjects who originally formed the settlements, and such British and Irish emigrants as have, from time to time, gone over. The inhabitants of Philadelphia, before the present unhappy war, were making a rapid progress in the sciences; they established a society for the improvement of natural philosophy, and published one volume of their transactions, which does honor to the institution. If any of our friends in the different States find any curious old reminiscences which bear on the antiquities of the place, we shall be very glad to see them at any time."

JONSONIA.

Malone, in his "Historical Account of the English Stage," published in 1790, says: "In 1629, Ben Jonson's Comedy, entitled the New Inn, was performed at the Black Friars Theatre, and deservedly damned." This is Malone's critical *opinion*; but whether correct or not, may, it seems to me, be *deservedly* questioned. Such a brief and peremptory condemnation may justly raise doubts, as to the fact of the critic having ever read the play he sits in judgment on.

From many scenes full of vigorous poetry, and nobleness of sentiment and feeling, contained in this "deservedly damned" play, the following lines have been selected, as the best answer to Malone's unmerited censure of it. They are from the 3d scene of act 4th. The theme of the lines is "true valor" as distinguished from false.

Lovel. "It is the greatest virtue, and the safety
Of all mankind; the object of it is danger,
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence:
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering of formidable things,
But a true science of distinguishing
What is good or evil; springing out of reason,
And tends to perfect honesty; the scope
Is always honor, and the public good:
It is no valor for a private cause.

Lord Beaufort. "No; not for reputation?

Lovel. "That is man's idol, set up against
God, the maker of all laws.
He hath commanded us we should not kill;
And yet we say, we must for reputation.
What *honest* man can either fear his own,
Or will hurt another's reputation.
Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor:
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor too. The office of a man
Is to preserve his dignity.

Lord Beaufort. "But men, when they are heated, and in passion,
Cannot consider.

Lovel. "Then it is not valor.
I never thought an angry person valiant:
Virtue is never aided by a vice.
What need is there of anger and of tumult,
When reason can do more?

Lord Beaufort. "O yes, 'tis profitable, it makes us fierce
And fit to undertake. [rash;

Lovel. "So will drink make us both bold and
And frenzy, if you will. These are *poor*
Helps, and *virtue* needs them not. 'Tis an odious
Remedy to owe our health to a disease.
Angry valor proceeds from passion, not from
Judgment: brutes and wicked persons have it;
Swayed by violence and mere revenge.
The things true valor is employed about
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease;
The *least* is death. A valiant man
Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways;
He undertakes by reason, not by chance.
His valor is the salt to his other virtues.
The concomitance of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet;
He can assure himself against all rumor
Laughs at contumelies being advanced
Where injury cannot reach him, nor any
Aspersion touch him with soil. The purpose
Of an injury is to vex and trouble me;
Now, nothing can do that to him that's valiant.
No wickedness is stronger than what opposes it.
Not fortune's self, where she encounters virtue,
But comes off lamely. Why should a wise man,
Then, confess himself the weaker; by the
Feeling of a fool's wrong? An injury
May be meant me; I may choose if I will

Take it. We are come to that delicacy
And tenderness of sense, that we think an
Insolence worse than an injury; words
Worse than deeds. Such poor sounds, as is the
Lie, or common words of spite, wise laws
Never thought worthy of revenge,
And 'tis the narrowness of human
Nature, and our poverty of spirit,
To take exception at these things. The main
Part of wrong is our vice of taking it.
If a great person do me an affront,
I will bear it out of patience, or
Necessity: shall I do more for fear
Than for judgment? If a woman or a
Child give me the lie, would I be angry?
Not if I were in my right wits. If light
Wrongs touch me not, no more shall great ones.
There is nought so sacred with us, but may
Find a sacriligious person; yet the
Thing is no less Divine, because a profane
Hand can reach it."

I cannot close this extract more appropriately, than by selecting a few remarks on this great poet, from his best editor, Mr. Gifford. "To do Jonson full justice, we must regard him in the light of a moral satirist. If the comedies of his cotemporaries effected any beneficial purpose; if they led to the exposure of, and detestation of any evil quality; or to the correction of any prevalent vice or folly, it was by *accident*, not design; but with Jonson, this was the *primary* object. The judgment of Jonson was correct, and severe; his knowledge of human nature extensive and profound. It has been a practice with biographers to institute a comparison between him and Shakespeare; but the utility of this is not, in any case, very apparent; unless it is imagined that Shakespeare is best set off by throwing every object brought near him into the shade. Shakespeare needs no light but his own. As he has never been equalled, it is invidious to speculate on the precise degree in which others fall short of him. Let him, with his own Julius Cæsar, "bestride this narrow world like a Colossus;" that is his due; but let not the rest be compelled "to walk under his huge legs, and peep about, to find themselves dishonorable graves." INDEX.

PHILADELPHIA ESSAYISTS.

No. 1.—THE TRANGRAM.

The "Salmagundi, or the Whim Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. and others," was commenced at New York in January, 1807, half a century ago, by Washington Irving, John K. Paulding, and others. The success of this work seems to have suggested the starting of a similar series of Essays in this city, which was commenced August 10, 1809, under the title of "The Trangram, or Fashionable Trifler, by Christopher Crag, Esq., his grandmother, and uncle," with the following motto:—

"How now, ye cunning, sharp and secret wags?
What is'st ye do?
A deed with a double name."

The second number appeared November 1, 1809, and the third, February 1, 1810. Mr. Blake, the music seller, still living, was the publisher; and the printers were Mordecai M. Noah, since well known as Major Noah, (at that time a journeyman gilder in Philadelphia,) Alexander S. Coxe, Esq., a son of Tench Coxe, Esq., afterwards a member of the bar, and a third person, whose name we have been unable to ascertain, but who was still living a few years ago. Each of the three assumed one of the characters in the partnership; Christopher Crag, his grandmother, and his uncle.

There is considerable talent in many of the papers in the Trangram, and, as our copy has had the advantage of being annotated by some one who lived at the time, we are not left in the dark, as we otherwise would be, as to the characters introduced in the work. We might have guessed that the "tun-bellied" manager was Mr. Warren, and that Tristram Rostrum was the late Tristram B. Freeman,

the auctioneer; but without the aid of these notes, how could we have divined that Dapper Dumpling was Andrew Hamilton; Billy Mushroom, James N. Barker; Oliver Crank, Joseph Dennie; and my Lady Bolus, Mrs. Doctor Gl——th?

The second number contains an account of the cooking school kept in Dock street by the late Mrs. Goodfellow, for the instruction of young ladies in pastry-work. According to the writer, Mrs. G. had been five times married.

An Essay on Dancing, from "My Uncle," gives the following list of the dancing masters who flourished (their legs) at that date, in Philadelphia,—Canai, Darier, McDowall, Cenas, Sicard, Francis, Quesnet, Durang, Auriel, Falconè, Dupouy, Labbè, Trigaud, and lastly, Mr. Whale, an Englishman, of whom the writer says—"Mr. Whale has the most unfortunate name in Christendom. I never hear it mentioned but I am in "a *sea* of troubles" for fear the puny whipsters of our clime may seize upon it, and torture into the shape of some *scaly* pun, some ready repartee, at which they are so famous."

In the third number is a very amusing account of the matrimonial adventures of Jeremy Corsica, (Jerome Bonaparte,) in Bangitore, (Baltimore). We are informed that "the young ladies, on his arrival at Bangitore, struggled hard to vie with each other in showing him every attention, in exhibiting their accomplishments, and in striving to command his admiration, and ensure his regards, for the *crowns* of their little heads itched for a regal *coronet*. Ambition, you know, my dear Kit, becomes a flaming belle as well as a knight-errant; and it would be paying them but a poor compliment, to assert, that their affections would be either swayed or subjected by any pitiful notions of independence. No; thank heaven, my asseverations have been of some utility, and they now regard the tip of a foreigner's finger with more delight than the *tout ensemble* of their polished countrymen." Unfortunately, this running after titled Europeans, on the part of our would-be fashionables, was not peculiar to the year 1810.

To this *Note* we desire to append two queries:—Who was the third author of the Trangram? Were more than three numbers published?

(*From the collection of F. J. Dreer, Esq.*)

AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF ROBERT MORRIS, THE GREAT REVOLUTIONARY FINANCIER, WRITTEN WHILE IN PRISON.

No. 1. *May* 15, 1798.

DEAR SIR,—I get frighted as I go through my memorandums, at the number and amount of our notes; then I leave off the work and lay the papers aside, not for them to cool, but that my mind may do it. I received your letter of yesterday, by which I see the Prison scene had made its impression on your mind. You must come every Sunday, and it will grow so familiar that you will think little of it, so long as you keep out on week days. We shall then have opportunities to concert how to liberate me and keep you clear. Remember Jno. Baker's accounts.

I am, dear sir, yours, &c.,

ROB. MORRIS.

John Nicholson, Esq.

(*From the Collection of F. J. Dreer, Esq.*)

The following letter of Lord Chesterfield has not been before published to our knowledge. It will be seen that it is in his usual felicitous style, charming for its method, and we are sure that whatever comes from such an elegant pen cannot but be highly appreciated by the scholar.

Paris, Nov. ye 4th, N. S., 1741.

DEAR BOY,—Our correspondence has been for some time suspended by the hurry

and dissipation of this place, which left me no time to write; and it will soon cease entirely by my return to England, which will be, I believe, in about a fortnight. I own I am impatient to see the great progress which I am persuaded you have made, both in your learning and behaviour, during my six months absence. I joyn behaviour with learning because it is almost as necessary, and they should always go together for their advantage; mere learning without good breeding is pedantry, and good breeding without learning is but frivolous; whereas learning adds solidity to good breeding, and good breeding gives charms and graces to learning. This place is without dispute the seat of good breeding; the people here are civil without ceremony, and familiar without rudeness. They are neither disagreeably forward, nor unforwardly bashful and shamefac'd. They speak to their superiors with as little concern, and as much ease, though with more respect, as to their inferiors; and they speak to their inferiors with as much civility, though less respect, as to their superiors. They despise us, and with reason, for our ill breeding. On the other hand, we despise them for their want of learning, and we are in the right on't; so that you see the sure way to be admir'd by both nations is to joyn learning with good breeding. As to learning, consider that you have but one year more with Mr. Mattaire before you go to Westminster School, and that your credit will depend upon the place you are putt in there at first; 'and if you can at under eleven years old be putt in the fourth form, above boys of thirteen or fourteen, it will give people very favourable impressions of you, and be of great advantage to you for the future. As to good breeding, you can't attend to it too soon or too much; it must be acquired while young, or it is never quite easy, and if acquir'd young, will always last and be habitual. Horace says, quo semel est imbreta recens, servabit adorem testa dive, to show the advantage of giving people good habits and impressions in their youth. I say nothing to you now as to honor, virtue, truth and all moral duties, which are to be strictly observed at all ages and at all times, because I am sure you are convinced of the indispensable necessity of practising 'em all, and of the infamy as well as the guilt of neglecting or acting contrary to any of 'em. May you excell 'em all, that you may be lov'd by every body, as you are hitherto by your father,

CHESTERFIELD.

From the Collection of T. H. Mornell, Esq.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY ROBERT SOUTHEY TO THE POET KENYON, WHO RECENTLY DIED AND LEFT DR. SOUTHEY, THE POET'S SON, £8,000.

Keswick, 14 *June*, 1837.

MY DEAR KENYON,—I have made search for the verses, and thank you for your suggestion. They are better than I expected to find them, and they shall be inserted in the second volume, where you will also see my old friend Wat Tyler—my uncle Wat, I used to call him, upon the logical ground that as my aunt's name was Tyler, my uncle's name ought to be Tyler also. If I had had a third coz, he would have stood a fair chance of being christened Walter, in joint reference to my uncles Walter Scott and Walter Landor.

You would render me a service if you would purchase for me a set of Rousseau's works in good condition, and at a reasonable price, whenever such a set may come in your way. Catalogues are not always to be trusted concerning the condition of books. Thirty years ago I discovered that *neat*, in a Scotch catalogue, meant no more than that the book was not absolutely filthy, and of late years

English booksellers have approached towards the Scotch standard of neatness and honesty.

Now you know books are the pride of my eye as well as the joy of my heart.

Cuthbert will be in town (on his way home) before this note. He expressed his intention of looking for every body whom he ought to see, and as that certainly includes with him all whom he likes to see, I dare say he will knock at your door.

God bless you.

Yrs affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The last volume of Cowper, containing the remainder of his letters, is sent off to the printer to-day.

From the Collection of C. B. Norton, N. Y.

[ORIGINAL.]

Fort Norman, 26 *June*, 1826.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that we had not the pleasure of meeting at this place, as it would have afforded me the opportunity of thanking you for your kind intentions as to procuring for the expedition specimens of natural history from the vicinity of your winter quarters. The animals to which you allude in your letter to Dr. Richardson, are much required in our museums in England, as well as Scotland, and therefore would be prized as rarities. I have made repeated applications for them to be procured without effect; but I now hope through your means that these specimens will be added to Dr. Richardson's collection, and you may be assured that I shall not fail to mention to the committee of the Hudson's Bay Company your good intentions in our behalf.

I have considered that it will not be necessary to send down here all the Pemmicam which we have reason to expect from Fort Chipcivyon this autumn. There will only require to be forwarded to Fort Norman twelve bags of Pemmicam, four of which are to be forwarded on to Fort Good Hope, and the remainder of the Pemmicam I wish to be kept at Fort Simpson for the use of my party on its outgoing journey next year; all the grease, however, is to be sent to Fort Norman. I shall be obliged by your causing this arrangement to be made.

I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,

JOHN FRANKLIN,

Captain and Commander Land Arctic Expedition.

To Mr. McPherson, or the gentleman acting for the H. and B. Co., Fort Simpson.

[ORIGINAL.]

LETTER FROM GENERAL GREENE.

(*From the Original in possession of William J. Allinson, of Burlington, N. J.*)

The letter is addressed to "Abel Thomas, public Friend."

Camp before Ninety Six, June 7th, 1781.

GENTLEMEN,—Your letter of the 6th is before me. From the good opinion I have of the people of your profession, being bred and educated among them, I am persuaded your visit is purely religious, and in this persuasion have granted you a pass, and I shall be happy if your ministry shall contribute to the establishment of morality and brotherly kindness among the people, than which no country ever wanted it more.

I am sensible your principles and professions are opposed to war, but I know you are fond of both political and religious liberty; this is what we are contending for, and by the blessing of God we hope to establish them upon such a broad basis as to put it out of the power of our enemies to shake their foundation. In this laudable endeavor I expect at least to have the good wishes of your people, as well for their own sakes as for ours, who

wish to serve them upon all occasions not inconsistent with the public good.

I am, gentlemen,
Your most obedient,
humble servant,
NATH. GREENE.

LETTER OF RICHARD BUTLER.

(*From the Collection of J. C. Davis, Esq.*)

[ORIGINAL.]

DEAR SIR,—I received your fav'r of the 9th Sept., and would have been very happy if your Carolina accts. had been true; but alas, they are (like many others) premature; I fully agree with you in opinion with respect to the result of this campaign, and believe our swords (through necessity) will rust in the scabbards, and that there will be few broken bones amongst us; but I hope you'l do us the justice to believe it is not our faults or want of inclination to Risque, but without the Command of the Sound and North River all our attempts against N. York must be abortive. Another thing, our supplies of provisions must be more regular, and not an army starving seven days out of fifteen in this active time and part of a campaign, which I assure you has been our unfortunate situation; add to this the villinies of that arch villain of distressed memory, *Arnold*, who had sold to Clinton the Important Post of West Point, and was so nigh completing the affair that the Troops were actually on board the Ships to take possession, and only waited the return of Major Andre (General Clinton's aid), who came up to settle the infernal plans with Arnold and was fortuately taken on his return to N. York, with maps of all the forts and approaches of West Point, also letters to Clinton and Arnold's Pass for his security; he had chang'd his dress and left his Regimental Coat at one Smith's, which brought him under the denomination of a Spy, for which he was tried and with his life has paid the forfeit on the 2nd instant: his friend Smith is now under trial, and is expected to share the same fate. Arnold escap'd by the stupidity of one Col. Jamesson of the Dragoons, who had Andre in custody, and permitted him to write to Arnold, though all the papers mentioned were in his possession, which ought to have induced him to order him into Confinement, notwithstanding which General Washington (to whom he had sent an account of the whole affair) was within half an hour of catching Arnold in his Quarters, and he only got off in a Boat to the Frigate that lay in the River, with the Clothes on his back, and the Scoundrel was so mean as to give up his bargemen, who he deceived by telling them he was going on board as a flag of truce. But the British excited by the generosity of General Washington, who let a crew of theirs that had been detained on their descent at Honey-Point, let all come away. Arnold has since wrote twice to General Washington respecting himself and Major Andre, and threatened both the Court and the General should they execute him; also that he Arnold had acted on the same principle that actuated him all the war, (that is the general good of his country.) How you will reconcile his conduct to the idea I don't know, but I cannot for my life. On the whole I think him one of the greatest villains that ever disgraced a nation. We marched Gen Irvine's Brigade to this post on discovery of the plot; and General Wayne's part of the way to reinforce us, in case of necessity; but all being now quiet we move the 10th instant towards Jersey, where the chief of the army are marched to-day; and the York troops with the Jersey and some others are to garrison this place. We hear nothing of the 2nd division or Count d'Guechien and his Fleet, and the others with the French troops are quite safe and quiet at Rhode Island. I have no other news worth your

notice, therefore now pray you and every other worthy character to use your influence in raising a force for the war, or God knows what will be the result yet. You are pleased to mention, *I suppose as a pattern to the profligate army*, the chaste conduct of our militia, whom God continue in their chastity and ease and incline them to the good, and not the ruin of their country, by adding the enormous expense of *their chaste* campaigns to the already sinking burthen that the country groans under. Your friends here are very well, and I suppose write you. I pray you to present my best wishes to Mrs. Montgomery and the young ladies, and believe me to be your sincere friend, and obedient servant, RICHARD BUTLER.

John Montgomery, Esq're.

West Point, 8th October, 1780.

LETTER OF WM. SHEPPARD.

(*From the Collection of R. C. Davis, Esq.*)

[ORIGINAL.]

Springfield, Sept. 14, 1781.

SIR,—I think it my duty to inform your Exeellency that for some time past but very few recruits for the Continental Army have ben sent on, altho there is a considerable number wanting to compleat the quotas for the Counties of Hampshire Worcester, Berkshire and Bristol; the other Counties I have no charge of. Enclosed is returns of the number I have received from the above named counties, and the number that have deserted from this post before they marched; also the number that are unfit for to do duty in the field, and the number that are unfit for any service, which I have discharged; there is many of the recruits that have been musterd, suprintendant ordered to this post, but for want of proper persons to conduct them, deserted before they arrived, and some deserted after. I deliver them to the Officer to march to Camp, and many others deserted soon after they arrived at Camp; so that by reason of bad men been hired into the army which are of no kind of service, the line of the Massachusetts still remains weak. General Washington's Expectation's disappointed, and the good people of the Commonwealth who have been careful to procure good men are much discouraged, and by this means public operations disconcerted. A number of men are employed to procure recruits for the Continental Army, who buy old negrows from the State of New York and other places and hiring stragglers. Designing villianys, many of which desert immediately with large sums of money, and do no service to their country. If the people at large will not exert themselves to detect deserters the army will be ruined. I have been at much expense recovering deserters, and could recover a number more I have heard of did not ernel poverty prevent: could I be assured of bare necessary expenses being allowed on producing proper accounts and vouchers I would use every exertion to detect and bring to justice all villianeys I hear of, otherways the juditious public cant expect it: the provision of stopping such expense from the soldiers pay seems to be so remote that none are stimulated thereby to exert themselves. Sir if there is not a prospect of the Towns compleating their quota of men for the three years service, I must beg leave of your excellency to return my Books to the Secretary's Office and join my regt., as it will be idle for me to continue here longer than is absolutely necessary. I was ordered by General Lincoln to direct the three months militia from the counties of Berkshire, Hampshire and old York to Albany; the two former are mostly marched, but very few from the latter. I am requested by Captain Carpenter who Commands the guards at this post to observe to your Excellency that he shall soon have no men but what I have invalided

as specified on the returns, and it seems to be necessary at present to complete the guard to near forty men as they are often called on fatigue, &c. If there is men in that department not fit for field duty, and could be spared it would be much better to have the whole guard of such, than to have men for short terms, and on differcut establishments and in this even it would be necessary to clothe them this fall to enable them to do duty through the winter. as I find they are badly cloathed. expecting to be furnished by the public. I have the honor to be your Excellencys most obedient humble Servant WM. SHEPPARD,

Col. of the 4th Mas'tt. Regt.

To His Excellency Governor Hancock.

[ORIGINAL.]

From Abraham De la Pryme's MS. Journal.

KING'S EVIL.

In Macaulay's History of England, is a brief but interesting notice of an old custom, long prevalent in England, but which has now become obsolete. We allude to the King's cure of the scrofula, by the laying of his hand on the sick. This foolish and slavish submission to the superstition of the age, was of a character in keeping with the ignorance of both the clergy and laity. For over six centuries the Kings of England were frequently annoyed by the number which assailed the Court, for the benefit of the King's "sacred touch," until, eventually, the evil had to be assuaged by an appointment of set periods, at which those afflicted with the "King's Evil" were to attend and experience the benefit of his power. At a comparatively recent period, measures were adopted to stem the growing evil, by curtailing the pecuniary inducements, which, it was believed, prompted many to repair to the Court; for it ought to be remembered, that each candidate for the "touch" received a ribbon, at the end of which was suspended a piece of gold; hence it became necessary to have in attendance a medical gentleman, to determine whether the gold or the "evil" were the real object of the visitant. In the course of his reign, Charles II. applied his curative power in about 10,000 cases, at an expense of £50,000 per annum.

In the collections of Rushworth, and other documentary matters, a number of notices may be seen, which appoint days on which the King would attend to dispense his power to all that were sick and needed his sacred "touch." Most of the proclamations are couched in the same manner; we will, therefore, give one as a sample of the whole.

"At the Court of Whitehall, the 9th Jan., 1683: present, the King's excellent Majesty; Lord Keeper, Lord Privy Seal, Dukes Ormond and Beaufort; Earls Oxford, Huntingdon, Bridgewater, Peterborough, Chesterfield, Clarendon, Bath, Craven, Nottingham, and Rochester; Lord Bishop of Loudon; Mr. Secretary Jenkins; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c.

"Whereas, by the grace and blessing of God, the Kings and Queens of this Realm by many years past have had the happiness, by their sacred touch and invocation, of the name of God, to cure those who are afflicted with the disease called the King's Evil; and his majesty in no less manner than any of his predecessors having good success therein, and in his most gracious and pious disposition being as ready and willing as any King or Queen of this Realm ever was in any thing to relieve the distress and necessities of his good subjects; yet, in his Princely wisdom, foreseeing that in this, as in all other things, order is to be observed, and fit

times are necessary to be appointed for the performing of this great work of charity; his Majesty, therefore, this day, is pleased to declare in Council his royal will and pleasure to be, that in regard heretofore the usual times of presenting such persons for this purpose have been prefixed by his royal predecessors, and the times of public healing shall from henceforth be from the feast of All-Saints, commonly called the Allhallowtide, till a week before Christmas, and after Christmas till the first March, and then to cease till the Passion week, being times convenient both for the temperature of the season, and in respect of contagion which may happen in this near access to his Majestie's sacred person. And when his Majesty shall at any time think fit to go any progress, he will be pleased to appoint such other times for healing, as shall be most convenient. And his Majesty doth hereby accordingly appoint, order and command, that from the time of publishing this his Majestie's order, none presume to repair to his Majestie's Court to be healed of the said disease, but only at or within the times for that purpose hereby appointed as aforesaid. And his Majesty was further pleased to order that hereafter, all such as shall come, or repair to this Court for this purpose, shall bring with them certificates under the hands and seals of the parson, vicar, or minister, and of both or one of the church-wardens of the respective parishes where they dwell and from whence they came, testifying according to the truth that they have not at any time before been touched by his Majesty to the intent to be healed of that disease. And all ministers and church wardens are hereby required to be very careful to examine into the truth before they give such certificates, and also to keep a register of all such certificates as shall from time to time be given. And to the end that all his Majestie's loving subjects may the better take knowledge of this his Majestie's command, his Majesty was pleased to direct that his Order be read publickly in all parish Churches, and then be affixed to some conspicuous place there, and to that end the same be printed and a convenient number of copies sent to the Rev. F. in God, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Archbishop of York, who are to take care that the same be distributed to all the parishes within their respective provinces."

PHI. LLOYD.

The periods designated by the above proclamation were not observed on all such occasions. The one dated the sixth day of April, 1629, appoints the terms of Easter and Michaelmas. That of the 18th May, 1664, wherein his sacred Majesty declared it to be his royal will and pleasure to continue the healing of his people during the month of May, and then give over until Michaelmas next. "I am commanded," says the Secretary, "to give this notice, that the people may not come up to Court in the interim, and thereby lose their labor."

J. W.

(*From the same MSS.*)

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

It was a pleasant fancy I heard to-day of the Earl of Rochester. He went one day in a merry humor unto King Charles II., and after a great deal of merry talk, the King asked him unto what he would compare a Presbyterian Priest—to which the Earl replied: "If it please your Majesty, I can compare him to nothing better than a Maypole." Upon which the King laughed, and asked him, "Why so?" To which the Earl responded—"Because he (the priest) is stiff, precise, dry, sapless, and hath a weathercock on 'th top."

J. W.

From the same MSS.

ANECDOTE OF THE NAVAL COMMANDER, SIR CLOUDSLEY SHOVELL.

Sir Cloudsley Shovell was descended of poor parents. He was born in Yorkshire, and at a suitable age was an ostler at a Tavern in Redford, in Nottingham Co. Becoming weary of that employment, he turned tarpauling, and thence getting acquainted with the sailors, he went to sea, and grew up to what he now is. I heard a gentleman say, who was in the ship with him, about six years since—*circ* 1690—that as they were sailing off Hastings, in Surrey Co., Sir Cloudsley says—"Pilot, put near, I have a little business on shore." So he put near, and he and the gentleman went ashore in the boat; and after walking about half a mile, Sir Cloudsley came to a small dwelling; "Come," says he, "my business is here; I came on purpose to see the good woman of this house." Upon which he knocked *at* the door, which was immediately opened by a poor, old woman; when Sir Cloudsley kissed her, and fell down on his knees, begging her blessing, and called her mother—she having removed hither from Yorkshire. He was mighty kind to her, and she to him. Having paid his visit to his mother, he left her ten guineas, and took his leave, with tears in his eyes, and departed to his ship. J. W.

From the Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ, Vol I., p 11, 12.

The Holy Bible, published by Archbishop Parker. 1568. *Fol.*

"This is generally known by the name of the Bishop's Bible, being translated for the greatest part by the Bishops, whose initial letters are added at the end of their particular portions. As, at the end of the Pentateuch, W. E., Willielmus Excestrensis. The translators are recounted by Strype, in his life of Parker. This edition is so rare, that neither Dr. Burnet nor Mr. Strype appear to have seen it. The date is not either in the beginning or end, but is inserted in the Archbishop's arms, and mentioned in the preface. It is adorned with great numbers of beautiful cuts, and printed, as it is observed, "in Vit. Park novis typis magnitudinis usitatæ aut paulo grandioris," with letters somewhat larger than those of the Great Bible. After the Pentateuch is the picture of the Earl of Leicester, and before the Psalms that of Lord Burleigh, as favorers of the work. In this edition, at the end of the Book of Wisdom, are the letters W. C., probably for the Bishop of Chichester. In the second edition, the whole Apocrapha is ascribed to J. N. the Bishop of Norwich, who perhaps revised it afterwards."

The Holy Bible, Black-Letter. 2 vols. Fol. Printed by Barker. 1613.

"This is the translation now used, which was made at the command of King James I. The translators were fifty-four of the most learned men of that time, who were divided into five bodies, of which each was to labor upon a particular part of the Bible, which was thus divided: the Pentateuch and the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel and Kings, to the Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's, Doctors Saravia, Clark, Layfield, Leigh, Mess. Stretford, Sussex, Clare, Bedwell. From Chronicles to Ecclesiastes, to Dr. Richardson, and Mess. Lively, Chadderton. Dillingham, Harrison, Andrews, Spalding, Binge. All the Prophets and Lamentations, to Drs. Harding, Reinolds, Holland, Kilby, Mess. Hereford, Brett, Fareclowe. All the Epistles to the Dean of Chester, Drs. Hutchinson, Spencer, Mess. Fenton, Rabbet, Sanderson, Dakins. The Gospels, Acts, and Apocalypse, to the Deans of Christchurch, Winchester, Worcester, Windsor, Drs. Perin, Ravens, Mess. Savile, Harmer. And the

Apocrypha to Drs. Duport, Brauthwait, Ratcliff, Mess. Ward, Downes, Boyse, Warde. They met at Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge, as it was convenient for each body. The method, in which they proceeded, seems to have been this: several translations of each part were drawn up by the members of that body, to which it was allotted, who then in a joint consultation selected three of the best, or compiled them out of the whole number. Thus in three years, three translations of the whole were sent to London, then six deputies, two from each place, were appointed, to extract one translation out of the three, which was finished and printed 1611. *See Selden's Table-Talk.*"

The History of Frier Rush, how he came to a House of Religion to seek a service, and being entertained by the Prior, was first made Under Cook, being full of pleasant mirth and delight for young people. - - - - -

[Remainder of the title-page torn off.]*

The signatures extend to G 3.

This is a book of great rarity, which Mr. Ritson had ranked as a desideratum, and of which Mr. Beloe has given an account from a copy in the rich library of the Marquis of Stafford. Another copy having fallen in my way, I take the opportunity of giving an extract from the first chapter.

"*A plesant history how a Divell (named Rush) came to a religious house to seek him service.*

"There was sometime beyond the sea edified and founded a certain house and cloister of religious men, which house was founded at a great forrest's side, for to maintain the service of Almighty God, and daily to pray for their benefactors and founders, and for the salvation of their own souls; which place by reason of their founders and well disposed people, (which gave unto it largely of their goods and possessions) increased in riches, and every man had gold and silver at their will; and also of meat and drink they had great plenty: insomuch, that they were so much at ease, and had so much that they wist not what to do, they were so full of wantonness, whereby the service of Almighty God was not well maintained among them: for oftentimes they said neither mattins nor even song: and through their great negligence they forgate clean the charge they were bound to when they entered into their religion, and they lived more like beasts without reason, than like men of good and holy conversation: for they haunted harlots and lived viciously, and the goods that were given them by good and well disposed people, they spent in unthriftiness and ribaldry. And when the great Princes of Divells, which are the patrons of ill vices, understood of the great misrule and vile living of these religious men; consulted to keep them still in that state, and worse if it might be.

"And these be the names of the Devills—Belphegor, who was prince of Gluttonny; Asmodeus, Prince of Lechery; and Belzebub, Prince of Envy; with many other Devils assembled together; which rejoiced for the misorder of these religious men. And as they were all assembled together with one accord, they chose a Devill to go and dwell among these religious men, for to maintain them the longest in their ungracious living, which Devill was put in rayment like an earthly creature, and went to the Religious house, and there he stood at the gate a certain space, all alone with an heavy

* Mr. Beloe adds "Imprinted at London by Edw. All-de, and are to be sold by Francis Grove, dwelling on Snow-Hill. 1626." See Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books, I. 249.

countenance. Then within a while after, the Prior came unto the gate, and espied Rush the young man, standing there all alone. Anon he said unto him, "What dost thou here? and what wouldst thou have?" The young man with great reverence answered and said; "Sir, I am a poor young man, and am out of service and fain would have a master. And, sir, if it please you to have me, I shall do you diligent service, and shall do so well that you and all your brethren and convent shall be glad of me, for I shall keep so well your secrets, that I trust to obtain at all times your good love and favor, and all theirs also."

"And when the Prior heard these words, he was moved with pity, and said: "Go into the kitchen to the cook, and shew him that I have sent thee thither, and bid him shew thee, what thou shalt do; for thou shalt be with him a certain season, till that time other better thing fal." Then the young man made his reverence to the Prior, and thanked him, and forth he went to the kitchen, where he found the master cook. Anon he made reverence unto him and said: "Sir, my master the Prior hath sent me hither unto you, and commandeth me to shew you what I shall do, for I must be here and help you." The master cook answered and said: "You be welcome." And anon he set him to such business as he had to do. And thus the Devill became Under Cook in the place that he was assigned unto, by the Prince of Devills."

Then follow the Devill's words, ("laughing") to himself.

Mr. W. Brotherhead:

Dear Sir,—Your enterprise has been pleasurably hailed by many lovers of the "old and curious," as one calculated to fill up a gap in our native periodical literature, that should have been occupied long ago. Much might be said in favor of such a medium for the conveyance of information, but its utility is apparent to all who have felt its necessity, and comment seems unnecessary. You are perhaps aware that in different portions of the country, several works are in preparation, more or less relating to the times of the Revolution. Much material that not only possesses intrinsic merit, but that would also be invaluable to the compiler, is comparatively unknown to the world, and going to decay.

Persons having such memorials would confer a favor to the country, and aid our historians greatly, by intimating what they possess of value, and, if consistent with their wishes or convenience, by opening their collections to the inspection of those who will "use and not abuse" the priviliges tendered them. Wishing you success in your undertaking,

I am yours respectfully.

New York, Feb. 1857. W. C. H.

Editor "Notes and Queries":"

Dear Sir,—I clip the appended item of "*news*" from the *New York Herald* of the 14th inst., as deserving some notice. In our school-boy days, as in the studies of later years, we have been taught that the birthplace of our Washington was on the banks of the Potomac, in Westmoreland county Virginia. We apprehend that stronger evidence to the contrary, than this of Mr. Matthews', will be required, ere Virginian soil can be deprived of its long-cherished privilege and glory.

Yours, &c., W.

Phila. Feb'y 14th, 1857.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AN ENGLISHMAN.

To the Editor of the London Post.

I read in the "Stars and Stripes, or American Impressions," that General Washington never went to England, al-

though he wished to do so. I think there were good grounds for him doing so, because he was born in England; he was a son of English soil. Augustine Washington was born in Virginia, but George Washington was born in Cookham, Berkshire, nineteen miles from Windsor, from the second wife of his father, Miss Bell. The house in which he was born does not exist any longer, but the natives are aware of the fact, and assure that the books of the parish have been destroyed by Americans. The case was slightly mentioned at the time of the election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency, but the general enthusiasm to the great man stopped the rumor. Something very like lately occurred with the chief of the police in New York. I am, sir, yours obediently, H. Matthews.

Jan. 20th, 1857.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. *Query.*—Can any one inform me what time the first coin in the U. S. was coined; what denomination it was, and where coined? Nuismatic.

Galveston, Texas.

2. *Query.*—Can any one inform me if the General Government at Washington has a complete record of all events that have transpired since its commencement, and whether access can be had to them or not, for historical purposes? Antique.

Philadelphia.

3. *Query.*—Mill Creek is the name of a small stream which empties into the Schuylkill, about one mile above Flat Rock. It has always been famous for its mill seats, one of which was owned by the well-known John Roberts. Its whole course is through the Township of Lower Merion, Montgomery County. Some of the mills are of very early date:—Can any one tell where the first paper mill was erected on that Creek; by whom it was built; and who owns it now? Orazio.

Paper Mills on Mill Creek, Lower Merion, Pa.

4. *Query.—Indian Figure on Wissahickon Creek.*—Does any one know the meaning of the large Indian figure which stands on a high rock, on the east bank of the Wissahickon Creek, in Germantown Township? Some persons say it was erected there to perpetuate the memory of *Teccuscung*, the celebrated Indian chief. What proof is there that this sachem ever frequented that locality? Orazio.

Feb. 18, 1857.

5. *Query.*—Can any one inform me who was the first American Painter in this country, and whether he painted portraits or landscapes; and where he was born, and where he lived, and what he painted, and where any of his work can be seen?

Detroit, Michigan. Pinx.

6. *Query.*—Can any of your readers inform me who was the first American Engraver; where he was born; where he lived; what he engraved, and where any of his engravings can be seen?

Boston. Graver.

7. *Query.*—Can any one inform me who printed the first Book in this country; in what State and City; the name of the book, and where one can be seen?

New York. Typo.

8. *Query.*—Thomas Paine, when connected with the Government, and who figured so extensively in the Dean affair, and who sacrificed the dignity of the American Government in making disclosures, must have written a great deal in relation to this affair, to the officials at that time. Very little has been published on this subject; and as it is the practice of all Governments to keep their correspondence in the National Archives—has not the American Government done so in this matter? And if it has, can any one have the privilege to see the correspondence; and where? Celt.

Glover, Vermont.

9. *Query.*—I see a remark in No. 2, American Notes and Queries, in a paper on Autographs, read by Mr. O'Callaghan, before the Leeds (England) Philosophical Society. He said he had before him an autograph letter of King John of France, who reigned between 1350 and 1364. It was proved that the paper on which it was written was made of *straw*, not *cotton*. The microscope left no doubt of its being made of straw. This is a very singular announcement, when it is known that the best of chemists are at this time employing all their abilities, influenced by large rewards, to make vegetable substances answer for paper, instead of cotton. We are not led, from the authority of Mr. O'Callaghan, to believe that the paper specified was either good or bad; but presume, judging from the paper at that period, of which numerous specimens can be seen in Europe, that it must be of good quality. Can any of your readers give any further detailed statement of old paper? This may cause an analysis of the old paper, and be productive of good results.

SAXON.

10. *Query.* MERIT.—Joseph Scott, in 1795, published in this City, a "Gazetteer of the United States," in the preface of which, he says, it was "the first of the kind published in America." As said work contains much valuable information on Pennsylvania, and as it is not noticed or even mentioned in Watson's Annals, Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania, Day's Historical Collections, and a number of other works treating on our State, as well as the United States; I would, therefore, ask whether it is a rare work?

11. *Query.*—DR. JOHN FLEETWOOD.—Sir: a year or two ago I was applied to by one of our booksellers to edit a new edition of that popular book "*Fleetwood's Life of Christ*," whose author also wrote a "*History of the Bible.*" Supposing that an account of its writer would interest the readers of the work, I turned to several Biographical Dictionaries, for materials, but to my surprise could not find even his name. From subsequent enquiries I am disposed to think that no such man has ever lived; but that the name was assumed by some obscure but able writer to give interest to the work, which has increased in popularity to this day, four new editions of it having been printed in this country within the last two or three years.

The publication of your excellent periodical enables me to enquire of your literary readers whether any of them can tell who this John Fleetwood was, where he lived, or where he died? If *he* has not lived, who wrote the works which bears his name? An answer will oblige,

Truly yours,

JOSEPH BELCHER, D. D.

509 *Green St., Philadelphia, Feb.* 1857.

12. *Query.*—ELIZABETH CANING. This woman, whose alleged abduction and subsequent trial for perjury excited so much interest in England, about the middle of the last century, died on the 22d of July, 1773, in Wethersfield, Connecticut, having been "sentenced to the plantations" for life after her conviction for perjury. Does any monumental stone exist over her remains in Wethersfield? Did she admit the imposture practiced by her and acknowledge the justice of her sentence? Did she give any account upon her death as to where she spent the twenty-eight days during which she was missing, and which she alleged she had spent in confinement at the house of Susannah Wells?

D. W.

13. *Queries.*—LA FAYETTE'S VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA IN 1824.—On Tuesday, September 28, 1824, La Fayette entered this city, accompanied by a large and handsome procession, civil and military. Several arches were erected in the streets through which he passed, the route of the

procession being from the Frankford road through Front, Green, Fourth, Arch, Eleventh, Chestnut, Eighth, Spruce, Second and Chestnut streets to Independence Hall, where appropriate ceremonies took place, after which the General passed through Independence Square to Walnut street, and through Walnut and Third streets to the Mansion House Hotel, where quarters were provided for him.

At Vine and Fourth streets (the city line at that time) a stage was erected, upon which were "twenty-four beautiful young girls," who sung a song of welcome composed for the occasion by Benjamin Mayo, Esq. *How many of them are now living?*

Several children were born in Philadelphia on that day, who were christened "Welcome Lafayette." *How many of them are now living?*

What has become of the handsome canvass arch erected in Chestnut street in front of Independence Hall, designed by Mr. Sully? D. W.

14. *Query.*—Iodide and Bromide of Cadmium have lately been recommended in preference of the corresponding salts of Potassium and Ammonium. I have experimented with those salts in Albumen as well as Collodion, but with very little success. Contrary to the statement of other experimenters, I only received, by a comparatively *long exposure*, the perfect whites and high lights, while no trace of the half tones and shadows were visible. Can any of your readers inform me where I may find the error? PHOS.

Answer to Query B., No. 2., page 63.—There has not been any Biographical Dictionary of Pennsylvanians *exclusively* published; but the new edition of Blake's Dictionary contains over 2000 *American names*, which, we think, covers a large space in history which "B" requires to know. SAXON.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Answer to Query B., page 63, No. 2.—William Markham died in Philadelphia, 12th of 4th Month, 1704, "of one of his usual fits, and we buried him very honorably, like a soldier, with the militia, &c." "He left no memorials of his proceedings behind him."—*Logan Papers.*

His death was announced in the Boston News Letter of that time, no newspapers being then printed here. There is no doubt of his being a cousin of Wm. Penn, as *he* calls him in his public acts "my cousin Wm. M." His will is on record in the Register's Office here. S.

Reply to Index. Shakespeareana.—Index thinks (p. 67,) that there should be a note of interrogation after the words, "No more," in Hamlet's Soliloquy. The sense is very good as it is.

"To die—to sleep—
No more;—and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.'"

The reading is very obvious, that dying is nothing more than sleeping; and that it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, to put an end to the heart-ache and the thousand natural ills to which flesh is subject, by a single sleep.

Hamlet cannot mean to ask the question, as "Index" supposes, whether people sleep no more by dying; for he afterwards says:—

"To die—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!"

If dying implied sleeping no more, Hamlet would not have feared the dream that might have followed death. W. D.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Parties who favor us with *Notes* or *Queries*, are particularly requested to write *legibly*, as a periodical of this kind is expected to be more precise and correct than other magazines.

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AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

VOL. I.—No. 4. APRIL 1, 1857. MONTHLY.

CARICATURE AND SONG.

(Continued from page 87, No. 2).

During the year 1757 party factions rose high in England; the hatred between France and England was the grand pretext on which many men were placed in power, and which also was the cause of ruining others who were presumed to have any partiality for France.

The successes which France made in capturing English vessels, and the defeat of Minorca, set the people crazy against any one who held power, or had any connection with these disastrous events. Admiral Byng, who commanded the fleet against the French, retired from fighting before a brave man or a good admiral would have done, for which conduct he was tried and sentenced to be hung. This verdict caused much excitement in England; many thought it cruel, but still the King was solicited to do justice, and the mob at Pall Mall made very significant threats if his majesty granted pardon to Byng. It does not suit our present purpose to give a detailed account of all the caricatures and songs which this event of Byng's brought into public notice. Pitt at this time began to feel his influence; he was in office in spite of the King, and though George II. turned him out of office, yet royalty had to succumb to the great commoner, and asked him again to take charge of the government. Pitt was opposed in nearly all his measures by Fox—in fact, the proceedings of Parliament were neither more nor less than a general altercation between Pitt and Fox (see Horace Walpole's Letters dated 12th of February, 1756). Pitt, notwithstanding all the opposition of the court, gained the ascendancy in every branch of the service. The Duke of Cumberland was appointed by Fox, who in almost every skirmish he had with the French was defeated; as a General he failed; he was totally incapable of adjusting his forces properly in the field, and such conduct soon brought down the general censure of the people. Caricature and song were freely circulated. In one caricature the Duke is represented as a general in distress, and exclaims: "My horse! my horse! a kingdom for a horse!" The Frenchman retorts in promising to give the horse something better than turnips. It had been a standing joke to call Hanover the King's "Turnip Field." The French General seems to have been as inefficient as the Duke; neither of them were adequate for the office assigned.

When Pitt came into office, he was the man to see at once the evil and apply the remedy; he knew that the King de-

sired the Duke of Cumberland to retain his position, yet Pitt knew that the people, whom he represented, required another and a better man. The Duke came home, and resigned all his appointments. The war now between France and England was directed chiefly to the North American possessions. Pitt appointed the brave and lamented Wolfe to command, and it was through his valor and skill that Quebec was captured. When that great fortress was taken from the French by an officer that had been appointed by the great commoner, England became frantic with joy at the success her troops had gained over an ancient enemy, and Pitt became the idol of the nation. Connected with this success may be added the glorious achievements of Clive, the Napoleon of India. At the close of 1760 George II. died, and a new ministry had to be chosen by his successor, George III. Literature during the time of George II. made but little progress. Queen Caroline, long before her death, had excluded it from the palace —Hanover, rather than Literature, was the darling topic. But the press had made unusual strides in its efforts to free itself, and periodical literature now became the rage of the day. The *Gentleman's Magazine* was begun in 1731 by Cave, in a somewhat similar manner to *Littell's Living Age*. Its object was to publish the choice essays that appeared in the daily papers; but this plan soon became subservient to original essays. No less than eight magazines followed in the train of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but most of them have died out, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* is the only one now living that commenced at this period, 1731. The development of such new sources soon brought out a new class of aspirants for public favor. Criticisms on books were but little known until this period, and critics soon became the observed of all observers. In the year 1752 appeared the *Literary Review*, *Monthly Review*, and the *Critical Review;* the latter by the celebrated Smollet. The success of these reviews was caused not so much by their novelty as by a necessity for them, to decide the relative merits of each writer; from that time to the present reviewers are considered as the essentials and protectors of literature. It is not at all strange that at the commencement of such an important era that a class of empiries should arise, and desire to dictate without the requisite ability. Amongst the most distinguished was Dr. Hill, a man of some acquirements and less discretion. He was at one time apprenticed to a surgeon; another time he was an actor; again he returned to surgery, and also studied botany; then he was introduced by Martin Folkes to some of the members of the Royal Society; he became thus introduced to book publishers, and was employed by many of them to write. He compiled a natural history in three folio volumes, and edited a Supplement to Chambers' Dictionary. He became enraged at the members of the Royal Society because they would not admit him as a member; he published a scurrilous hoax on its publications, and in a pamphlet called "Lucine sine Concubita," he attempted to show that generation might take place without the intercourse of the sexes. He became so inflated with his vanity that he fancied all men feared him, and all the ladies admired him; he exhibited himself on every occasion where fashionable assemblages took place, as a perfect fop; he aped everything that was fashionable. One adroit penny-a-liner hits him off in good style in connection with orator Henley, and a quack at that time, named Rock:—

"Three great wise men in the same era were born,
Britannia's happy island to adorn:

Henley in cure of souls displayed his skill,
Rock shone in physic, and in both John Hill;
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two."

Notwithstanding all that could be said against him, opposition did not retard his ambition, and silence only gave celerity to his movements. He wrote a farce entitled "The Rout," and he prevailed on Garrick to bring it out, and which was damned on the second night. Garrick did not even spare him, and his famous epigram will not soon be forgotten:—

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

The audacity of such a man is really inconceivable, except on the score of insanity. We have many prototypes of Dr. Hill at this day—empirics of every profession abound. But this doctor was certainly a model of his kind; he had many followers, especially in his quack medieal practice. England, during the middle of the 18th century, was literally besieged with those pests of society—their impudence and audacity far excel the efforts of quacks of this day. And it must be confessed, if the community groan under one evil more than another, quack doctors are the cause of such evil. But we will give a few specimens of the audacity of the quacks of the eighteenth century. One writes: "For instance, when a fine lady has been invited to go to a rout or to a ridotto, what does the ill-natured husband do but take my pills very privately, and then, poor soul, she does not venture out of doors; and if she did, can have neither coachman nor footman about her. After these are, secondly, my *intentional purging pills*. The person who takes them need only say to himself: 'It is my intention these pills should purge my wife as much as they do me; my daughter Molly once less than Jack; that liquorish hussy Nan, that steals half the mincemeats, and eats half the fruit in the garden, ten times as much as they do me; and that rascal, Tom, that is perpetually at the ale-house, twenty times as much as they do me, for *five days* successively.' Upon this the wished-for event infallibly follows." Such villainous advertisements of quackery appeared in the middle of the eighteenth century. Caricaturists took every advantage of such mendacity, and lashed them severely on many occasions. One of the most important ones is represented as the Medical Highwayman. This relates to a Dr. James, who was famous for selling powders—a sovereign remedy for all evils flesh is heir to. Many of the quacks were jealous of the Doctor's popularity, and represent him as stealing receipts out of another man's pocket. This species of madness was followed by another, more ridiculous in itself, but less injurious to the public. It appears beyond all doubt that on February the 8th, 1750, a very severe shock of an earthquake was felt in London. Smollet, who was present, gives a description of it. The alarm caused by such an event was really terrific in its effects. Religious fanatics of every class took advantage of the occasion, and told the people that this was a visitation of God upon them for their sins; the Bishop of London issued a pastoral charge, which tended to increase the excitement; credulous persons had the audacity even to state when the third shock would come; a mad soldier ran up and down the streets of London, crying aloud that Westminster Abbey would be swallowed up, and the last shock would take place on Thursday, the 5th of April. The excitement became so great that it can only be compared to the effects which the fanatical Miller produced on the minds of many people in this country a few years ago. Hundreds believed Miller, that the world was certainly at an end; and many of our readers can recollect the preparing for Jerusalem, and giving up property, and

renouncing all claims to this worthless world. In London the people certainly believed that a third shock of the earthquake would end all earthly existence, and that this shock would take place on the 5th of April, because a mad soldier said so.

Wright states, in his History of the House of Hanover: "The popular credulity of the people was so great that on the first of April some hundreds of people went through a heavy rain to Edmonton upon the report that a hen had laid an egg there the day before, on which was inscribed in large capital letters the words, *Beware of the Third Shock!* During the following days many people who possessed the means of absenting themselves left London under different excuses, and repaired to various parts of the kingdom. Read's *Weekly Journal* of the 7th of April informs us that "Thirty coaches, filled with genteel-looking people, were on Wednesday, at noon, at Slough, running away from the prognosticated earthquake." One caricature appeared entitled the "Military Prophet; or, a Flight from Providence." Another, "The Panic; or, the Force of Frighted Imagination." Such species of national delusion seldom occur; but when the public mind once embraces such monstrosities, it is not wise to calculate where it will stop. This period, 1750, appears to have been one of a more credulous nature than usual.

The next great delusion was the celebrated Cock Lane Ghost. Dr. Johnson has, to a certain extent, become identified with this delusion, and one rarely ever hears of the Cock Lane Ghost, but up rises the burly figure of the great moralist, as though he was himself the Ghost. But we do not believe that any proof can be adduced that Johnson believed in it, though he was superstitious enough to believe many things as foolish as this ghost story. In 1741, David Garrick made his first appearance on a London stage in the character of Richard III. This was the commencement of an important era in London. Quin, who was the leading actor when Garrick appeared, did everything in his power to crush him. Rival companies were formed. Garrick was drawing crowded houses at Goodman's Fields; the unusual spectacle of fashionable crowds of carriages were drawn there by the genius of Garrick. The patentees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres became alarmed at their receipts and the success of Garrick. The unlicensed theatre at Goodman's Fields was forced into an arrangement which ended in Garrick's final removal to Drury Lane. At this time Quin went over to Covent Garden to oppose Garrick; his jealousy was still unabated. Quin had talent; but Garrick had genius. Quin might attempt to outrival Garrick; but genius remained triumphant. Rich, the manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, was galled at the success of Garrick, and every strategy was brought into operation to crush the rising genius. But time, the conciliator of many things, smoothed the differences between the rival actors and rival managers, and after caricaturing Rich as the Expiring Harlequin, and Churchill lampooning the principal characters in his Rosciad, things went cheerily on. Heidigger, who was the manager of the Italian opera in London, and who became the butt for every caricaturist and every Grub street penny-a-liner, was eventually eclipsed by the great composer, George William Handel, who settled in London about the year 1710. Heidigger did not relish the opposition which Handel caused, and resorted to many things to injure the character of Handel. The author of "Messiah" was celebrated for his love of good living, and was as remarkable for his corpulency as the manager of the Italian opera was for

his ugliness. One of those witty, humorous writers of that period discourses in a very free and easy style on the peculiarities of both these great caterers for the million:—

"Ho there! to whom none, forsooth, can hold a candle,
Call'd the *lovely-faced* Heidigger out to George Handel,
In arranging the poet's sweet lines to a tune,
Such as 'God save the King!' in the famed tenth of June,
How amply your corpulence fills up the chair—
Like mine host at an inn, or a London Lord Mayor;
Three yards at least round about in the waist;
In dimensions your face like the sun in the West!
But a chine of good pork, and a brace of good fowls,
A dozen pound turbot, and two pair of soles,
With bread in proportion, devoured at a meal—
How incredibly strange, and how monstrous to tell!
Needs must that gains, and your income be large
To support such a vast *unsupportable* charge!
Retrench, or ere long you may set your own dirge."

Handel appears to have been a fine subject for caricature; in one print we find him represented as "The Charming Brute." In it he seems to be of most prodigious proportions—indeed, so large that the protuberance of his stomach appears to incommode him in playing on the piano. Round his room hung a vast assemblage of his most choice provisions; indeed, his motto might justly have been—music and meat. Foote was the next great man that furnished material for public gossip, and certainly few men ever enjoyed such real good-humored fun as Foote himself. He was one of the greatest caricaturists of his day; no man could blend wit and humor so well together, especially in lashing any person who had become distasteful to him.

In 1762 Foote brought out "The Orators." Its design was to satirize debating societies; and the story of the Cock Lane Ghost came in for its share. Dr. Johnson took great interest in this Cock Lane Ghost Story, and Foote had announced that Dr. Johnson was to come in for a fair share of satire; but Johnson, hearing of the intention of Foote, intimated to him that if he alluded in any way to him, he would be there with a good stout cudgel, ready to fall upon the first who hinted at it on the stage; the part was omitted, and the moralist was satisfied.

We made mention in our last article of hooped petticoats, and described some matters in relation to them; but we have met others that seem so apropos and so graphically described by both pen and pencil, that we will give a more detailed account. Hooped petticoats from the time of George II. to the middle of the reign of George III. had become a subject of scandal. Ladies then, as at this day, outraged all decency in their dress; hoops in the middle of the last century began to be made of an oval form, and made such immense projections on each side of the body, that the satirists compared a fashionable woman to a donkey with a pair of panniers. Wright says, in speaking of the many ingenious ways to accommodate ladies in getting into coaches, "are those with movcable roofs, and a frame and pullies to drop the ladies in from the top, so as to avoid the decomposing of their hoops, which necessarily attended their entrance into the door." Another great outcry was that the ladies were too fond of "shewing their bare necks and shoulders, and wearing their hoop-petticoats too short." One wag thus vents his spleen:—

"Your neck and your shoulders both naked should be,
Was it not for vandyke blown with chevaux-de-frise;
Make your petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide
May decently show how your garters are tied."

The most general delusion of 1772 was the macaroni. It was a palpable absurdity, but it became general—a national infatuation. Horace Walpole describes macaroni as commencing in high circles, and descending to the lowest classes. "The macaronis," says Wright, "in 1772, were distinguished especially by an immense knot of artificial hair behind, by a very small cock-hat, by an enormous walking-stick, with long tassels, and by jacket, waistcoat, and breeches of very close cut." Again: "Macaronis were the most attractive objects in the ball, or at the theatre. Macaronis abounded everywhere. There were macaroni songs; the most popular of these latter was the following:—

"Ye belles and beaux of London town,
Come listen to my ditty;
The muse, in prancing up and down,
Has found out something pretty;
With little hat, and hair dressed high,
And whip to ride a pony,
If you but take a right survey,
Denotes a macaroni."

Singular as it may appear, yet it is true that the prince of caricaturists, Hogarth, became, like Pope, a point of general attack. He seemed to have his hand against every one, and every one had his hand against him. This was caused by the too frequent practise of introducing living characters into his pictures. He became somewhat vain, and began to dictate in a very unpleasant manner to men who held high positions in society. Lord Bute was his friend, and it was through him that he became sergeant-painter to the King. Court influence seemed to operate injuriously on Hogarth; he forgot he was a painter and turned politician. In the September of 1752 appeared No. 1 of a political print named "The Times;" in it was an attack upon Pitt, and a compliment paid to Lord Bute; and the Duke of Newcastle is seen wheeling a barrowfull of *Monitors* and *North Britons*. The last paper was conducted by Wilkes. Now commenced a terrible paper war between the eccentric Wilkes and Hogarth. Wilkes caricatured Hogarth in the *North Briton*, and Hogarth retaliated by producing the well-known portrait of him; and it is stated that the features are made ten times more demoniacal than they really were. Wilkes had many friends—in fact, he was the idol of the people; they considered that he had been persecuted by the crown; and Hogarth, being connected with the crown, drew a large share of popular fury on his head.

Churchill, who was a staunch friend to Wilkes, came to his rescue, and produced an invective against Hogarth which may be classed as the bitterest in the language. Hogarth, nothing daunted, but stung by the venom of Churchill, produced a caricature in which the poet was severely handled. Hogarth had a pension of £300 per annum; hundreds of caricatures were thrown far and wide, defamatory of his character, and it is usually believed that he died broken-hearted, brought on by these attacks.

Smollet, a Scotchman and a toadier to Lord Bute, wrote a great amount of scurrilous matter in the *Briton* against the enemies of Bute's government. A strong feeling of hatred existed at that time between Scotchmen and Englishmen—the Stuarts could not be forgotten by the Scotch. It is said that Smollet was a Jacobite—and any kind of favor granted to the Scotch was immediately caricatured, and made to appear that Lord Bute's national prejudices was the cause of all favors being granted. There is no doubt that a great amount of these fears arose from groundless suppositions, and were entirely the creatures of a disordered state of mind. But happily those national prejudices have almost died away that formerly existed between the Scotch and

the English; and they are now identified as one compact family, unrivalled for industry in times of peace, and in times of war impregnable.

Dr. Johnson, who flourished at this time, was somewhat discreet, and this discretion is supposed to have arisen from a pension which he received, of £300 per annum, from Government. The Doctor was most unmercifully lashed by Churchill, in the following lines:

"Some dead to shame, and of those shackles proud,
Which honour scorns, for slavery roar aloud;
Others, half palsied only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollett write, makes Johnson dumb."

A great number of caricatures and epigrams were very freely circulated against Dr. Johnson. This partly arose from his egotism, and the acceptance of a pension —but at this day we would pass over these failings, and more especially the pension of Government, and let genius have its due. But political rancor and party feeling were the most relentless of all tyrants, in the days of Johnson. It was believed that genius, however great, and however loathe to mingle in politics, was either the tool of faction, or desired to be such. It is delightful to think that the time has come, when genius can soar untramelled by malevolent remarks. In one caricature of Dr. Johnson, he is in the shape of an owl, standing upon the "Lives of the Poets" and the Dictionary, and leering at Milton, Pope, &c. It is entitled, "Old Wisdom Blinking at the Stars."

There are but few of our readers who are not aware of the contests between England and France for the Canadas and Newfoundland. We shall endeavor to notice all the caricatures and songs and pamphlets that bore a conspicuous part in these times; and we shall notice more at detail these events, than those which preceded them.

In 1762, when Bute had full power, we find he is represented with a Frenchman, as giving up Gaudaloupe and Martinico, while he merely retains "barren Canada" and part of Newfoundland. A Scotchman carries the standard of the boot and petticoat. Bute is made to say, "Tak aw again, Monsieur, and gi'e us back what you please;" when the Frenchman replies, "Der is Canada and N. F. Land; now tank de grand monarch for his royal bountee." A song is attached to this caricature, from which we extract the following verse:

"In gratitude all this we owe a
From sowing from a foe a;
And 'tis the least we surely can do
For to gain lost Newfoundland-o."

Wilkes, at this time, made a considerable noise through the columns of the *North Briton*. His attacks became so very personal and violent, that the government seized on every thing connected with it. Printers, along with Wilkes, were thrown into prison; but Wilkes, being a member of the House of Commons at this time, was released by Habeas Corpus; violent and indiscreet as he had been, yet the government showed a malignity which good judgment would have suppressed. Lord Bute and his party now became defunct. Pitt was solicited again to form a Ministry. The King sent the Duke of Cumberland on this mission, but he refused all offers at this time; but when the parliament re-opened in January, 1766, the gout was gone, Pitt reappeared, and delivered one of his grand philippics against the efforts to tax the Americans. Pitt was a sagacious man; he foresaw the injurious consequences of such an act as taxation without representation. He knew that the people in the Colonies of North America were of the same blood as Englishmen, and that no power on earth could make England pay taxes, unless she had a say in the matter. Pitt, in his attempts to show the

injustiee of taxing Americа, became the butt of attack from the opposition. He was reviled in verse, and aeeused of being ambitious of gaining the applause of the mob in the Colonies. A earieature, published at this period, represents him as "The Colossus." He stands on stilts, his gouty leg resting on the Royal Exchange, in the midst of London and Westminster, with one surrounded by a a eloud of bubbles, inscribed "War," "Peaee," &e. This stilt is ealled "Popularity." The other stilt, called "Sedition," he stretches over the sea, towards New York—(the town is seen as made up of very few houses)—fishing for popularity in the Atlantic. The long staff on which he rests is ealled "Pension." Annexed to it are the following lines:

"Tell to me, if you are vitty,
Whose wooden leg is in the city;
Eh bien droll, 'tis de great pity,
Doodle do.

"De broad-brim hat he thrust his nob in,
De while St. Stephen's throng are throbbing,
One crutch in America is bobbing,
Doodle do.

"Stamp act, be diable! dat's de job, sir,
Dat stampt it in de stiltmen's nob, sir,
To be America's nabob, sir,
Doodle do."

In the year 1770 began the great North Administration; and it certainly eontained in it one of the greatest orators England has produced. Charles J. Fox was brought up in a dissolute manner, and before he was of age, he was well known as an adept at the hazard table. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he made a great speech in the House of Commons, which electrified the members. He was then a marked man; he was at onee made a junior Lord of the Admiralty; and now began a most exciting eareer. Horaee Walpole visited the House to hear C. J. Fox speak, and he says, "Fox's abilities are amazing, at so very early a period, especially under the eireumstanees of sueh a dissolute life. He was just arrived from Newmarket, had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed. How sueh talents make one laugh at Tully's rules for an orator, and his indefatigable applieation! His labored orations are puerile, in eomparison with this boy's manly reason."

Fox now beeame a fit subjeet for carieature; indeed, the whole Fox family, from Lord Holland down, came in for very severe lashings. About this time, Sir John Fielding held the offiee of justiee of the peaee. He was remarkable for his fatness, and had been blind for many years. Fielding being a man that had taken an aetive part in publie life, it eould hardly be expeeted that he would eseape the fate of all great men,—publie exposure, by the earicaturists and penny-a-liners of the day. In a satirieal list of masquerade eharacters, Fielding is set down as "Argus, whose eyes were sealed by Mereury —Sir J. Fielding." In another earicature, he is represented as sitting by blind Justice, and addresses himself to the prisoners, "I see plainly you are guilty; you have a hanging look."

About 1774 appeared several earieatures on Ameriea. Lord North is represented in one as pouring tea *usque ad nausem* down the throat of an American, while Lord Mansfield is holding the patient; and in the baek-ground Britannia is seen weeping. Another appeared in the Westminster Magazine for April, 1774, under the title of "The Whitehall Pump." Poor Britannia is thrown down upon her ehild, Ameriea, while Lord North, who was remarkable for his shortness of vision, viewing her through his glass, is pumping water upon her, and appears to be enjoying her distress. Underneath fallen Britannia, a multitude of aets and bills are seattered over the ground, bearing the titles of "Magna Charta,"

"the Bill of Rights," "Coronation Oaths," "Remonstrances," "Petitions," &c. The Chancellor, Lord Mansfield, holding an act of Parliament in his hand, stands by the Prime Minister, to encourage and support him. Another caricature, no date, entitled "A Political Concert," represents Britannia and her disobedient daughter reconciled, and united in supporting the cap of liberty. Lord North is represented in another as Boreas, eyeing through his glass the distant colonies, saying, "I promise to reduce them in three months." The war increasing in popularity in this country, it seemed to gain strength, while England lost power. We had many friends in England, who wished us success; and writers and satirists of every class dipped their pens and pencils in gall, in order to defeat the measures of Lord North. But England, tenacious of every thing that has a tendency to increase her power abroad, would not give up her North American Colonies, until all her resources were exhausted. Had Lord North had the judgment of Pitt, it is more than probable that Independence would have been postponed for some years. But it was in the nature of things so ordained, that this country should be an asylum for the oppressed of Europe. It held out inducements to those who desired to work and free themselves from the tyranny of the aristocrats of Europe. An experience of near a century of unparalleled success certainly settles the question of self government. After the Battle of Bunker Hill, a caricature appeared under the title of "The Parricide." Young America is represented in the act of making a ferocious attack on her mother, Britannia, who, held down by the ministers, is unable to defend himself. The British Lion is roused into a state of ferocious agitation, ready to throw herself upon the assailant, but he is bridled and restrained by Lord Mansfield. We have now come to a very interesting period of our history, and we again solicit the attention of Collectors of Caricatures to forward us a description of all the American caricatures they have, in order to have a collected history of every scrap we can find.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH BOOKS.

In the production and extension of English Literature, America stands unrivalled. With a population equal, if not more numerous than England, we publish and circulate five times more than she does. This may seem very strange, that a country so young as America is should outstrip England, who is confessedly the first in Europe. It is true, we are indebted, to a great extent, to England, for the very best portions of literature—but how much more do we excel her in mere numbers! Look, for instance, at Macaulay—to whom is he indebted for such universal renown, but America? Who first published his Essays? Carey & Hart, of this city.—Who ever published so many of his Essays as the Americans? And what more charming book is there in the language? Where can a book be found with a style so beautiful—such astounding antithesis—such dramatic effect—such powerful incident—and such a summing up of all the points? There is not in the language a book that will edify so much by its arrangement, charm so much by its style, startle by its dramatic power, captivate by its incidents, and so thoroughly photograph each incident or person on the mind, as Macaulay's Essays? What number the publishers have sold, we know not; but we judge from our own observation as a Bookseller, that it must have exceeded 60,000 copies. And most of those have been sold to a class of readers that could not afford to buy them at

such prices as they are sold in England. Here the cheap edition can be bought at one dollar; in Englaud it cost 32s. or $7. If thc English publishers and authors would only open their eyes to see what astonishing effects a reduction of price has, not only in its benefits on the public mind, but by a well regulated system made more remunerative to all, a complete revolution would take place iu England. Suppose Macaulay's Essays had been published iu England at five shillings, and 60,000 copies sold—as we have reason to believe that amount would have been sold at such prices, if the immense sales of Uncle Tom and others be a criterion; and suppose we allow two shillings each for the manufacture of them iu one octavo volume, and sell them to the trade at 3s. 6d. each—which is a fair allowance—this would leave for publisher and author 1s. 6d. profit on each book. Or iu the aggregate near $23,000 profit.

We are satisfied that the cost of the book, by proper management, need not exceed the amount specified. We are satisfied that better paper is used in England, than we use here; but on the other hand, manual labor is cheaper: printing is now one-third less in England than here. Granting the above statements to be correct, which in the aggregate are so —why do uot the publishers and authors of England adopt a system that would confer so much benefit on their fellow subjects, and be more remunerative than the present extortionate system? It must be the accursed system of custom that keeps them bowed down to such tyrannical and oppressive measures. There are no people in the world that call louder for reforms than the English; and yet they are blind to the evils arising out of the bad management for the dissemination of knowledge. It is true, there are Mechanics' Institutions, and various Libraries, where those new books can be obtaiued; but readers know what inconvenience arises out of these institutions.

Macaulay's Speeches were first collected in this country, aud have met with a ready sale. The publishers of Macaulay's Works also, seeing this, have issued a new edition, revised by the author. But what a difference in the price! Are the Longmans really blind, or what is the matter with them? Will they still continue iu their old great grandfathers' method, when the American publishers show them the astonishing proceeds of cheap editions? Then, again, we have Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosiana*. This was first collected by an American publisher, and sold very cheap. It has been re-published in England, and still again they raise the price entirely out of the reach of the great mass of readers. English publishers, for the sake of the reputation of Old England, do open your eyes! Do not be so doggedly stupid; follow in the footsteps of Brother Jonathan, even if it does mar your self-pride; give the matter fairly up; say downright that you have erred, and will come out and make a complete revolution. Why, even look at your neighbors, the French. They publish books for five francs, that in the same condition you never charge less than five shilliugs for. We are desirous that every one should be paid well; but the price of English books does not infer great wages. If a book requires a great many illustrations, it must be higher in price than one without; but even in this case, the English far excel good prudence. Take, for instance, Kane's Expedition—compare it with Franklin's Expedition, and see the difference in the price. Murray publishes Franklin in quarto bound, at forty-four shillings, while Kane is published in two volumes, at $5, or $15 less than Franklin's! And which pays the best? We have not data to state correctly

what number Murray sold—but not more than a thousand; while Kane's has already reached over 40,000, with a continued increase. Here the American publishers show great tact. The public here take an interest in the matter. The tact displayed by the publishers in advertisements does of itself a great deal towards making the people conversant with what one of their countrymen has done in the frozen regions, and where the British Government has already spent some millions of dollars in exploring. It is with pride that Americans look on such actions as these; they feel they have done something towards making a national reputation, and the public, as a body, consider that they are under obligations to such men, who have, like Kane, risked a life for a national reputation.

We ask, who but the privileged few in England, have had the same advantages to learn from their Franklin, Ross, Parry, Buck, and Maclure? None. Nay, has not England showed her lethargy and indifference to merit in the case of Commander Maclure, who discovered a North-west passage, at the time Dr. Kane was out in discovery of Franklin? Are the adventures of Maclure published and sold to 40,000 readers, at $5 per copy, and his fame echoed in every village in England? It is a singular circumstance, that the English Government, who has been assiduously engaged for the last 150 years in discovering a Northwest passage to India, should, when it is discovered, treat the discoverer so lukewarmly, and bury him in oblivion; while, with a less ambitious object, Kane should voyage out into the Arctic regions, and report what may be further investigated, the existence of the Polar Sea—and that this man, without the aid of Government, should become an household word, his name revered and respected from the confines of Maine to the extremities of California?

Here is nationality of sentiment, and this brought about more through the instrumentality of publishers, than any other class of men. English publishers, awake! or your Longmans, your Murrays, your Rivingtons, will be but a name. America's publishers are going on in the right way—their energy, tact, perseverance, and an adherence only to what is practical—not paying any attention to old customs—but cutting through old by-ways, and making the way as short as possible. In fine illustrated books, E. H. Butler, of this city, has certainly done a great deal for art. His illustrated editions of the Poets are certainly the finest published. England has produced no finer edition of Goldsmith, illustrated with eleven fine steel engravings, expressly for this edition; Thomson's Seasons, eleven fine steel line engravings, expressly for this edition; also Campbell, with thirteen line engravings; and Rogers, with thirteen line engravings. Then we have the superb illustrated edition of Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Each of these books can be had at the low price of $4 50 each, in cloth gilt. Is not this doing something for art; and do not American publishers show the English publishers that they still have a great deal to learn? No English House would undertake to publish such editions under twenty-four or thirty shillings. But these prices fully compensate Mr. Butler, and he has the pleasure of giving to his countrymen books that not only cultivate the mind, but improve the taste for the fine arts. May such ambition be further encouraged!

How the English people would luxuriate in such fine editions! Though all the poets are well known, yet if such beautifully illustrated books could be had for the same price as we have them, there are but few respectable mechanics in England but what would glory in having

them; for the English people are really fond of art. They only require such men to conduct their publishing as we could point out. The time is coming, whether we have an international copy-right law or not, that America will supply England with a vast amount of literary matter; nay, that she will derive nearly all her literary food from here. Books for exportation to England are more in demand every day. The tide is fast turning its current, and then how will England act? Why her scholars will turn their attention to the market that pays best for their labor. Thus the scholars from Oxford and Cambridge will seek American publishers, knowing full well that better prices will be the result—occasioned by a large sale, and their merits more fully known. When ambition and pecuniary rewards are obtained, what can prevent the country that gives them from being the best patronised and the most courted? What English author has ever obtained so much from a publisher, as Mrs. Stowe has from the sale of Uncle Tom? None. If we can rely on reports, the authoress has got not less than $50,000. And yet this has been obtained at the very low price of $1 50 for each copy. If this book had been originally published in England, it would have been the general novel price, three volumes, thirty-one shillings and sixpence; and we may fairly conclude, that it would never have obtained one-half the popularity it has done. America has brought into practice in England the cheap railway series. Bulwer's, Ainworth's and others, can now be bought at one shilling and sixpence each novel; but this has been done after all the libraries have been filled, and yet the number sold is enormous. We believe, that in periodical literature, England far excels this country. It has been stated, but we know not on what authority, that the London Journal has a circulation of 400,000 per week. If so, this is occasioned by its cheapness. It gives sixteen pages, quarto, of closely printed matter, for two cents!! Think of these facts, ye haughty, purse-proud publishers, who look more for a name than your country's reputation.

POPULAR PREACHERS.

THE REV. DR. FURNESS.

This gentleman's personal appearance, in the aggregate, is unassuming, but commanding. On his countenance is impressed thought, power, and integrity of character; it is impossible for such a face to lie; you can read it; it is unmistakeably honest. Look right into his face; analyse it as you will; bring the strictest rules of Lavater and Spurzheim to bear on his countenance—it will stand all—the most brilliant light will not be able to find a spot, or a dark shade on its surface. In height, our subject is about five feet 9 inches; in weight, about 150 pounds. The heavy, immense forehead reminds you of Daniel Webster. It is powerful, and highly impressive in appearance. None can look upon that figure, and detect the superficial thinker; profundity is visible in that forehead; thought is written there; no powers of dissimulation can hide it. Look at his audience; how thoughtful and intellectual they seem. He seems to have thrown the shade of his intellectuality over them—all seems so well in keeping. But look! he rises—what simplicity! No pomposity, no pretension, no vanity; all is *apropos*. But listen! he speaks, at first low, as if from modesty. Now he raises the pitch of his voice, and it soon swells into a massive and sonorous volume of sound, agreeable, and really musical.

Watch well his reading; reflect as you like on punctuation or emphasis; you may be as hypercritical as you choose. All the

faults you may fancy you find, will vanish before the judicious observer. The Doctor's modesty, or unpretension, is itself a model for more ambitious but less talented divines to copy. We do not subscribe to all the views of the Doctor. We think in many points he greatly errs; but it is not with the *matter* we have to treat about in our remarks on divines, but with the *method*. We have no personal acquaintance with the Doctor, hence our remarks are written without his knowledge. But observe the Doctor again; he has got through the singing, and reading of the lesson, and now he prays.

Sceptics, infidels, call yourselves what you will—but hear him pray; and unless your scurrilous scoffing has placed you beyond redemption, you must indeed be feelingless, callous-hearted, if such a prayer does not affect you. It is devoid of pomposity or unmeaning rhetoric; it flows from the heart as freely as the stream gushes from the fountain. We care not what a man believes; he may be called by any name; he may be thrown out of the regions of orthodoxy—but such a prayer, delivered by any man, is entitled to the highest reverence and submission. Narrow, indeed, must be his soul, who can censure such a man, that delivers such earnest supplications to the Almighty Power for the general improvement of mankind. The most rigid of all sects (we say it in honesty) would feel highly improved under the prayers of the Rev. Dr. Furness.

But the prayer is finished. Now he commences his sermon; and mark well the uniformity of his style and manner. Eloquence is to a great extent conventional. It varies in its standard according to the place in which it is delivered. The standard of the Grecians is not suitable for the Anglo-Saxon assemblies. A Demosthenes would not succeed in the English House of Commons, or in the Senate at Washington, so well as a Pitt or a Webster. In France, a Bourdaloue or a Massillon might electrify thousands, but in England or here, lesser effects would be perceptible. As we have become more Anglo-Saxonized, we have become more discreet than the Greeks or the French, and less phlegmatic than the German. We move between all other unmixed races; hence our unrivalled progression.

But we must proceed. The Rev. Dr. is one of the best specimens of an Anglo-Saxon preacher—but not one of the best specimens of an Anglo-Saxon orator. While we admire a fine, dashing energy, sparkling rhetoric, and lively action, still we must admit, that the massive truths which are delivered by Dr. Furness, in a clear and distinct voice, are calculated to effect more good, than bombastic oratory with strained rhetoric. We are in all cases (or nearly so) opposed to the reading of sermons. There are but few capable of producing a good effect in the delivery of their matter, by reading it. Say what you chose, in apologising for the reading of sermons, still the freedom of action is curbed, gracefulness is placed, as it were, on stilts—the whole soul is placed under restrictions, and it cannot at all times deliver itself with that power and effect which the subject demands. Yet it would be very wrong to prevent men who have the ability to preach, because they cannot speak orally so well as they can write. Robert Hall, one of the most felicitous writers in the language, was but a dull, heavy preacher; yet what man has done more honor to the pulpit than he? It may be an easy matter to prove that the choicest flowers of the English language have sprung from the least pretending stock. A great deal can be said on this side of the argument; and were we to attempt to do so, we should certainly claim for Dr. Furness a

very conspicuous position. His style is masculine, not ornate, yet not devoid of rhetorical beauties. His manner of reading his sermons is very impressive and exact. He reads so well, that he captivates much more by his preciseness and emphaticness, than many do that deliver their sermons orally. His method of treating his subject is neither hackneyed nor novel; but it is handled with masterly and scholarly skill. Every idea tells. There is not an unnecessary word delivered, and nothing stolen from other writers: all is his own. The reading of sermons is a strong temptation, especially for young preachers, to add other men's ideas, because they have none of their own. But we are certain that Dr. Furness has never been accused of such a charge. It is well known that he is a man of very superior literary attainments —one of the best German scholars in the country. His translation of Schiller's "Bell" is considered an excellent translation. As a polemical writer, he has attained among the Unitarians a very distinguished position. The Doctor has associated with the extreme abolitionists, and his prevailing *penchant* runs through all his actions. It is so *con a more* with him, that he rarely delivers a prayer, and never preaches a sermon, but the abolition society seems uppermost in his mind. He has carried out this favorite idea so far, as to cause a very large number of his congregation at different times to leave him. But the Doctor is a man of courage, besides a man of talent; he is never daunted; he thinks his cause is a holy and just one, and he is ready at any time to make a sacrifice of himself, rather than give up his views.

Such is Dr. Furness. We have sketched him as he appeared to us; but our object is our honest avowal, without alluding in any way to the opinions of those we sketch.

REMINISCENCES OF NICARAGUA.

BY PETER F. STOUT,
Ex Vice-Consul.

CHAPTER III.

Rivas—The Plaza—Market—Senoritas—Ancient History—Gil Gonzalez de Avila—The arrival of the Spaniards—Nicaragua—Rodrigo de Contreras—His son Hernandez—The Capture of the Country—Country above Rivas—Business—Samoza, the Rebel Chief—Hotel and eating—San Francisco—Bust of Washington—Henry Clay—Price of Land—Stores and Trade—Living, Beef, etc.—Manner of Cooking—Wood—Stoves, etc.

The road is over a rolling country, well covered with fruits, and there are numerous sites everywhere for beautiful homes to be found. You enter Rivas, the capital of this district, by a broad road, and find your way to the plaza, which is found in every Spanish settlement. Upon them everywhere are located the Cathedral, Government Houses, shops, &c., and the ground itself is occupied daily by the country people, who here sell their marketing—corn, beans, onions, oranges, lemons, pineapples, jocotes, coffee, tobacco, sugar, cheese; in fine, everything is brought from the haciendas to tempt the appetite and appease it, too. The senorita, with her dark olive skin well washed (probably for the occasion), in her nice camisa (not reaching to her waist), and with a skirt independent of any contact above, smokes her cigarita, and laughs with the bargainer, while her sparkling eye entices the unwary foreigner to purchase at an exorbitant rate.

The dark-eyed daughters of Seville and the nut brown lasses of Nicaragua have the same origin; their language mayhap is changed *partially*, yet their spirits, their *souls* are identical, and he who stays his steps beside the little saleswoman *will*

purchase. Smiles have a common origin, and sweet ones wreathe the pouting lips of Nicaragua's daughters, sufficient to bewilder any poor devil who for the first time dallies by their side.

Rivas occupies the site of the aboriginal town. It was the first city visited in the State by the first Spaniard who sailed from Panama in 1522, namely, Gil Gonzales de Avila. This noble landed upon the shore of the Gulf of Mioya at some point, with four horses and one hundred followers. After experiencing many hardships, he entered the domain of a chief, Nicoya, who gave the Spaniards valuable presents, and in return received glass toys and other pretty articles. Gonzales, learning that many miles northward another chief (Nicaragua) had his territory, pushed forward and reached the old town of Nicaragua (now Rivas), the subject of our present chapter. After difficulties (mentioned at length by Peter Martyr, which can be found in Squier's Nicaragua), battles ensued between them. The Spanish horse (an object of terror to these Indians, as they proved also to the Mexicans and Peruvians), saved the utter destruction of the Spanish party, and they returned to Panama, giving mighty accounts of the country, its resources, and its people.

Pedro de Arias thereupon determined to found a colony there, and despatched Francisco Hernandez de Cordova in 1522 for that purpose. Leon and Granada were built, and Pedro de Arias dying, his son-in-law, Rodrigo de Contreras, succeeded, disregarding the order of the Crown, which denied him or any of the officers holding the Indians as property. Assassinations occurred, provoked by petty and private jealousies; and in the absence of Rodrigo, who sought Spain to vindicate himself, his son Hernandez openly revolted, and took possession of the country, and then embarked for Panama, which he captured, met with mishaps, sickened, and died. In time it became a province in the Captain-Generalcy of Guatemala, and so remained until 1823, when a spirit of republicanism drove monarchy from the country. Such is the ancient history of Rivas. The country immediately around is just such as could be rendered all that man could desire. In fact, I may state here, that which may otherwise be omitted by me, that three good crops may be raised annually, and fair crops, too. Corn will average 50 to 70 bushels to the acre. Indigo grows luxuriantly; fine woods; and the best flavored and strongest coffee I ever drank—even, to my taste, superior to the Mocha. At one time, Rivas occupied the prominent position for commerce: its port, San Jorge, being forty-five miles nearer the Red San Juan, and the immediate lands about San Jorge being well-cultivated and high: but the connection now established fully through from the Pacific has deprived it of all importance, and Granada must become at some time *the favorite* locality in the State. Prior to the connection above-mentioned, passengers touching at Realey's on the Pacific, travelled on mules across the country, arriving at Granada, and there would take bungoes (at whatever rates could be had) for Greytown. This of itself has aided Granada greatly; for impressed with its delightful situation, its bathing, its fine fruits, and the high order of intellect of its inhabitants, they remained for months, until some *intermarried*, and thus business connections were formed, which eventuated in this city's becoming the favorite among all classes of foreigners.

However, to me, Rivas is a grand old place. There is something to me in the ruined cathedral on its plaza, the marks of devastation everywhere to be found, the remnants of antique statues seen in old rubbish, and in the *songs* of the peo-

ple, which remind me of some very old legend, read in the palmy days of youth; and I passed hours sitting on a broken wall, endeavoring to image fully the primal condition of this edifice, of this statue, or that cathedral, and yet amid so much fallen grandeur, amid this general wreck, what lessons have been *taught!* not what have been *learned!* We need the *teacher first.*

To all the Central States war is nothing new. There is to them nothing new in an engine which conveys death to the mass; politics are footballs for the few, and the *mass* are the levers, the *tools* only whereby an end is to be attained. One morn, after a long walk about the suburbs, I reached a corner, where I observed, lying on the ground, a gibbet. I asked a muchacho standing by what it was made for. He told me the famous Samoza, a rebel chief, had been hung upon it. I took out my knife, and cutting off a piece, put it in my pocket, much to the boy's surprise. The hotel I lodged in had every comfort—good beds, mattrasses, a good table, and every edible well-cooked, and, to my surprise, everything, even to the towels in your room, were white and clean; these luxuries cost two dollars and a half per day. Above the hotel stood the Church of San Francisco. I had been in it frequently, when one day, seated on the steps, to my surprise, upon casting my eyes upward, I marked the bust of General Washington over the door in a niche. Amazed, I inquired of a man passing, "What was that bust called." He replied, "Saint Francis." "Oh, no!" I retorted; "'tis an American, the great General Washington." The poor hombre raised his hat, crossed his hands on his breast, muttered something (I supposed a prayer), and then replied: "Ah, Signor, he is loved very much by Nicaragua, and Henry Clay, too."

Two tributes from a poor Nicaraguan to the memories of the greatest men of my country. I took his arm, walked home with him, and spent several delightful hours in his humble house. There are many delightful private residences in this city, and the price of land being so very moderate (at a short distance from town, say from five to seven dollars per acre), and the rent of a good house, in good order, say $8 to $12 per month (in 1850), that for a small amount a foreigner could live as happily as his heart could desire upon a trifling annuity. The business habits of the people are simple, and to judge by the ease with which every matter of business is characterized, it would lead to the supposition that they were unaccustomed to trade, yet such is far from the truth; they *bargain well. They are* inveterate "*Jews*," and seem as much at control whether the amount *bargaining* for be a dollar's worth or a dime's. The store is one corner of a front room (opening on the street), cooped off, resembling an old-fashioned corner cupboard, and here are stowed laces, ruffles, calicoes, prints, and other commodities; pins are generally scarce articles. Yet there is much amusing (as a general thing among the shopkeepers. A pound of cheese is wanted; it being the custom to cut it into small square pieces about the size of a sugar-cracker, you cannot get the pound in a lump—you must take it in small pieces. You want to purchase chickens, beans, hides, or anything *wholesale.* The retail price for chickens is, say, *twenty cents per pair.* You will more than probably be charged thirty or forty cents wholesale, for the simple reason that "*you may want them, and therefore you must pay.* Beef, good and fat, cannot be purchased at any price; the oxen are worked till they nearly drop, then they are penned up until it suits the *butcher to kill*, not the

ox to fatten. The fat (if a little be found) is converted into candles, and the beef is eut into strips, like eoarse shoestrings, dried in the air, and then is fit for use.

The corn cake (tortillo)—I shall speak in English, as I am writing, I believe, for the English publie only—this, beef, sugar, and cheese, with a sprinkle of onions and a heavy dash of garlic from the larder, is the general dish; and although at an Amerieau hotel a splendid meal ean be had, still we give the kitchen arrangements of the inhabitants of Niearagua. The eulinary department is remarkably simple—Adam and Eve might have used the same apparatus; it answers pretty well for "*fries*" and stews, but it is to be hoped that a ehange may eome over their ideas, and that *some* kind of a machine may be introduced or invented by which a broil may be had ere we visit it again. Two round stones, upon whieh a pot is placed, is the stove; fire is kindled under the vessel, and from this results your meal. I have often thought how strange a eustom they have in regard to *wood*. You see no *loads* brought into town; a small *bundle of short sticks* is sold for ten cents, and it is very diffieult to procure a large supply. The wood is generally porous and soft, and burns with diffieulty; and it is a souree of annoyance in many cases. A vast amount is taken on board the steamers on the lake, and yet only a small amount of steam ean be generated. These boats run probably six to seven miles per hour, while upon our waters these same vessels could make sixteen to seventeen easily.

SHAKSPEAREANA.

In replieation to the reply of W. D. to my remarks on the punctuation of "No more," in Hamlet's soliloquy, I must premise, that I do *not* suppose, as he assumes, Hamlet to ask so inapt a question as, "Whether people sleep no more by dying." So strange a misconception, induees me to present my real acceptation of the meaning of the text as given in Capell's, and in Johnson's editions.

The elliptical phrase "No more," with the note of interrogation following, I regard in the light of a question by Hamlet, as to whether "to die" is really no more than "to sleep;" a sense very different from that assigned to me by W. D. I admit that, "No more," as pointed in other editions than those I refer to, bears the sense of an affirmation on the part of Hamlet of his belief that death is no more than sleep; and that nearly all actors and oratorieal readers make a full eadence on the phrase as elosing in that sense. But so positive a severing of the preeeding and succeeding thoughts, seems to me, to break the main link in the ehain of ideas. Whereas, by resolving "No more" into a secondary question, (naturally arising out of the prineipal one,) with its sequent eonditionalities and dependent eorollary, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and then making a full eadence, we ean attain an unity, or integrality in the train of reflections, which no actor or oratorieal reader, I ever heard could effeet in its delivery, aeeording to the ordinary mode of punctuation.

I must, however, coneede that the sense of the text is generally reeeived as being "good as it is," and that the vague printing, though it may dim the radiance of the poet's light, eannot totally obscure it; though veiled in elouds and mists we can still discern the beautiful outline and majestic proportions of the spiritual statue of the melancholy "Prince of Philosophers."

INDEX.

A VISIT TO F. J. DREER'S COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS.

We had the pleasure, a few days ago, of examining the extensive and unique collection of autographs in the possession of our esteemed townsman, F. J. Dreer, Esq. To an antiquarian, such a collection offers charms that language fails to express. The profession of an autograph collector is but of recent growth. The last century can produce its book collectors and its book illustrators, but if the mania for collecting autographs had commenced, it was on so very small a scale that it did not deserve notice. Such a remarkable omission in our celebrated antiquaries we are at a loss to account for. Hans Sloane, who founded the British Museum, and who gave to the British nation 200 volumes of plants, 30,000 minerals and other specimens of value, with his library of 50,000 volumes and 3,566 rare manuscripts, did not, as we are informed, even think of collecting autographs. Antiquarians, like Mr. Pickwick, saw an old stone cut with sundry initials, must purchase the stone, have it transmitted by express to London and brought to the different societies, have lectures delivered on its peculiar characters, contributions sent to the magazines and the country shaken to its centre. At the time the old London Roman wall was pulled down, the peace of England was seriously endangered; all the antiquarians were agog; indignation meetings were held in every town, and the government saw that unless severe measures were put in operation, a coup-d'etat might be the consequence; in order to prevent such an awful catastrophe, and still more to preserve the respectability of the antiquarian societies, the government guarded the precious relics by placing a regiment of soldiers to prevent enthusiastic lovers of old stones from stealing them. It was even said by many ungrateful vandals that the antiquarian societies would subscribe more to preserve old stones than poor, desolate human beings!! We wish it understood that we do not subscribe to such severe reflections on such a venerable body of men as our antiquarians.

But we are diverging somewhat from our contemplated course. Our object in this article is to give a statement of the extensive collection of autographs now in the possession of F. J. Dreer, Esq. We believe that Dr. Sprague has a larger collection of American autographs than Mr. Dreer, but his foreign collection lacks that variety and interest which is in Mr. Dreer's. Dr. Teft of Savannah has a very large collection, but we think not equal to Mr. Dreer's, either in numbers or interest.

The oldest autograph that Dr. Teft is reported to have is from *Cotton Mather*,—a sermon dated 1665. In age alone, Mr. Dreer's Collection far surpasses Dr. Teft's. Here is one of the French Sovereigns, Rene, King of Jerusalem, Sicily and Arragon, Count of Provence—a decree signed by him 1472. In curiosities we think this collection cannot be excelled by any in this country, if in the world. We shall now give an idea under the different heads as they are arranged, which we think will prove interesting to the bibliographer.

We begin, *amor patriæ*, with our own country.

The first in name, and first in fame, is the noble Washington. Here we have 44 letters, large and small—some published, others not—the chirography of Washington can here be seen from the age of twelve, when he was first connected with surveying, down to a page from his journal just before his death. What an important period of time! How prolific of events! Events which have changed the actions of the world, and brought about a new era in human existence. Many of these letters were written

during the Indian campaigns, when independence had not begun to agitate the public mind. Washington at this time was as anxious to do service for England, as he was afterwards to repel her oppression; he was a faithful and discreet officer, and an exemplary public servant. The handwriting is plain and distinct, it has an individuality of character about it that collectors say never fails to tell at once its genuiness. There are people who profess to believe that character can be delineated from chirography, but we must confess our ignorance of such mysteries. In the writing of Washington we see a fair hand, distinct and clear, but these traits can be seen at any time, in any of our public schools, and yet they fail to give either present indications of talent, or future prognostications. A good specimen of Washington's letter is worth, either here or in London, $20. Calculating these 44 letters at an average of $15 each, which is a fair average, this lot alone is worth $860. The next in repute, although first in date, and next in the affections of Pennsylvanians, is Wm. Penn. Here again is this Collection rich, we may say unique; here are 40 letters of the Penn Family, the most of them from William Penn, exclusive of the celebrated Southwell papers. This collection is complete, and if sold to-morrow in London would bring $1,000. It is really interesting to look over this collection; here are the very letters that he wrote to the different branches of his family, here you may see the ink that he used, and read the communications that passed from one to another. All the early recollections of the troublesome times that passed amidst the varied interests that he represented can be seen in all their various lights and shades. Here can be seen that Penn was not a myth, but that he was like all other men, with feelings, passions, and desires that he could not at all times control. Such a Collection brings us into direct communion with all the Penn family, and to be able to do this, is a consummation that all lovers of history desire.

The next great American that attracts our attention is Jefferson. Not less than 30 letters grace this Collection, of the American Solon. Most of these are fine specimens, and reckoning them at the low price of $5 each, would bring at public sale $150. It seems but yesterday since this great man died; many are now living that have felt the benefit of his personal presence, and all of whom speak of him in terms of the highest praise. We might particularise many other eminent men, but we must take up the Collection as it is arranged, under each head, and when we come to any speciality we shall make some remarks. The first in arrangement are the military and civil officers before the Revolution. The number of letters here amount to seventy-five. And among the most distinguished we find the gallant Abercrombie, General Braddock, and a very curious letter of Lord Baltimore's, dated 1692. Also, a very old letter of Governor Sim. Bradstreet, of Massachusetts, 1691. Here is a letter of Major General Gage, dated 1769; little did he then expect a severance of the colonies from England. Here we have the letters of the Johnstons that figured so extensively in the Indian Wars. What recollections do these reminiscences recall! The French, English and Indians that fell victims to this stubborn war, cause mournful thoughts to arise. The next complete collection of great men in rotation, are the Generals of the Revolution. Here are men that served their country, and which a grateful people will ever hold in remembrance. Here we are compelled to class the honest Putnam with the brilliant traitor, Benedict Arnold. Though our Generals were not so highly trained in the art of war, yet, an indomitable spirit was found to be unconquerable. Here we find the unfortunate Warren that fell at Bunker Hill; Marion,

who showed the British officer that the American Generals fought not for money but for love of country, and that a sweet potatoe roasted in the ashes served him, an American General, for dinner. All the letters are characteristic of noble souls, and reflect the highest credit on the men who fought for our liberties in the times which tried men's souls. The next we must mention are men who have proved themselves valiant before a foreign foe, and one who confessedly stands the first as a brave officer, Commodore Paul Jones. The Commodores of the U. S. have, in nearly all cases, proved themselves to be men of the highest courage and bravery. There was a time when the U. S. flag was not respected, but wherever it now waves, it commands respect without enforcing it. The English naval officers, in nearly every engagement with the Americans, found that they had something different to fight with than either French or Spanish. A Decatur would have made an Admiral in the British Navy, and Paul Jones would have taken Cronstadt, had he been sent there with a fleet similar to the one Napier took.

The next in rotation we find to be the Military and Naval officers. Some of the most distinguished men our country can boast of we find as officers in the Army and Navy. Perhaps no man in the revolution created so much excitement as Colonel Ethan Allen did when in England. His personal appearance was singularly grotesque, and he was not less so in his actions. He was a man bold in war as his actions at Ticonderago fully prove, and desperate when oppressed. During the time he was imprisoned in England, he acted in the most noble manner. The most tempting offers on the part of the British Government he spurned with the disdain of an honorable man, and before he was sent home he had enlisted by his honorable conduct the sympathy and respect of all the residents of the place.

Here is a letter from Col. Wm. Duane of this city, a name that is well known here, and which is handed down with increasing honor by the living descendants.

Next comes the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Here is a complete Collection, a very rare thing to possess. We know many industrious collectors, and they find it very difficult to collect even any that are considered the most common. In a few years such a collection will bring an extraordinary price.

We now leave the American collection and commence with the *Foreign*. In this department Mr. Dreer is very rich ; he possesses many extraordinary letters of the great men of Europe from 1472 to the present time. We commence with the English Collection. The first in date is Henry VII., and then comes that curious compound of animalism and intellectuality, Henry the VIII. Whatever censure we may throw on the scandalous conduct of this Henry, which merits all and a great deal more than it has already obtained, yet we must also acknowledge that he has been instrumental in bringing about a system of society that has freed us from priestly domination and religious tyranny. Here also we have the unfortunate Queen, Catharine of Aragon, his consort. What thoughts arise at the mention of this woman! We fancy we see the ghost of Cardinal Wolsey drawing back at the sight of her—what a commentary on human life, and the vanity of human expectations! Poor human nature, how susceptible of change and how encircled by danger! In the train of female unfortunates, we next find the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scotland, dated 1559. Her life was as chequered as life could really be, and her unfortunate end at this day, when prejudices are smoothed down by time, creates sympathy and sorrow. Who can look upon that beautiful face without being grieved at Darnley and incensed at Elizabeth? James

the VI. of Scotland, and the I. of England next attract our attention in a letter to the King of France. Then follows the commencement of that sorrowful episode in English history, a long letter written by Charles the First. Mr. O'Callaghan, an eminent collector of autographs, recently delivered a lecture on Autographs, and in it he stated that the American Government had paid £71, or more than $350, for a letter of Charles the First. This is an extraordinary price for such a letter, but it must be taken into consideration that the British Museum wanted it, or otherwise it would not have brought more than £20. Mr. Dreer can flatter himself that he has got a fine specimen of Charles the First, and one which is held in high esteem. Next in date and in fame, is Oliver Cromwell. The great Protector's chirography is here displayed on a commission signed by him. How the towering genius of Cromwell suggests itself to the observer in such a document! What great talent it implies in a man from the agricultural districts of England, to be able to wrest from the hands of an hereditary monarch such great power! And how well he used it under such extraordinary circumstances can only be accounted for by his superlative genius. It is more than probable that the greatness of Cromwell would have lain hid in obscurity, had not such imbecility and tyranny on the part of Charles the First been displayed. In order of succession comes Charles the Second. This is a full letter written by him to the Count d'Estrees. Much as we admire the kingly dignity which graced the person of this puerile monarch, we cannot but be melancholy at the weaknesses of human nature as displayed by him. The House of Stuart was welcomed back to the throne of England. After Richard Cromwell had failed to exercise the power which his father had done, it fell again into the hands of the Stuarts, who might have ruled a willing people, but a lack of ability and a laxness of moral integrity produced their downfall forever. James the Second, who succeeded Charles, comes next to our view. Here we find a summons to his Coronation signed by him 1684. Alas! the Stuarts ended their power in this person, who inherited all the vileness and weakness of his predecessors. His conduct in England, his slavishness to Louis the XIV. of France, and his conduct in Ireland against William the Third, all merit the severest censure. William the Third, the Prince of Orange, follows James the Second. This is a summons to the installation of the Duke of Ormond as a Knight of the Garter, 1689. Whatever may be said against the measures of this foreign king, he was a man of strong mind, somewhat stoical in his demeanor, but take him all in all, he governed a wronged people in such a manner as to merit praise from an impartial historian. It may be considered even a miracle for a man like this to give any degree of satisfaction amidst the turmoil, and even treason of his chief officers. Next comes Queen Anne. This is a Commission signed and countersigned by the Duke of Queensbury. All that needs be said of her, is, that she pursued the policy of her illustrious predecessor. Next in importance come the Georges. George the First's is a letter in German signed by him 1735. George the Second, Commission of Horatio Sharpe 1739, and George the Third, a note to an under Secretary of State 1799. Here may be fully stated ends the stubbornness of the Hanover House. In no one was it more fully exemplified than in George the Third. This country was lost to the English entirely through the stupidity of this King. Had he possessed common foresight, (which fortunately he did not,) this country might still have been colonies of Great Britain. "The first gentleman of Europe" next comes in succession, or more correctly George the Fourth. This is a note to Mr. Huskisson, the great Speaker, who met with his death when railways were

first intrdueed into England. There are but few kings that have caused more notoriety by their amours than this, and still kept sueh hold on the publie mind. Though he was a professed libertine, he did not, like Charles the Seeond, attempt to tyrannise over the people. Whatever his ministers thought was advisablo to be done he was not any obstacle, yet he possessed sufficient independenee of mind and dignity of character as not to be thought a slave of any one. His eonduct toward Queen Caroline will always be a blot on his eharaeter; though it must be confessed that as the events recede from us, they only show that she was equally as unworthy of a good husband as he was of a good wife. Mr. Dreer has the letters of the whole Royal Family of England, from George the Fourth down to the present amiable Victoria. As the principal events eonneeted with these persons come within the reeolleetion of most of our readers, we shall not further revert to them at present. As we are relating every letter as we find them arranged, and supposed them to be aceording to date, we havo eome unexpectedly on a letter of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth. Suggestions of a thousand kinds rush on our memory, and uppermost amid them all we feel that of Devereaux's. Having now finished the Kings and Queens of England, we eome to the French Dynasty, constantly flirting from one system of government to another. In this Department Mr. Dreer's Colleetion is rich. He has letters commencing from 1472 almost in suecession down to Napoleon.

We mentioned Rene's letter, who was king of Jerusalem, Sicily, and Count of Provence. After this we have Franeis I., king of France. Here is a parehment doeument dated 1518. This king was very ambitious; he had more boldness than discretion; and on one oeasion, when fighting against Bourbon and Lunnoy at Pavia, he threw himself into the midst of the battle, where he was surrounded by Spaniards and was severely wounded, and would have been eut down had he not been recognised by some of his own soldiers. Henry II. of Franee is next in date, 1576. The ehivalry of the middle ages was well and nobly sustained by the French kings and nobility. This king well deserved being ealled a brave man. His gaiety was proverbial, but still he had the martial spirit of a hero, and when his serviees were required on the battle field, he never fled from danger. He was killed in a tournament against Count d'Montgomeri, whieh he might have avoided without sacrifieing his dignity. This king married the eelebrated Catharine de Medieis, daughter of Lorenzo de Medieis.

Here is a letter of Catharine de Medicis, dated 1560. Readers know well the extraordinary traits of eharacter which this woman displayed. She was bold and vindictive, and though the murderer of her husband was banished from Franee for several years; yet it happened, through the chances of war, that he was in her power, and she immediately ordered him to be put to death. Henry III., son of Catharine, not quite regular in date, comes next; a letter 1576. This king was the last of the Valois family, who had sat on the throne for two hundred and sixty-one years. He was a man cruel and vacillating and easily led to the commission of any erimo by his wieked and designing mother. He caused the death of the Duke of Guise and Cardinal Guise in the most cowardly manner. This would have eost him his erown had not the King of Navarre eome to his reseue. He was at last assassinated by one James Clement, who was killed instantly by the king's officers.

Henry the Fourth. Here is a decree on parehment dated 1590. This king, above all the kings that preceded him, was the most beloved. He was kind, and so far as

he dare go, tolerant. He was at first a Protestant, but State policy caused him to renounce it and embrace Catholicism. Notwithstanding his adoption of Romanism, he had for his Prime Minister the great Duke of Sully, who was a Protestant. The silk trade of Lyons was first commenced by him ; in fact he gave all the encouragement to arts and manufactures that circumstances would allow. At last, when he was paying a visit to Sully, who was confined to his bed by sickness, a religious fanatic, whose name was Ravaillac, sprang on the wheel of the coach and stabbed him mortally.

Here is also a letter of Mary de Medicis dated 1590, wife of Henry the Fourth. We must now notice one out of order of date. Mr. Dreer is continually receiving new accessions, so that we are prevented from noticing them exactly according to date. We have next a letter from Louis the Eleventh, but no date. This king reigned from 1461 to 1483, so that the letter must be one of the oldest in the Collection ; we cannot say that it is older than Rene before mentioned, but must be closely approximating to it. This king seems to have been destitute of any noble qualities ; he was a cool, intriguing monarch and very cruel. Mezerai tells us that he caused more than four thousand persons to be put to death by various exquisite modes of torture, many of which he witnessed himself.

Louis the Thirteenth is next on our list. This king is celebrated on account of his connection with the great Cardinal Richelieu. This priest seems to have been the ruling spirit of Louis' actions. Louis undertook the reduction of Rochelle through his advice, and the people, after a desperate resistance, and relying on the assistance promised by England, only gave up, after having sacrificed 9,000 out of 15,000 men. The evil genius of Richelieu over-ruled the imbecility of Louis, and whatever merit or censure arises from the taking of Rochelle, Richelieu is the man that caused its downfall. Following this letter is an order from Anne of Austria, the Queen of Louis the Thirteenth.

The great Louis XIV. of France, is next in our list. Here is a decree signed by him on parchment. This king may be ranked among the most extraordinary kings of France. He had around him some of the most distinguished Generals, Condé and Turenne ; and Cardinal Mazarin was his chief adviser. At the death of Mazarin he followed his own counsel. The great war of the *Fronde* was carried on with much vigor and success. The great Cardinal De Rhetz was the leading spirit against Louis, but he conquered De Rhetz and afterwards imprisoned him. The intrigues of this king were proverbial ; he had his emissaries in every country ; but Cromwell, the great king of kings, he who represented the people of England, was alike successful with this wily person, and succeeded in inducing Louis to banish the royal family of England from France, who had fled there after the English had banished them for their tyranny. But the Stuarts soon regained their position in England, after Cromwell died ; his son Richard, who had but a short reign, soon gave way to Charles the Second, and then did Louis XIV. outrival the voluptuous Charles, by sending over one of his loveliest concubines with the Duchess of Orleans, Charles' sister, and induced him to break his contract with the other European powers. This manœuvre on the part of Louis, enabled him to throw an overwhelming force into the German States, and however signal the effects were, they had only the tendency to bring other more powerful means into operation. This hostile attitude brought a perfect organization of the protestants to the rescue, and they elected the ever memorable William the Third of England, as Stadtholder of the German States. Then came the tug of war ; James the

Second, king of England, was expelled from the throne, and here ended the Stuarts. Louis assisted James to re-conquer Ireland, and brought an active force against William the Third, and the battle of Boyne will ever be remembered as one of the terrible effects of this diplomacy. The reign of Louis the Fourteenth will ever be memorable for the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the persecution of the Huguenots. While Mazarin was the adviser of Louis, the protestants of France had some liberty shown to them. Sovonis, who succeeded him, was a weak, cruel and imbecile minister; he encouraged a cruel ambition which Louis had formed of being one of the most ardent advocates of Popery. The consequence of this bad advice by his minister was one of the most cruel and relentless massacres that ever took place in a Christian nation. Thousands of the Huguenots fled to England and other protestant countries, and at this day some of the most respectable families that live in England belong to the once unfortunate Huguenots. The transactions of this monarch were on such an extraordinary scale that it is impossible to hint at most of the many great things he accomplished in such a notice as this.

Louis the Fifteenth is next. Here is his name signed to an Ordinance 1750. The most remarkable events in the life of this man may be summed up in a few words. He was the king whom Law induced to adopt the great Mississippi scheme. A little foresight would have been able to have seen that no greater delusion could enter the mind of man than paying off the national debt by a fictitious capital; but nations are like individuals in many things; once an excitement begun, and there is no telling where it will stop. Louis XV. was very much controlled in his actions by the able and sagacious Cardinal Fleury. The military success of the French seems to have received a sudden check by the able generalship of Frederic tho great. Louis XVI. follows next in order. Here is a very fine specimen of a letter written by him dated 1787. This French monarch, proud and vain as he certainly was, rendered great assistance to our revolutionary heroes in sending us men, money and ships. It is but fair to say, that without the assistance of the French at this period our independence would have been delayed for an indefinite period. The weak and pusillanimous conduct of Louis brought about a state of things which makes the blood run chill even to mention. The terrible persecution the poor unfortunate Marie Antoinette passed through, and her untimely death, will always merit a tear from the benevolent. The effect of this mismanagement on the part of Louis caused the overthrow of monarchy in France for a limited period. After passing by several very eminent names in French history, we arrive at the great Napoleon, the French Cromwell. Here is a military order from him dated 1813. Mr. Dreer has a complete collection of the Napoleon family. We find a note from the lamented Josephine, and another from Maria Louisa, his second Empress. Whatever callousness of heart Napoleon manifested to his army while on the field of battle, it has been pleaded in his defence that in war necessity has no law; she is dogmatical, immovable, and from whence there can be no appeal. But in the case of the Empress Josephine no such excuse can be offered; all was cold-hearted state policy, proving beyond the possibility of a doubt that there was not anything too sacred for him to pull down, if it only gratified his ambition.

The everchanging, cunning Louis Phillippe comes next. Here is a letter to R. Gilmore. Such a character as this of Louis Phillippe is really contemptible. He ascended the throne of France as the Citizen King, and never did mortal so betray his trust. Where he aspired to future family connections, he lacked the tact of keeping his

motives from public view; but where he could not blind the public, he omitted granting privileges which he had previously promised; and if he had fulfilled those promises his family might have still been reigning in France. But poor human nature always lacks something, and in this instance more was lacked than was performed.

Having noticed all the principal French Kings and Queens, we now proceed to those of Spain. Mr. Dreer's Collection is not so rich in this department as in some others, but what he has are good, and extremely rare. The first that attracts our attention is the great Charles V. Here is a letter from him dated 1522. Spain was more indebted for her military and naval successes to this king than any other which ruled over her. It was from such splendid geniuses that ancient Spain derived her renown and her glory. What a difference the present Spain presents to the Spain of the 15th and 16th centuries! Charles V. was as much the ruler of Europe in his day, as Napoleon was in this century. This Spanish king attempted not only the temporal ascendancy, but he fought hard for the Romish Church. Lutheranism sprang into an active existence in his day, and he almost succeeded in trampling it to death; but by its own virtue it rose again, and caused the great Spanish king and bold defender of Catholicism to accept terms not congenial to his desires. Robertson has vividly drawn the character of this great Spanish ruler, but our own Prescott has given the finishing touch to this personage, and we now have him truthfully and we believe honestly described. The next and only Spanish king whose letters we have to notice is that of Ferdinand, Infant of Spain, dated 1524. This character is so intimately connected with early American History, that we can do no better than refer our readers to the lucid and brilliant narrative of Prescott.

There is but little to say on the Portuguese collection. All the letters are modern, and as there is nothing particular in this part of the collection of any renown, we pass on, and may say that the Italian collection is nearly the same. We have here a Bull on parchment, by Pope Nicholas, and another Bull by one of the Gregories. The Austrian collection is more full and complete. The first letter of any moment is from Joseph II. This king may justly be styled one of the most exemplary characters; considering the times in which he was born, he was a paragon of toleration. We do not think we are hazarding too much in saying that he composed one of the finest prayers that can be found in any language. The Prussian collection is also rich, and the first of all is undoubtedly the great and inimitable Frederic. Prussia, previous to his reign, was little better than a mere principality. It was subservient to other powers, and its voice was of no avail. But what a change took place under this child of adversity, he who was spurned by his father—almost tortured to death by a drunken king! Really the fates seem merciful when justice has been so long outraged by brutality. But what the father of Frederic omitted was more than counterbalanced by him. The genius of this man soon broke through all precedents. He organized one of the finest armies of Europe, and repelled the efforts of Louis of France and tamed his power, which previously reigned triumphant. Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary, fell a victim to his ambition, and had he possessed the ambition of a Napoleon, he might have outrivalled him in his greatness. But Frederic was not only a military man, but he was an intellectual man. He paid homage to the genius of a Voltaire, while he studied the warlike stratagems of a Hannibal or Xenophon. His correspondence with Voltaire develops a most extraordinary mind, eccentric in many things, but always great. But we must stop eulogy. We might fill pages with re-

marks on this man. A Prussian can be justly as proud of his Frederic as a Frenchman of his Napoleon, or an Englishman of his Cromwell. We must pass over many sovereigns of note, both in Prussia and Germany, so that we may be able to make some remarks on other kings that have ruled with the mind as well as the sword. Sweden, Denmark, Belgium and Modern Greece are all represented, but not sufficiently so as to merit any lengthy remarks. Holland next attracts our attention. We cannot pass over this old parent state without giving her kings and princes more than a passing notice. Here is a letter of one Count *Van Buren* dated 1616. We are desirous of directing the attention of Prince John Van Buren of New York to this personage. We have here a letter of William, Prince of Orange, and William III. of England, dated 1675. Lovers of liberty have much reason to be thankful for the many excellent measures that we have derived from this slow but sure nation. Russia comes next. Among the most distinguished of this country which we find in this collection, is that of Catharine II. She was a worthy successor of Peter the Great. This woman would have done credit to the Medici family. Her boldness, tempered with a good judgment, rendered her a very powerful ruler. She was capable of sacrificing anything that would gratify her ambition and enhance the interests of her country. She was on the point of starving out the whole city of Constantinople by depriving them of water, but the secret leaked out before she could consummate her heartless object. The sovereigns and princes which come next in this collection are chiefly of a minor character. Mr. Dreer is quite cosmopolitan in his transactions; he is as ambitious of shaking hands with the distinguished black Emperor of Hayti as he is with Louis Napoleon. It would be a very interesting sight to see all the mighty black imperial highnesses of South America make a visit to our distinguished collector. We rather suppose, much as he may value their autographs, he would prefer, on their part, a very respectful distance. Familiarity often breeds contempt. It is sometimes a relief to absent yourself from respectable company, and no matter how red republicans may taunt the crowned heads of Europe, there have been and are many real persons of merit. Position implies both physical power and mental ability, and as long as it is so, the denunciations of wild men will have but little effect.

The next important feature in the collection is that of British Statesmen. Here is a rich treat for the scholars of every class. Here are men that are claimed as public property. Every nation bows with reverent submission to the bright galaxy of talent that illuminates English history. English statesmen are not only known in England; their fame is spread far and wide. From the sixteenth century to the present time, and we may say in the future, English statesmen have given, do give, and will give brilliant illustrations of profound statesmanship, eloquence and wisdom. The first name that attracts our notice is the renowned Bradshaw, of regicide notoriety. Here is a letter to the Governor of Pendennis dated 1650. It is to such men that England and the world owe a great deal of the personal liberty now possessed. Next in date is from the great Lord Burleigh, a letter dated 1593, and addressed to Edward Griffin, Esq. Our readers may form some idea of the profound statesmanship of this man by referring to his works edited by Nugent. They exhibit much penetration, rare judgment, and exemplary discretion. Next in importance is the wisest and weakest of men, Lord Bacon. Here is a legal contract signed by him dated 1616. Alas, for poor human nature, when it unites base ingratitude with such

gigantic intellectual powers! The name of Bacon is as familiar as household words wherever literature is known. It is scarcely possible to conceive a man with such infinite grasp of powers as Bacon exercised, and then turn to the base conduct which he displayed to his friend, his bosom friend, the Earl of Essex. He was indebted, to a great extent, for his position under Elizabeth, to the earl, and then to be the cause of his death, why language fails to express the execration which such actions merit. But detestable as such conduct is, yet the towering genius of Bacon overshadows all such crimes, and throws even ingratitude into the background, that none can see but the close observer. The next, though not a British statesman, ranks next in this Collection as a man of strong mind, and infinite grasp of thought, and he bears a close relationship in so many things to Bacon, that it requires no apology for placing Puffendorf in company with him. Here we have a fine specimen of a letter written by this expounder of international law, dated 1689. Puffendorf will ever remain enrolled on the temple of fame, as one of the first expounders of international law. Vattel and others may have simplified what his great mind elaborated, but he will ever remain valued and read by the student of law.

The great English Commoner, the heaven-born son, deserves special mention among British statesmen. Here are two letters by him, dated 1760. If England has had one man more than another that has made her the envy of the world and the admiration of surrounding nations, it is undoubtedly William Pitt. The real power and majesty of the people were fearlessly advocated by him when the term of "swinish multitude," and others equally obnoxious, were freely bandied about the House by a no less distinguished personage than Edmund Burke. Pitt was always found the staunch friend of true liberty. The English Demosthenes, Charles James Fox, naturally keeps company with his great rival Pitt. Here we have a letter from him to Dennis O'Bryon, dated 1783. Charles James Fox will ever live in English history as one of the great men who fought valiantly for constitutional rights, though not so disinterestedly as others have done.

Mr. Dreer has placed us in a very peculiar position by such an array of letters as he here displays. One can easily imagine himself to be in the company of men whose presence it is difficult to leave. So it it is with us on this occasion. We here see the names of men that make our hearts glad to know, and with whom we could ever live; but we must pass on. We have many names to notice, and but little room for our remarks.

The French statesmen come next. Here we have an array of names that will ever make France respected and envied. While ever the genius of a Sully, or a Mazarin, or a Richelieu, or a Napoleon hovers around the nation, it will, at any rate, be secure from foreign invasion, though it may be troubled with intestine wars. Here is a letter from Sully, minister of Henry IV., dated 1536. The memoirs of this great man are well known to literary men, and are prized as the best of memoirs. As to the value and the high esteem in which they are held, we find the Longmans, of London, have just issued a new edition. While Sully will always be respected as the author of these memoirs, he will always be known as the minister of Henry the Great of France. Amid the great number of brilliant names that grace Mr. Dreer's collection we cannot pass over that of Fouché. The admirable system of police discipline which he founded has not at this day been improved. As a shrewd, far-seeing detective, he will always be considered as one of the first. We must not be accused of

neglect in not noticing the many great names which Mr. Dreer has in his collection of French statesmen. All of them stand high in the estimation of their countrymen, but we have not omitted to notice those whose reputations are universal as well as French.

We next come to the Spaniards. In this department the collection is small; resulting from various causes. The Spaniards in their past glory were not so much indebted to their ministers for their proud position as to their kings. We are not aware of any European nation that has attained the past eminence Spain had, that possessed so few eminent statesmen. In fact, the power seems to have been centered in the throne and the church. Thero is not a single name in this collection that we think worthy of special notice; and this results more from national deficiency than want of industry on the part of the collector.

Amid a miscellaneous number of statesmen of other countries, we can find names that are an honor to the world. The first of living diplomatists is unquestionably the Russian Count Nesselrode. Here is a letter from him to Mr. Short, dated 1819. Few who have observed the current of political events for the last twenty or thirty years but know that the ability of this man has been displayed on many important occasions. Without Nesselrode, Russia would have had little claim for respect in Europe. The pen of the Russian diplomatist has done more for the reputation of Russia than the sword of Menschicoff. Austria is as illustrious in her diplomacy as Russia; and the name of Metternich need only be mentioned to crowd into our minds the most important events that have taken place in Europe for the last fifty years. Here is a letter from him to Baron Lederen, dated 1821. Nesselrode, Tallyrand, and Metternich! What a trio! Three men that could rule the universe. While Austria has got a Metternich to consult, she is safe.

Mr. Dreer has such an immense collection of letters from the various diplomatists of the world, that to mention them all would fill almost a volume. If we had the power of choosing fit persons as ministers to foreign countries, we really think we should choose Mr. Dreer as one of the fittest. He is here surrounded by all the great men of this class, and his accomplishments ought to be of the first order. We must now pass over this class, and briefly notice the members of the British Parliament. In this department we have many of the most brilliant names, that the last fifty years have brought into public notice, in the English House of Commons. Wilberforce, Shiel, O'Connell, Brougham, Peel, Cobbett and others. The names of these men are familiar to most of us, and it is not necessary to extend this notice further. The next that attracts our attention is an assembly of men which has shaken Europe to its centre and caused thousand of families to mourn. And while history records the assassinations of tyrants, and defends the cause of the just, the French National Assembly, with Robespiere at its head, will always cause a shudder at the frailties and cruelties of human nature. What a terrible list of names! Murat, Danton and Robespierre! The cruelties of these men have become so well known that one would almost suppose that even the mention of one word in their behalf would be the means of causing thousands of apparitions to arise and curse the members of that Assembly.

The next in order, is the British military, and at the head of all stands Wellington. It would be a work of supererogation to venture a eulogy on this chieftain. In this list we find an old face that we must have a word with. He has been with

us on such important occasions that we must not pass him over silently. Our noble Washington had so much business to transact with him, that for his sake General Burgoyne cannot be passed over. Here is a letter from him to General Washington, dated 1777. Here is a letter from Lord Cornwallis to the Marquis de Lafayette, 1781. Thanks! a thousand thanks! for the heroic conduct of the French general in this trying situation. Here is a letter of Sir John Moore, dated 1796. A more faithful officer, a more brilliant soldier never died in a foreign land. It is seldom that an enemy in time of war rears any monument to a soldier's bravery, but the French, to their honor be it written, did so to this hero. This collection is rich in the military department, and many letters of brave men are in it; but we must pass on to the French, Dutch, and other military officers. The first on the list is the ever memorable Blucher. The Prussians have reason to be as proud of their Blucher as the English of their Wellington. He was a brave man, and a skilful general. Mr. Dreer has placed us in a position in order to do justice to the brilliant array of French generals and officers, that we should be compelled to write a good sized 12mo. on this list alone. How such a collection of letters from such a numerous and distinguished body of men could be got together, is in itself a marvel. To recite even the names of these men would of itself fill a page, and when it is stated that all are chief officers, it creates more wonder still.

After military officers we arrive next at the naval officers of England. From Admiral Popham in 1650, down to the present time, this Collection is nearly complete. We have no less than 53 Admirals of the British Navy, most of whom are celebrated for some daring action. The greatness of England is indebted more to the courage and bravery of her seamen than of her land forces. At sea she is unconquerable; the superiority of her ships, the discipline of her seamen and the skill of her officers, renders her at all times feared and respected. After the English naval officers we have the French naval officers. France does not show such an array of great men in her navy as she does in her army. For a long time the power of France was as formidable on sea as on land, but during the last century and a half she shows a decline of power on the sea, and a proportionate advance in her land forces. From warlike men, we next come to the Clergy of England. In this department, as in some some others, we find an array of talent really wonderful to contemplate collectively. We have the names of Bishop Heber, Hurd, Atterbury, Percy, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Potter, Dr. Dodd, John Wesley, which is very scarce; and then comes Martin Luther. What a commentary might be made even on the few we have noticed! After the clergy we have physicians and surgeons. Sir Astley Cooper, unrivalled as he is even at this day, stands the first. Here also is Boerhaave, ever to be remembered by the medical student, and immediately after him is the great expounder of Homœopathy, Dr. Hahneman. Next follows a class of men whose profession is always respected, but whose services are the most valuable when least wanted—the gentlemen of the Bar. At the Bar the English people have not been less successful than in other departments. While the names of Mansfield, Tenterden, Ellenborough, Thurlow, Lyndhurst, Brougham and Campbell are known, the respect due to them will always be freely given. The French Judiciary follows next, and in brilliant atttainments not less than those of England.

We next arrive at a class, to which we should willingly yield more room, but to do full justice to it would require a separate article; a reference to some

of the principal names is all we can do. First comes the celebrated Dr. Parr, a man of considerable erudition and classical attainments, who could not speak distinctly, so as to be understood, nor write legibly so as to be read. The essayist, Sir Richard Steele, the metaphysical Dr. Berkley, the polite Lord Chesterfield, a letter from Pope, the poet, to Richardson ; Richard Porson, the eminent Greek scholar. Here is Wm. Roscoe, the author of the Medici Family, and a very fine letter from Sterne to Dodsley the publisher, in relation to publishing his Sentimental Journey, in which he tells Dodsley the terms of publication. Here is the witty and eloquent Sheridan, who wrote more letters to borrow money than checks to pay the money back. Dr. Matthew the great Commentator on the Bible, follows Sheridan ; then comes Charles Lamb and Barry Cornwall. Here is a fine letter of Sir Phillip Francis, the reputed author of Junius, to F. Harris ; then follows the brilliant names of Horace Walpole and Edmund Burke ; Dugald Stewart, the Scotch metaphysician. Here is a letter of the great Dr. Johnson to Bishop White. Then follows a letter of Dr. Price, the celebrated Unitarian minister and advocate of political liberty to Gen. Washington, dated 1781. The letters of the great historian Lord Clarendon, and Sir James Macintosh the historian, are here displayed. Dr. Dibdin, the author of many valuable books on Bibliography—a letter of his graces this Collection. Here is a letter of the great American grammarian, Lindley Murray; also Sir Wm. Jones, the celebrated oriental scholar. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the author of the Botanic Garden, Richard Cumberland the dramatist, Sir Walter Scott, part of the MSS. of "Memoirs of Duke of York." Poor Tom Hood, Edward Malone, the Shakesperian critic ; Dr. Jonathan Swift ; this is a very fine and rare specimen, a good letter of Swift's brings in the London market from $40 to $50. Addison, the English Cicero, to Ambrose Phillips, dated 1708. Here is the signature of Ben Jonson, cut out of a book ; the handwriting of old Ben is so very difficult to obtain that it is not certain whether this is genuine or not; it appears to be genuine both from its appearance and the paper. The great English Jurist, Jeremy Bentham, who was more honored abroad than at home. Dr. Wm. Robertson the historian, Robert Barclay, author of the Apology for the Quakers, dated 1681 ; this is a very rare specimen. George Fox to Wm. Penn, dated 1673, a rare specimen. Dr. Kennicott the eminent Biblical scholar.

But we must leave this attractive portion of letters, and take a cursory glance at others. The first on the list of French and other continental literati is Madame de Stael. This extraordinary woman is an ornament and a credit to the French, and among the failings of Napoleon, there are but few greater than the persecutions he inflicted on this woman. The Augustinian age of England is that of Elizabeth, and it may fairly be asserted that the Augustinian age of France is that of Louis the 16th. What a tower of intellectual strength are the names Voltaire, Volney, D'Alembert, Diderot, Rousseau and Mirabau ! Wicked as the cynicism of Voltaire is, who can resist his charms ? who would blot out his name from history ? Who can doubt the honesty of the Encyclopedists ? They were like other men, faulty, but they were honest.

Here we have some of the greatest minds Germany has produced : Goethe, Kotzebue, Schlegel, Heinrich Stilling and Schiller. All these are fine specimens, and are daily increasing in value. The literature of Germany will ever be considered as classical while such names live. Really, Mr. Dreer, you have us in such attractive company that we scarce know where to leave off enumerating names of distinguished

Europeans: but we must part, however reluctantly, and see others. The next that comes in rotation are the English scientific men. Here we have the distinguished names of Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Brewster, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Priestly, Professor Playfair, Roderick Murchison, T. W. Bronde, W. Faraday, Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Black. We have omitted here to notice many very important letters, all of which merit notice, but must defer it, or our visit will be too long. The next is the French and other continental scientific men. The first is Arago, the great astronomer, and friend of political liberty; then follows Berzelius, the Swedish chemist, Baron Humboldt, Blumenbach, La Place, Lamarck, Cuvier, Hallé, Michaux to General Washington, and Leibnitz. In this case, as in others, we have only mentioned a very small portion of the letters in this class. The next class is the poets. The first on the list is Hayley. He is known as the writer of the "Triumphs of Temper." Matt Prior, a letter to Mr. Braithwaite, 1692; Wieland, the German poet; James Hogg; Thomas Moore—a number of duplicates which Mr. Dreer would be glad to exchange; Percy Bysshe Shelley, a very good specimen; Horace and James Smith, author of the "Rejected Addresses;" George Crabbe, author of "the Village;" Robert Burns, the Scottish poet. Here Mr. Dreer is rich; quite a number of fine specimens; the fine broad chirography of the Scotch poet is really pleasant to examine; it is like himself, honest, clear and distinct. Thomas Campbell, Robert Southey and Samuel Rogers. Of the many fine specimens which Mr. Dreer has of the poets, none excel that of Lord Byron's; it is addressed to Professor Everett, 1809. The letters of Byron are scarce, and when offered for sale always bring a good price. Metastasio, the Italian poet, 1741; Alfieri, the dramatic poet, 1755. A long and valuable list of letters belonging to great actors and composers comes next. Here we have very fine ones of Garrick, Kean, Macready, Mrs. Siddons, Charles Kemble, Booth, Talma, Rossini, Beethoven, Braham and Meyerbeer. In succession we find a very choice lot of letters from eminent artists, many of which are valuable and scarce. Then comes several hundred letters of the most eminent living men in Europe, that will at some day be highly valued. We have now given a hasty glance at this great and valuable collection of the remains of the great men of several centuries past. The scholar can appreciate such collections, though we suppose there are many men in this city, and in other cities, who would not be able to see the slightest value in such fragments of old paper. But it is well that there are men like Mr. Dreer, who care for other things besides the almighty dollar. What would man be but a brute if he did not leave behind him some proofs of his greatness? Man can write, print, build and invent, but of what use would any of these valuable talents be if he could not preserve them? None. Then do not such antiquarians merit respect and esteem for the preservation of man's great works? Get rich to-day—die to-morrow—and if you have not done anything to perpetuate your claims as a superior human being, what good have you done? Are you really any better than the brute? Not at all. You can claim no higher destiny, unless you do something to build up libraries, encourage the young to read, assist the poor mechanic to invent, the poor artist to paint, the poor author to write; do all these things, or even part of them, and you execute the mission you was sent on earth to fulfil. Oh, we wish we had a pen so powerful as would touch the callous souls of men who profess to be patronizers of arts—and who buy largely at public sales, when their names can be called out so as all the curs in literaturedom will say—there is an antiquarian—there is a man that pays big prices for books at auction, but nowhere else. We wish we

had all these men together, we would tell them that of all shams in this world, the sham of buying books for a name, encouraging artists when they think poverty compels them to sell, and then go and proclaim to all the picture buyers in the city that they have bought a picture—a gem—an original, for such a price, and that it is really worth ten times what they paid for it; we say this is a sham, of all shams the most despicable and dishonorable. We are glad to find a man who can appreciate not only autographs, but articles of *vertu*, painting and rare books. Mr. Dreer has a very fine choice copy of the Pennsylvania Gazette, 1738, printed by Benjamin Franklin. Also the Pennsylvania Chronicle, 1767–8–9. Also the Pennsylvania Weekly Journal and Advertiser, 1755. We now close this description of a very delightful visit, hoping that others will follow such a noble example in amassing together works of art and *vertu*.

New York, March 4, 1857.

Wm. Brotherhead, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—Not seeing as yet any letter of Thomas Jefferson published in your "Notes and Queries," I now send you a copy of an original one in my possession, written to John Vaughan, of your city, and *certified* by him.

The *orthography* in one or two cases might perhaps lead many of the readers of A. N. and Q. to *doubt its originality*, but I am assured by several collectors to whom I have shown it, that I *need have no fears on that subject*. I should be pleased to have you publish it, though it is not of any particular interest.

I am respectfully yours,

T. H. Morrell,
280 Washington St.

Monticello, Aug. 14, '03.

Dear Sir: I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in procuring a copy of Dr. Priestley's Harmony, yet fear, at the same time, we may have disfurnished him of the one retained for his own use. I expect that Mr. John Barnes, of Georgetown, is at this time at Philadelphia, at Mr. Bissell's, 17 South Third street. If he is, he will take charge of the book, and bring it with him to Washington. If not there, if well wrapped up, it will come safely to Georgetown by either the stages, or the vessels plying between Philadelphia and that place. My occupations oblige me to be tardy in acknowledging the receipt of letters which will admit of delay without sufferance; hence your's of July 23d remains unacknowledged till now. Accept my friendly salutations and respects.

Th. Jefferson.

Above letter was addressed to me by the writer. Jn. Vaughan,
Member of American Philosophical So-
Society, elected 1784, Librarian since 1805, and Treasurer since 1791.
Philadelphia, 13 *August*, 1836.

(*From the Collection of F. J. Dreer, Esq.*)

Passi, April, 1778.

Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for your obliging politeness to me at Bourdeaux, and to request that you would give my most respectful compliments and most hearty thanks to Mr. Dlap for his kind present of Wine, which was very good, and afforded us an abundant supply the whole journey. I have another thing to mention to you, which is, that in unpacking my Baggage, I missed a pair of coarse homespun Breeches, which my little son wore on the passage. If they are at your house, I should be obliged to you if you would rip open the waistband, in which you will find a few guineas; and at least the Breeches you may give to the first

child that wants them; the guineas you may send to me, or ship the value of them, deducting your commission, in any thing you please, to Mrs. Adams, at Braintree, near Boston, to the care of Isaac Smith, Esq., Queen street, Boston. Linens or cambrics, I suppose, would be as acceptable as any thing. If you ship any thing, let it be in some vessel bound to Boston, or at least to some Eastern Port. I am, with much esteem, your friend and serv't, JOHN ADAMS.

Mr. McCreary.

(*From the Collection of F. J. Dreer, Esq.*)

LONDON, July 14, 1773.

GENTLEMEN,—Inclosed is the Brokers' accounts of sales of the lost silk, accounts of charges, and my account current. The price is not so high as we might have expected, if the ruin of paper credit here had not occasioned such a scarcity of currency, as put a stop to a great part of the Silk Business, as well as other businesses that were carried on by credit beyond their natural bounds. Two month's time was given to the Burgers, and I have now received the money. You may therefore draw for the balance of the account, £210 16s. 5½d, on me; or in case of my absence, on Browns and Collinsons, bankers, with whom I shall leave an order to honour your bill. I hear by several hands that our silk is in high credit; we may therefore hope for rising prices—the manufaeturers being at first doubtful of a new commodity, not knowing, till trial has been made, how it will work. I now cordially wish success to your generous and noble undertaking, believing it likely to prove of great service to our country; and am, with great esteem, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

Messrs. Abel James and Benj. Morgan.

12

Arthur Mervyn, or the Memoirs of the year 1793. By CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN. 2 volumes. Price $1 50. Philadelphia. Published by M. Pollock, No. 6 Commerce Street.

We have received from Mr. Pollock the great novel of Arthur Mervyn, by C. B. Brown.

This is in every sense of the word an historical novel, and one which depicts with great power and force the ravages of the yellow fever in the memorable year of 1793, which occurred in this city. If there is one book in the whole circle of American literature that has more claims on Pennsylvanians, and more especially Philadelphians, it can certainly be claimed for this. Here is portrayed with the hand of a master the effects of a plague which make the heart sick even to think of, and in these pages can be traced the lineaments of many families now flourishing in this city. We are sure that Mr. Pollock must have the hearty thanks of the people in this city for the republication of these volumes, and historians throughout the country cannot fail to appreciate the value of such a book. The volumes are got up in good style, good paper, fit for any library, and we are sure must meet with a rapid sale. The other works of this author will shortly appear.

[ORIGINAL.]

There is a line of Hamlet, in the grave scene, which reads as follows: "Woot drink up Eisell, eat a Crocodile." The word Eisell has afforded a fruitful theme of controversy among critics. Sir Thomas Hammer proposed to render the line thus: "Woot drink up Nile, or eat a Crocodile!"

This seems to be a plausible emendation, for it is not unnatural to surmise, that the word Crocodile might be suggested by the Nile, in which river they

abound. "To drink the Nile," then, might, by a natural association in the poet's mind, be written by him, and become corrupt, by careless transcription. This reading, too, obviates what, at present, approaches to a blending of the sublime and the ridiculous. The magnificently extravagant idea of drinking up a river, forms, as it were, a fine prelude to the splendid burst of grandiloquent rant with which the impassioned, grief-stung prince outbraves the splenetic frenzy of Laertes. INDEX.

A YOUNG ARTIST.

We paid a visit the other day to the studio of Mr. Thomas Moran—a young but extraordinary artist. He has nearly reached manhood, but we are confident we are not using hyperbole when we say—that even young as he is, he can fairly be classed as the first of American imaginative Landscape Painters. He excels more in composition than in execution, but a little experience will soon remedy this deficiency. It is truly refreshing to find genius attempting something different than those eternal German stereotyped landscapes. A few trees, alpine glaciers, atmospheric effects, and an abundance of ultramarine and carmine make up the aggregate of most of our fashionable landscape painters. Here is an artist that has feeling, and the power to impart that feeling to canvas, and we saw it most wonderfully illustrated in a picture from the Revolt of Islam. The painter has embodied a grand idea on canvas: the scene, though it has been painted a thousand times, can yet be painted thousand times more, and still its effects made wonderful on canvas. We would advise the young artist to tame his rising spirit; he is now in the hey-day of life; all is *coloeur de rose*; study the best masters, then dash boldly on, giving tone, power, feeling, depth, breadth, and an individuality of character to every thing he does. Aim at nature even in the minutest details, but do not let too much detail destroy the effect of your picture. Give nature in the aggregate, though not forgetting that aggregates are made up of details. If our judgment does not mislead us, we think that if Mr. Thomas Moran avoids the melo-dramatic part of painting, he bids fair to become the greatest painter in the country.

JOHN FITCH.

The long expected work of Thompson Westcott, Esq.,—The life of John Fitch—is now in the hands of the enterprising publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city. It will be profusely illustrated, and we have no doubt worthy of the house from which it is issued. Now that the originator of the Steamboat has a fair chance of being heard, we have no doubt but that he will settle his claims fairly and honorably.

REPLY.

Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia. (Vol. I, N. & Q., p. 64.)—I am happy in being able to inform "L." that "the Carpenters' Company of Philadelphia" still exists, and that their old hall, identified with the history of our country as the place of meeting of the Continental Congress of 1774, is to be "cleansed from the defilement of money getting," the late tenant (an auctioneer) has evacuated the building, and the company have determined to take possession of it, refit it in the ancient style wherever alterations have been made, and occupy it hereafter for their own purposes.

The Carpenters' Company was instituted in the year 1724, and they adopted various rules for the management of their trade. Among other odd regulations, thus agreed upon, was the following:

11. If any member take a negro apprentice, he shall pay to the master for use of the Company, twenty pounds; or hires a negro journeyman, for the time he employs him, shall pay the monthly sum of seven shillings and six pence for the use aforesaid.

The Company, in 1768, owned a lot in Chestnut st., between 3d and 4th streets, on which they had a small building erected. The following shows the origin of the first movement in reference to a new hall:

"Being a quarterly meeting of the Carpenters' Company, the sum of three pounds, nineteen shillings, old arrears, twenty shillings quarterages, and one shilling, three pence fines, was paid to Abraham Carlisle; and the Company taking into consideration the improvement of their lot, Mr. Smith exhibited a sketch for a building to be thereon erected, and the members were desired to consider when will be a proper time to begin the building."

This Mr. Smith was a member of the company, who seems to be the architect of the building.

"Jan. 3d, 1770. On motion that the Companie's building should be erected on their lot on Chestnut street, for the use of the Company to meet in, as the occasion may require, &c."

There not being sufficient funds, it was agreed that a subscription be opened.

The next entry on this subject is as follows:

"The subscription paper being nearly full, the members met at their own house in Chestnut street, February, 1770, in order to consider of a plan and dimensions for a Hall. It was proposed in the first place, to fix the dimensions; which after being considered, was agreed should be 40 by 50 feet, and not to vary more than a foot, more or less; that to be left to the Committee, who shall be appointed to see it carried on."

The building was soon after commenced, and was probably not finished until late in 1771, as it appears that on the 20th of January, 1772, a committee was appointed to consult with the Library Company of Philadelphia about renting them the hall.

Dec. 15th, 1773, the hall was leased to the Taylor's Company for ten shillings a night.

The building has been occupied by the First Congress, by various Provincial Conventions, by the Library Company of Philadelphia, the first Bank of the United States, the Bank of Pennsylvania and by the United States as a Custom House. It is not likely that it was built of "imported brick," as good bricks were made in Philadelphia at the time it was erected.

THOMPSON WESCOTT.

REPLY.

The Washington Half-Dollar of 1792—*The U. S. Mint—John Harper.* (*Vol. I. N.* & *Q., page* 58.)

The "Englishman who lived at 6th and Cherry streets, Philadelphia," who coined the first money for the U. S. was *John Harper*, who in the Directory of 1791 is styled, "Blacksmith, 69 North 6th street, 69 Cherry street." In the Directory for 1793, he appears as "saw-maker, 69 Cherry street." The writer has been informed that Mr. Eckfeldt, who was long the chief-coiner of the mint, has said that Mr. Harper struck the first American coin upon a rude press put up in the cellar of his house at 6th and Cherry street.

This was before the mint was established by the selection of the building in 7th street above Sugar alley. Whether Mr. Harper cut the dies for the coin, the present writer is not informed. The first officers of the mint were David Rittenhouse, Director, salary, $2,000; Henry Voight, chief-coiner, salary $500; Tristram Dalton, Treasurer, salary $1.200. In the Philadelphia Directory for 1794, it is said, "The Assayer 1500 and the Engraver 1200 dollars, not yet appointed." In 1796 Robert Scott was Engraver, and Joseph Richardson, Assayer. In the meanwhile Rittenhouse had been succeeded as Director by Henry De Saussure, who soon resigned, and Elias Boudinot was appointed.

T. W.

MORELL'S POEM ON NEW ENGLAND.

Morell was an Episcopal clergyman, and a man of considerable learning. The poem was first written in Latin. We give the translation as a matter of history; it is curious, and at this time very interesting. Morell arrived in Boston about 1623, and the poem was written a few years after.

Westward a thousand leagues a spatious land,
Is made unknown to them that it command.
Of fruitfull mould, and no lesse fruitlesse maine
Inrich with springs and prey high-land and plaine.
The light well tempred, humid ayre, whose breath
Fils full all concaves betwixt heaven and earth,
So that the region of the ayre is blest
With what earths mortals wish to be possest.
Great Titan darts on her his heavenly rays
Whereby extraemes he quells, and overswayes.
Blest in this ayre with what the ayre can blesse;
Yet frequent ghusts doe much this place distresse;
Here unseene ghusts doe instant on-set give,
As heaven and earth they would together drive.
An instant power doth surprize their rage.
In their vast prison, and their force asswage.
Thus in exchange a day or two is spent,
In smiles and frownes: in great yet no content,
The earth grand parent to all things on earth,
Cold dry, and heavie, and the next beneath
The ayre by natures arme with low discents,
Is as it were intrencht; againe ascents
Mount up to heaven by Jove's omnipotence,
Whose looming greenesse joyes the sea-mans sence.
Invites him to a land if he can see,
Worthy the throne of stately sovereigntie,

As nature hath this soile blest, so each port
Abounds with blisse, abouuding all report.
The carefull naucleare may a-farre discry
The land by smell, as 't loomes below the skie.
The prudent master there his ship may more,
Past winde and weather, then his God adore.
Man forth each shalop with three men to sea,
Which oft returne with wondrous store of prey;
As oysters, cra-fish, crab, and lobsters great,
In great abundance when the seaes retreate:
Torteise, and herring, turbut, hacke and base:
With other small fish, and fresh bleeding place:
The mighty whale doth in these harbours lye,
Whose oyle the careful merchant deare will buy,
Besides all these and others in this maine:

The costly codd doth march with his rich traine :
With which the sea-man fraughts his merry ship :
With which the merchant doth much riches get ;
With which plantations richly may subsist,
And pay their merchants debt and interest.
Thus ayre and earth, both land and sea yeelds store
Of natures dainties both to rich and poore ;
To whom if heavens a holy vice-roy give,
The state and people may most richly live :
And there erect a pyramy of estate,
Which onley sinne and heaven can ruinate.
Let deepe discretion this great work attend,
What's well begun for th' most part well doth end ;
So may our people peace and plenty finde,
And kill the dragon that would kill mankinde.

* * * * * * * * *

They may not marry nor tobacco use,
Till certain yeares, least they themselves abuse.
At which yeares to each one is granted leave,
A wife, or two, or more, for to receive.
By having many wives, two things they have ;
First, children which before all things to save
They covet, 'cause by them their kingdomes fild,
When as by fate or armes their lives are spild.
Whose death as all that dye they sore lament,
And fill the skies with cries: impatient
Of nothing more than pale and fearfull death,
Which old and young bereaves of vitall breath.
Their dead wrapt up in mats to th' grave they give,
Upright from th' knees with goods whilst they did live,
Which they best lov'd : their eyes turn'd to the east,
To which after much time, to be releast
They all must march, where all shall all things have
That heart can wish, or they themselves can crave.
A second profit which by many wives
They have is corne, the staffe of all their lives.
All are great eaters ; he's most rich whose bed
Affords him children, profit, pleasure, bread.
But if fierce Mars begins his bow to bend,
Each king stands on his guard, seekes to defend
Himselfe, and his, and therefore hides his graine
In earth's close concaves, to be fetch'd againe,
If he survives : Thus saving of himselfe,
He acts much mischiefe, and retains his wealth.

By this deepe wyle, the Irish long withstood
The English power, whilst they kept their food,

Their strength of life their corne; that lost, they long
Could not withstand this nation, wise, stout, strong.
By this one art, these natives oft survive
Their great'st opponents, and in honour thrive.
Besides; their women, which for th' most part are
Of comely formes, not blacke, nor very faire:
Whose beautie is a beauteous blacke laid on
Their paler cheeke, which they most doat upon:
For they by nature are both faire and white,
Inricht with graceful presence, and delight;
Deriding laughter' and all prattling, and
Of sober aspect, graft with grave command:
Of man-like courage, stature tall and straight,
Well nerv'd, with hands and fingers small and right.
Their slender fiugers on a grassie twyne,
Make well-form'd baskets wrought with art and lyne;
A kind of arras, or straw-hangings, wrought
With divers formes, and colours, all about.
These gentle pleasures, their fine fingers fit,
Which nature seemed to form rather to fit,
Rare stories, princes, people, kingdomes, towers,
In curious finger-worke, or parchment flowers;
Yet are these hands to labours all intent,
And what so ere without doores, give content.
These hands doe digge the earth, and in it lay
Their fair choyce corne, and take the weeds away,
As they doe grow, raysing with earth each hill,
As Ceres prospers to support it still.

O blessed England farre beyond all sence,
That knowes and loves this Trines omnipotence.
In briefe survey here water, earth and ayre,
A people proud, and what their orders are:
The fragrant flowers, and the vernant groves,
The merry shores, and storme-astranting coves,
In briefe, a briefe of what may make man blest,
If man's content abroad can be possest.
If these poore lines may winne this country love,
Or kinde compassion in the English move;
Perswade our mightie and renowned state,
This pore-blinde people to comiserate;
Or painefull men to this good land invite,
Whose holy workes these natives may inlight:
If heavens graunt these, to see here built I trust,
An English kingdome from this Indian dust.

A Gossip about Christmas.—The term Christmas is derived from the Latin Church—it is properly *Christi Massa* (the Mass of Christ.) In former times, the celebration of Christmas began in the latter part of the previous day—Christmas Eve. The house was first decked with holly, ivy, and other evergreens. Candles of an uncommon size were then lighted, under the name of the Christmas candles; an enormous log, called the Yule log, or Christmas block, was laid on the fire, while the people sat around, regaling themselves with beer. In the course of the night, small parties went about from house to house, singing what were called Christmas Carols—simple, popular ditties, full of joyful allusions to the Redeemer. A mass was commenced in the churches at midnight, a custom still kept up in the Roman Catholic countries. Christmas has long since passed into a synonyme for festivity. In olden times, the boar's head, ornamented with rosemary, was carried to the table on a silver platter, with great ceremony. Holinshead states that, in the year 1170, on the day of the young prince's coronation, King Henry the II. "served his son at the table as server, bringing up the *boar's head* with trumpets before it, according to the manner or general custom of the times." With Christmas commeneed the season of mumming, and the reign of the "Lord of Misrule," or "Abbot of Unreason," as he was called in Scotland, and which Scott deseribes in "The Abbot." These pleasantries, which were carried frequently to great exeess, were the remains of the ancient saturnalia, which existed before the introduction of Christianity. The decoration of churches with evergreens is a pleasing relief of these olden times. These old customs, which seemed dying away like distant music, find but a faint echo in our modern matter-of-fact days; and yet it is pleasant to catch a faint glimpse of our joyful forefathers, as they were accustomed to regale themselves in their Christmas time and other merry making seasons.

A very pleasant book has chronicled their story, and we commend its perusal to all those who have any faney for sueh items as sirloin, the plum-pudding, and good old sack. Twelfth-day—the anniversary of the adoration of the Magi—oecurs on the twelfth day after Christmas; and many ceremonies are associated with its celebration in Great Britain and on the continent. Thus, in parts of Ireland, at night, they used to set a sieve of oats as high as they could, and place around it twelve lighted candles, with a larger one also lighted in the centre.

This, of course, was to typify Christ and his twelve apostles as lights unto the world; and in Glouecstershire they do it by building twelve small and one large fire in the fields. In Staffordshire, however, the custom differs, for there, on the evening before, they light a large fire to eommemorate the guiding star which led the three Magi to Bethlehem. In many European countries the rulers did, and in some still do, present the gifts brought by wise men, at the altar of their chapel, on the 6th of January. Thus we find in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1759, in the record for January:—Being Twelfth-day, his Majesty went to the Chapel Royal, with the usual solemnity, and offered gold, myrrh, and frankincense, in three purses, at the altar, according to ancient custom." In some parts of England there exists a practice among the farmers of going under the apple trees on Twelfth-eve or night, and singing various couplets. This practice is known as "apple-howling," and it is supposed that without it the apples will not grow well during that year.

NOTES AND QUERIES

15. *Query.*—What effects will be produced by a neutral Collodion in a strong acid nitrate of silver bath, and what result will be obtained by the same Collodion in a bath made alkaline by a careless neutralization with bicarbonate or caustic potash? AMATEUR.

16. *Query.*—By Wm. Penn's Deed of Purchase in 1683 (see Archives, vol. 1, p. 66) we learn that the Indians called the Schuylkill river "Manaiunk." The Rev. John Heckewelder says the Indians called this stream "Ganshowehan." I ask is there any authority that corroborates Mr. Heckewelder's statement that it was so called?

17. *Query.*—In what year was the old Friends' Meeting House on Pine Street built? When did Friends cease to worship there? J. A. Mc.

18. *Query.*—Can any of your readers inform me of the origin of the following saying:—"Cold as Presbyterian charity." I know it is used by Sam Slick, and other writers; but its origin I want to know. SAXON.

19. *Query*—Where or in what work can be seen the census of the various townships of Pennsylvania taken in the years 1790 and 1800?

20. *Query*—Has any collections of our various kinds of Continental paper money been made? How many different kinds are there now known?

21. *Query*—From the Pennsylvania Gazette of March 13th, 1729–30. "On Sunday night last died here Thomas Rutter, sen., of a short illness. He was the first that erected an iron work in Pennsylvania." I would ask where was the locality of this *iron-work*, and what year was it erected? He represented Philadelphia county in the Assembly in 1728–9, and Thomas Rutter, jr., in 1729.

Answer to B.—On page 62, of A. N. Q.—Allemangel, (German,) all wants English, or wanting everything. A district of country partly in Berks and partly in Lehigh County, at the Blue Mountain; length probably twenty miles along the mountain, and four or five miles in width. Supposed to have been thus named by Rev. M. Muhlenberg, the Lutheran clergyman, who arrived in 1743 in Philadelphia; his reports to Germany on the state of the Lutheran church mention the establishing of a church at Allemengel as early as 1748–1750. A portion of this country has retained the name until the present time. H.

23. *Query.*—Mr. Editor:—Will you or some of your readers furnish some account of the author of a pamphlet with the following title: "A true and authentic History of His Excellency, George Washington," etc. "Philadelphia, printed," etc., "for Robert Stewart, travelling bookseller, M,DCC,XC. Price nine-pence." It was written "by the Reverend Mr. Thomas Thornton." Who was this Reverend gentleman? Was he a Virginian? There was an alliance between the families of Thornton and Washington. Washington in his will mentions: "Thornton Washington, son of my deceased brother, Samuel Washington." COOKHAM.

Voltaire once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. "It is very strange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan." "Oh!" replied Voltaire, "I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken."

Correction.—We readily comply with the Rev. Dr. Belcher's request, by saying that the D. D. affixed to his name on page 119 of our March number was done by the editor, and not by himself.

Errata.—Page 107, column 2, line 24. for printers read writers.

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